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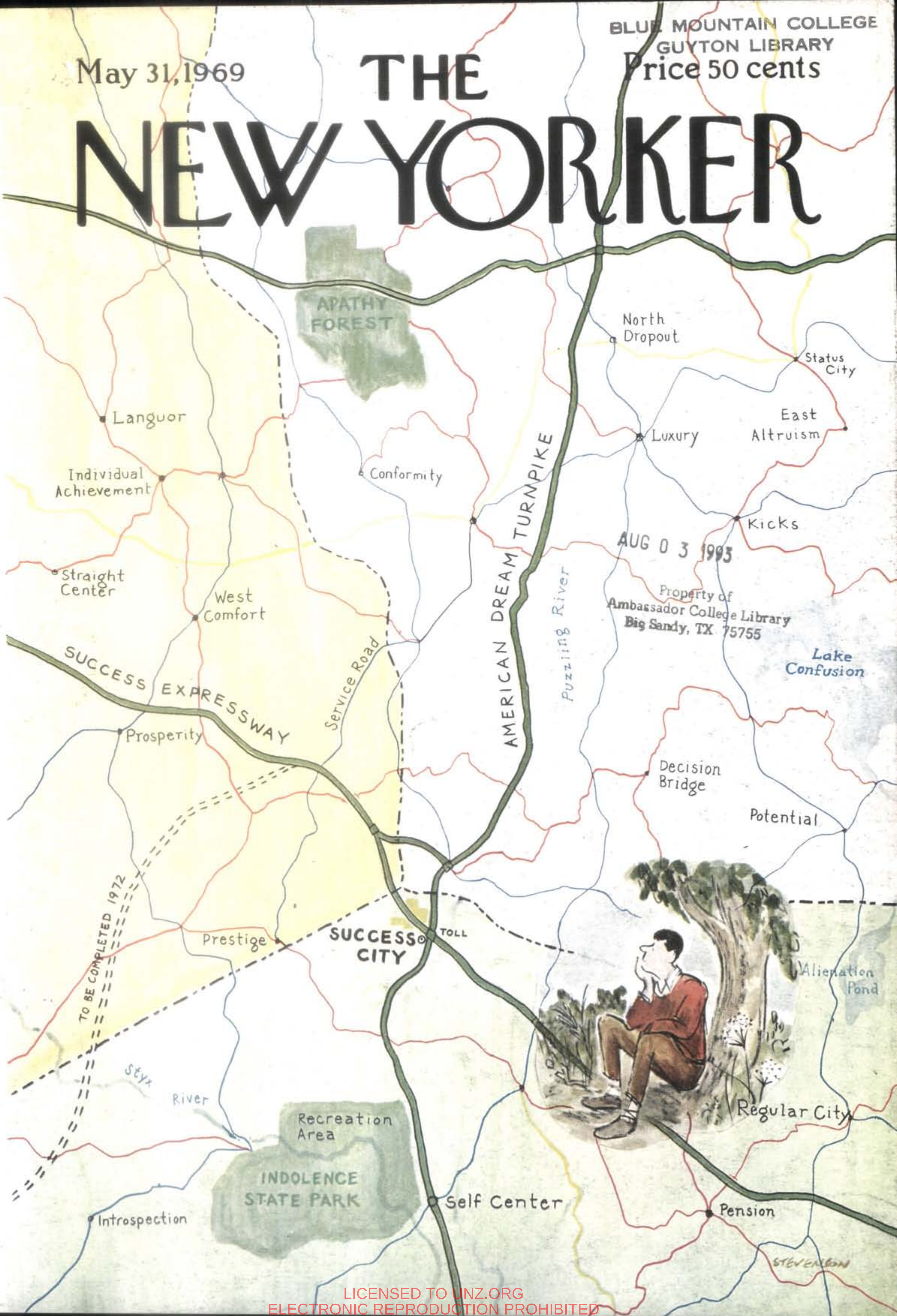
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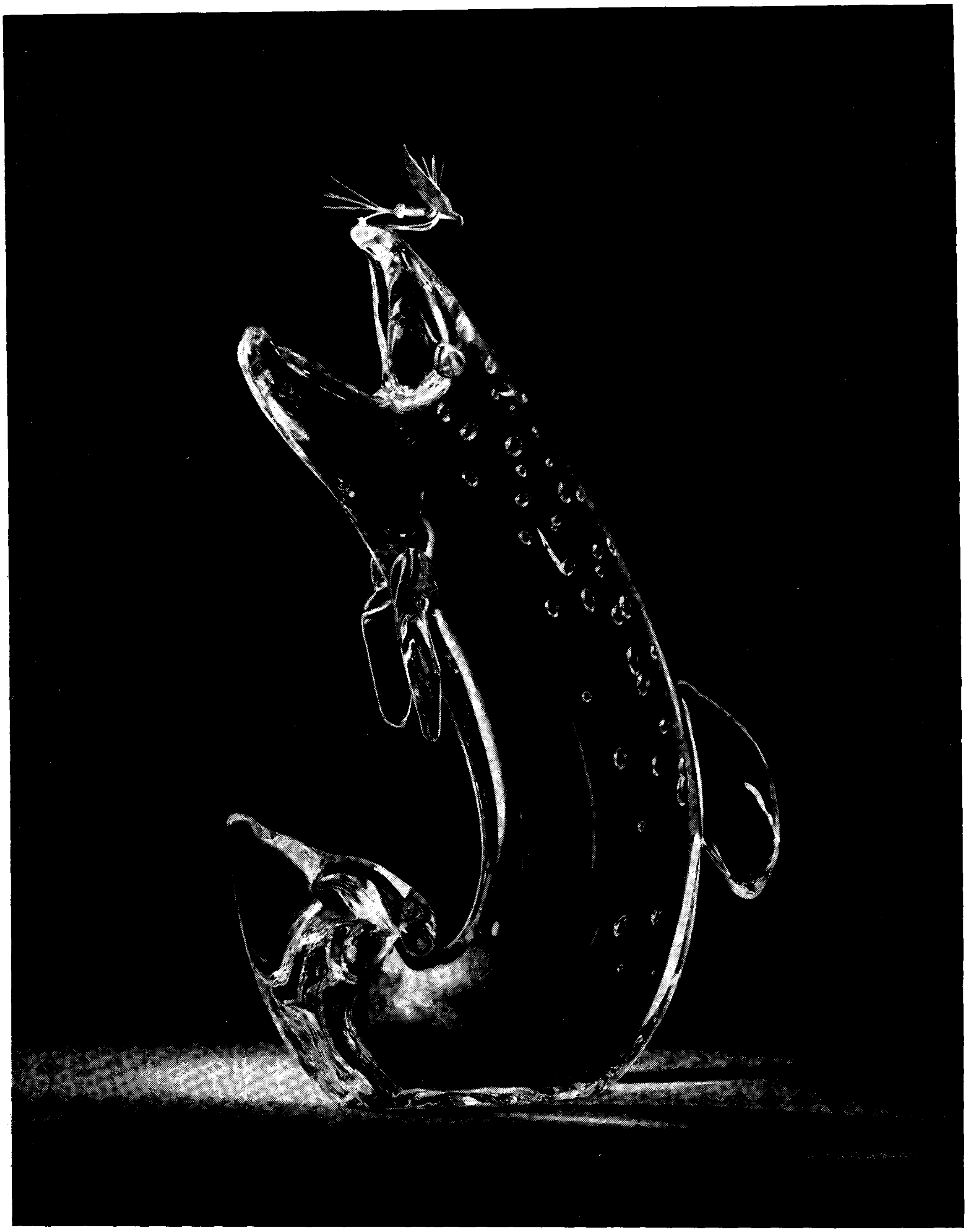

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that *together make the funniest evening imaginable.* Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arf and The Great Airplane Snatch—Paula Prentiss in a double bill written by Dan Greenburg and directed by Richard Benjamin. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Wednesday, May 28.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Richard Mason. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A rambunctious melodrama by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, full of wisecracks that can still make us laugh after forty years. The fine cast includes Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, and Harold J. Kennedy, who directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—A version full of the crotchets of its star, Nicol Williamson, and its director, Tony Richardson, and therefore well worth going to and attacking and defending. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel—A mistake by Tennessee Williams. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Daughter, Your Son—A tiresome, synthetic comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Philosophy in the Boudoir—An adaptation by Eric Kahane of the de Sade play. Loathsome. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—**the miser:** A not very successful attempt to bring Mo-

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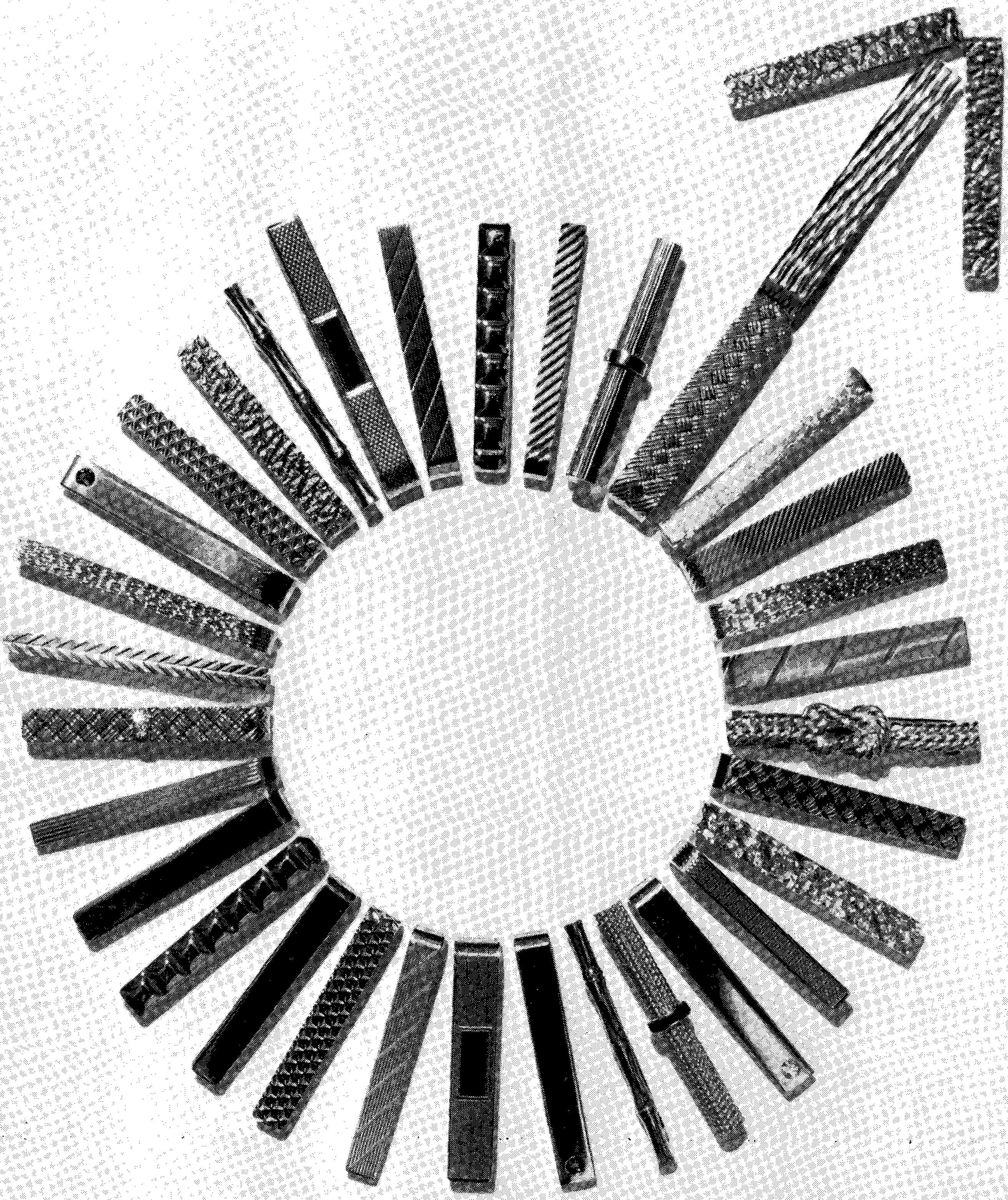

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lière's patchcock comedy to life by turning it into a non-stop brawl. Robert Symonds plays the title role. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. *Matinées* Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John Ford Noonan's play **THE YEAR BOSTON WON THE PENNANT.** The final production of the season by the company. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. *Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.* Closes Saturday, June 21.)

SPIRO WHO?—In this comedy with music, Oliver Clark gives one of the funniest (and most legitimate) performances in town, as a young man on the eve of his college graduation. The play has its ups and downs, but it is worth seeing for the ups. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WORKSHOP FESTIVAL—Samples of the acting, dancing, technical production, playwrighting, and directing being done by workshops of the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

LONG RUNS—***THE BOYS IN THE BAND:*** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DEAR WORLD—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

AN EVENING WITH MAX MORATH—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish, popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

FIESTA IN MADRID—Isabel Penagos and Claramae Turner in a musical, in Spanish, adapted by Tito Capobianco (who also directed) from a zarzuela, "La Verbena de la Paloma." Opens Wednesday, May 28, at 8:15, and will run through Sunday, June 15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays, except June 3, through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, June 4, at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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PEACE—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMISES, PROMISES—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ZORBA—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays and Tuesday through Thursday, June 3-5, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya, Anita Gillette, and George Voskovec. Starting Tuesday, June 3, Susan Willis will replace Miss Lenya. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** He laid the brush aside and, laughing with delight, cried:—Will he come? The jejune jesuit. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . ***FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:*** Jerry Jarrett in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 605-5858. *Nightly*, except Sundays, at *8:30. Matinées* Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Ann Miller has just succeeded Jane Morgan as Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Bob Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 28, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "La Source," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 8:15: "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," "Episodes," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, May 30, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments" and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 2:15: "La Source," "Pas de Deux," "Episodes," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 8:15: "La Source," "The Cage," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 1, at 1:15: "Valse Fantasie," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 1, at 7:15: "Swan Lake," "Valse Fantasie," "Glinka Pas de Deux," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 3, at 8:15: "Episodes," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Dim Lustre," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 4, at 8:15: "Illuminations" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8:15: "Dances at a Gathering," "Dim Lustre," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2:15: "Glinkaiana," "Prelude, Fugue and Riffs," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 15.)

ROYAL BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, May 28, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and Act III of "Raymonda.". . . ¶ Friday, May 30, at 8:30: "Shadowplay," "Symphonic Variations," and "Pelléas and Mélisande.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY—Sunday, June 1, at 8:30: "Cut Flowers," "Metallics," "The Cellar," "Pain" (New York première), and "The Descent.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8:30: "Fatal Birds," "Palomas," "Overleaf" (New York première), and "Excursions." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. For tickets, call YU 9-6070.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1969," with Peggy Fleming. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday at 7:30;

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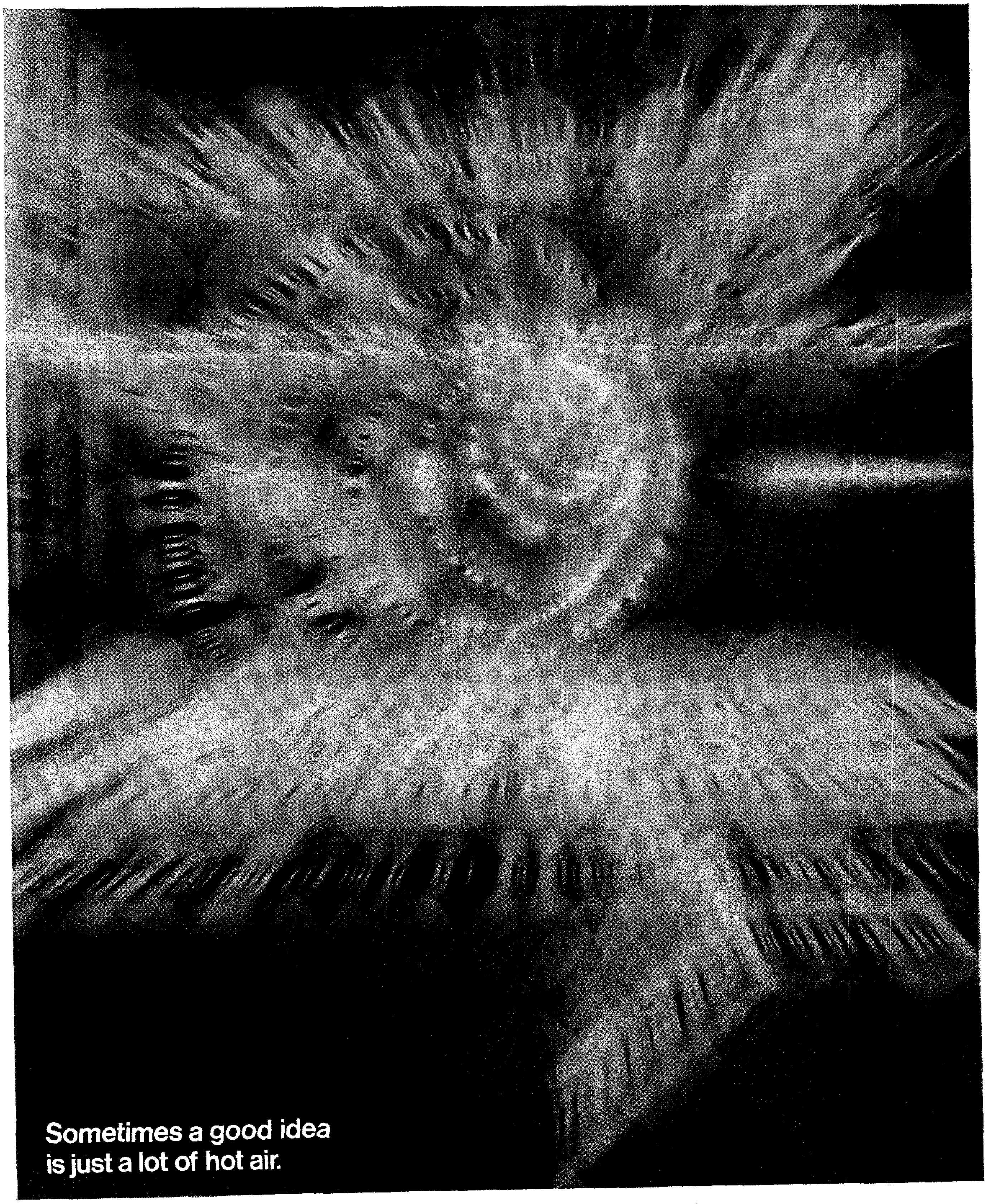

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Memorial Day at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Also folk and rock, part of which is supplied by McKendree Spring, a four-man group that sounds as if it means what it plays. On Friday, May 30, the Everly Brothers will join McK. S. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A tenebrous and sometimes significant coffeehouse, where some of the most talented young entertainers are apt to be seen and heard—a proposition aptly demonstrated by singer-composer Tim Hardin, who will be here Thursdays through Saturdays, May 29-31 and June 5-7. Performances are at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet plays ingratiatingly. Friday through Sunday, June 6-8, singer Anita O'Day will also be on the stand. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, shrunk by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddie Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Pharoah Sanders quintet, which has been making some very legato, deliberately turbid sounds lately. On Tuesday, June 3, the Yusef Lateef quartet will move in. Early-evening specials: Saturday, May 31, from five to nine, the Gato Barbieri quartet; Sunday, June 1, at the same hours, the Frank Foster concert ensemble. Mondays at nine, one or another jazz group appears.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio provides a polished, controlled kind of music, beginning after ten. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, the fast-moving Miles Davis quintet will trade sets with the Modern Jazz Quartet. (Shows from ten on Friday and from nine-thirty on Saturday.) Starting Tuesday, June 3, blues guitarist B. B. King will share the stage with comic Irwin C. Watson every night but Monday, which is dark.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Roland Kirk, leading his quartet, is a phenomenon of sorts on his several reeds. On Tuesday, June 3, a percussive phenomenon, Elvin Jones, will arrive with his trio; between Jones's sets, a soulful and captivating singer named Esther Marrow will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

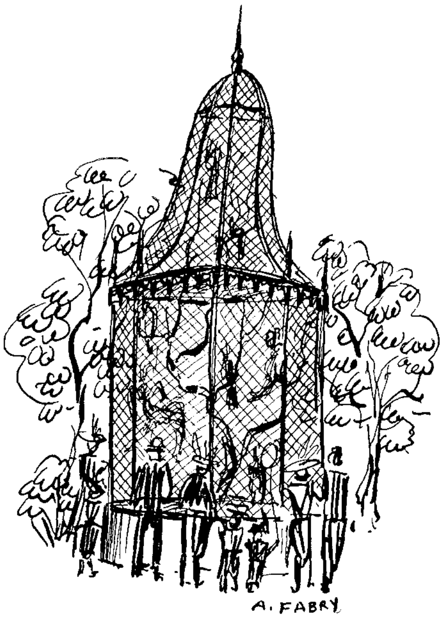
(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A lot was happening here a few years ago, and innocent night-club hoppers may still turn up hoping to find the glory that was Carnaby Street, the grandeur that was Mod. The loud sound of live groups alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Cat Mother and the All-Night Newsboys play for dancing until Tuesday, June 3, when the Last Ritual takes over. Wednesdays are blues nights (mainly listening, with some dancing to records); on May 28, the performers will be Furry Lewis, the Reverend Robert Wilkins and his Sons, and Bukka White; on June 4, the artists will include Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup, the Reverend Douglas Kirpatric, and Lowell Fulsom. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.



L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, a group known as the New Direction entertains. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, Los Banditos do. On Monday, June 2, the Credibility Gap will arrive. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "I Should Have Known," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that, in the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. On the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Rebels, and not without a cause. Every Monday and Tuesday, Mabel Mercer plumps gently but firmly for literacy in the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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American lyric (Buddy Barnes' piano provides the best in footnotes); the rest of the week (Sundays excepted), Joan Rivers sets forth the premise that man's place (if, indeed, any) is in the home and on the shelf. Ten is the usual starting time, but Fridays and Saturdays begin at nine-thirty.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Backyard chatter (and music, music, music) across the fences—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—of the Mediterranean world. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The small revue called "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. The players, too, have been touched up. All are excellent, and Patti Deutsch is exceptional. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The rocking and the rolling brought about by the 5th Dimension and the dance squadron of Byron & Company (they invade the Royal Box during dinner and supper) are plentiful, but of the common (or garden) variety, and not very often garden-fresh. On Monday, June 2, they are to be replaced by Mary Hopkin, the new and pretty English swallow, and Charlie Manna, the not too old pro, whose ways and words lead inevitably to legitimate laughter. The musicianly Lee Evans band will continue its mission of special care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The reign in Spain falls mostly to Los Chavales de España, even when, as now, their majesties are on tour—chanting, chaffing, cajoling, and cantering through their festival of song and prance. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Emilio Prados is the highly necessary guitarist.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—No invisible (or inaudible) export of the British Isles is young Tom Jones, who sings during dinner and supper with fine fury. He shuts down on Wednesday, June 4, but next evening there will be further proof that it is prom time: Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, rhythm and blues. Dick Lord will be the humorist. Every night, and twice or more. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the daybreak people and the night music (the foursome known as the Pacesetters) begin as early as ten.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—A crack of thunder—the thunder of a fondly remembered old era—is heard at six-thirty and goes on until two every night but Sunday. The participants: the Roy Eldridge quintet, for which Jimmy Rushing forges the lyrics (out of white-hot iron); the All-Stars (Marty Napoleon, Milt Hinton, and Don Lamond); and Muriel Roberts, who plays piano in a manner not given to every girl. No dancing, sorry to say.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there is song, never fraught with fractiousness, by the Lettermen, who have not yet decided what group of carollers they want to be like when they grow up. On Wednesday, June 4, they will be replaced by Enzo Stuarti, a troubadour who deals in *fortissimi* and Neapolitan ice cream; at ten-fifteen that night, at dinner and supper thereafter. The chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte stay on. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **plaza 9—and all that jazz,** George Shearing and friends make non-audience-participation music that mingles contemplation, cerebration, and celebration; Mousie Alexander's triad keeps its lyric power under a certain restraint when it serves up dance music. On Tuesday, June 3, the Ramsey Lewis trio should be replacing the Shearings. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Sitting on top of the world, and enjoying its eminence, which is by no means *grise*. Offhand dance tunes quite often, and twice a night comes Felicia Sanders, who turns even a haphazard lyric into an emotional experience. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The order of the night in the Maisonette is still revelry, though not until reveille; 2 A.M. is about it. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort are a large piece of the action; a smaller part is taken, at ten-fifteen Mondays through Wednesdays and nine-fifteen and twelve-fifteen Thursdays through Saturdays, by Robert Kole and Ernest Param, who have made up their own musical comedy and wish you to hear it. On Monday, June 2, they yield place to Him, He & Me, whose music is founded upon rock, not sand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, salutes (all of them twenty-one-gun) to the era of rock and roll are offered by Diana Ross and the Supremes. Dance tunes in quantity, the best of them by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. The Supremes check out on Saturday, May 31, and Monday, June 2, brings on Trini Lopez, a wandering minstrel and pretty much a Mexican jumping bean. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

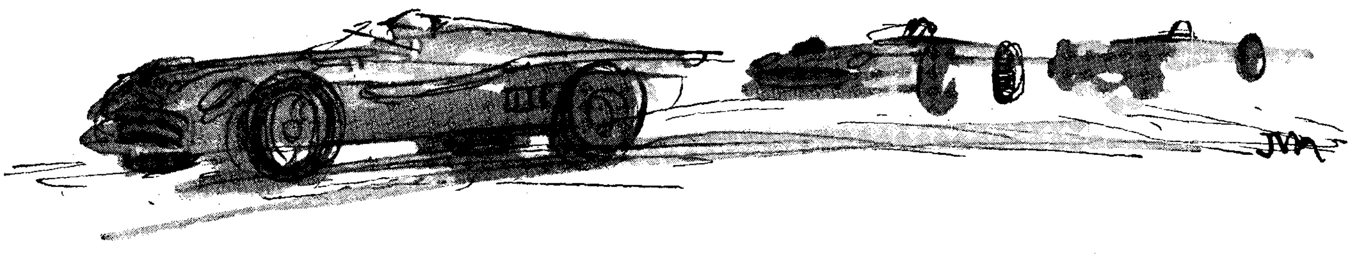
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea. Closed Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1. . . . **café carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty. Closed Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1. . . . **the apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. Never mind the extra added detractions who make up the evening's program. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **grenadier,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

château henri iv, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **salum sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a



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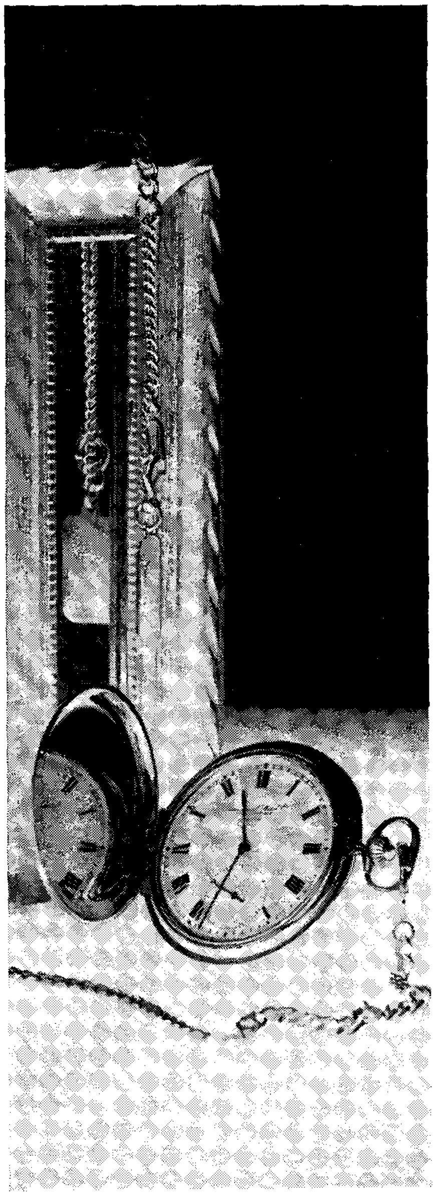

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piano from five until a bit after midnight, but *not Sundays or Mondays*. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. Closed Memorial Day. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Alt Wien and Nieuw Amsterdam meet in the piano and commentary of George Feyer, upholder of the *ancien régime* in dinner and supper music. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani mingles guitar and tenor from seven until midnight, except Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALICE BABER—Circular motifs in high-keyed transparent hues; through Thursday, June 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

WALTER BARKER—Painted wooden boxes containing figures and objects under controlled light; through Friday, June 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

BEN BENSON—Geometrical compositions of layers of colored paper; through Thursday, May 29. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Spray paintings in brilliant metallic colors; through June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Color studies; through Thursday, May 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

SOPHIE CORWIN, CLIFF GLYNN, AND JAMES KROEPLIN—Welded-steel sculptures by Mrs. Corwin, a painter; impressions of art-world types in drawings and paintings by Mr. Glynn; and Abstract Expressionist-derived paintings by Mr. Kroeplin. Through Saturday, May 31. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

MURRAY DRESSNER AND JOHN FORMICOLA—Color areas with curved edges by the former and rectangles by the latter; through Friday, June 6. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES EARLE FRASER—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; starting Monday, June 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Saturdays.)

STANLEY FREY—Abstract paintings and drawings; starting Monday, June 2. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

MIMI GROSS GROOMS AND RED GROOMS—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through Friday, June 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

RENATO GUTTUSO—Drawings for Dante's "Divine Comedy" by a leading Italian social realist; through Thursday, May 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRIEDRICH HUNDERTWASSER—A retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is. The first section (1950-58) of the show closes on Thursday, May 29, and the second section (1959-68) will open on Thursday, June 5. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

LILLIAN KAHNER—Expressionist landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 31. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

KANDINSKY, FRANZ MARC, AND AUGUST MACKE—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through June 27. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

DOROTHY AND CHAIM KOPPELMAN—A man-and-wife team, both followers of Eli Siegel's Aesthetic Realism, present paintings by the former, prints and drawings by the latter; through Saturday, May 31. (Terrain, 39 Grove St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

HOWARD KOTTLER—Porcelain plaques with Surrealist images; through June 20. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEROY LAMIS—Cubes made of translucent Plexiglas; through June 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX LIEBERMANN (1847-1935)—Drawings and graphics by Germany's best-known Jewish modernist; through June 13. (Leo Baeck Institute, 129 E. 73rd St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

RENA MANDELBAUM—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, May 31. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs, including studies for his widely discussed panels for the door of St. Peter's in Rome; through Thursday, May 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

AGNES MARTIN AND JOHN MCCRACKEN—Four paintings and four sculptures by two Minimalists; through Wednesday, June 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROLAND MICHENET—Machinelike forms and figures in warlike motifs by a French newcomer to New York; through Saturday, June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—This Abstract Expressionist has turned to compositions based on the square, in one or two colors; through Saturday, June 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

BRUCE NAUMAN—Glass panels, in which 3-D images of the artist are seen, illuminated by green light, plus a closed-circuit-TV depiction of activities in his studio; through June 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

LOWELL NESBITT—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through Saturday, June 7. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN PACE—Figurative oils and watercolors by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Friday, June 6. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

HELEN PASHGIAN—Spherical and egg-shaped epoxy sculptures; through Thursday, May 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

HENRY PEARSON—Abstract watercolors emphasizing linear rhythms; through Saturday, June 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

HENRI ROUSSEAU—Paintings and drawings from the collection of his friend Max Weber, together with letters from Rousseau to Weber, Picasso, and others; through Saturday, May 31. (Feigen, 25 E. 77th St.)

RICHARDS RUBEN—Drawings with Abstract symbols; through June 13. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

ALBERT SANDECKI—Landscape paintings featuring the Maine seacoast; through Friday, June 6. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

MARGARET SHOTWELL—Impressionist landscapes and portraits by a Woodstock, N.Y., artist who died in 1965; through Saturday,

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We're more than national. We're more than dairy. So please don't call us National Dairy anymore.

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National Dairy Products was a fitting name way back when we were only ice cream and milk and milk and ice cream.

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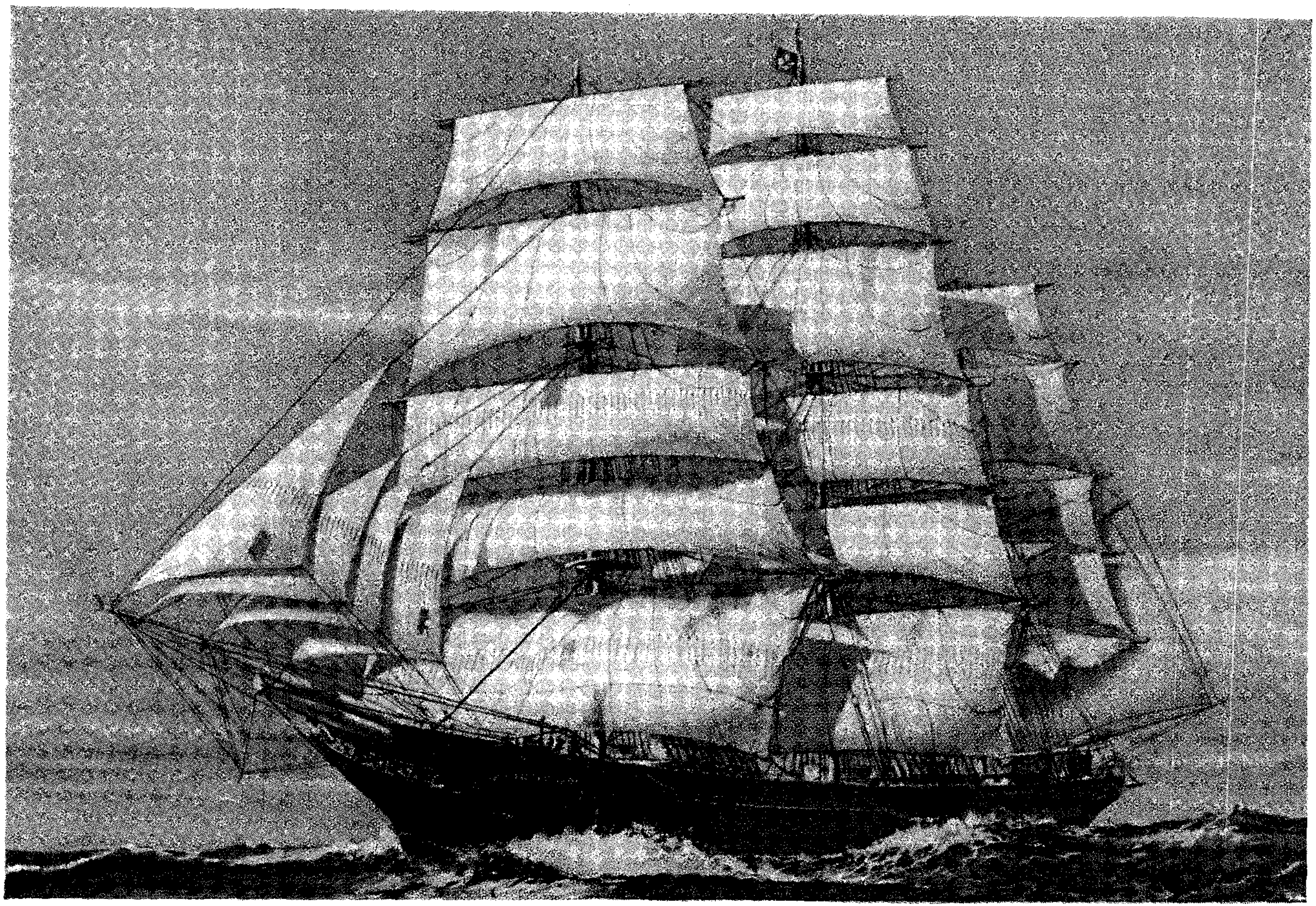


Illustrations and text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

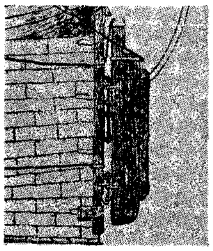
Once again CUTTY SARK had outrun the clipper fleet. Once again, CUTTY was the one to beat. As always, she was Number One.

The golden era of the clipper spanned only the last twenty-five years of the 19th century. And in that time, all England watched the clipper races from China and Australia with more than sporting interest.

The clippers brought new tea for the table and wool for England's bourgeoning industries. And the ship that captured the whole nation's imagination was the CUTTY SARK.

Capt. Moodie commanded the CUTTY in her most famous race.

From the CUTTY SARK's Log...



CUTTY's jury rudder.

With every cargo, CUTTY made remarkable voyages. Even Plimsoll Line-deep with tons of tea, wool—or scrap iron, coal and palm sap syrup, she challenged the cream of the clipper fleet... and won. Among her feats:

1871. CUTTY leaves for the China tea ports two weeks after the speedy TITANIA and nearly a month after the even faster TAEPING... yet she beats both handily.

1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

CUTTY's log records dismastings, groundings, collisions—but above all, victories. Time and time again, it was "CUTTY SARK first... the rest, nowhere."

The legacy of the CUTTY SARK

Today, the legacy of the CUTTY SARK is held by the Scotch that took her name.

CUTTY SARK is America's best-selling Scotch. CUTTY is Number One.

And the reason is Cutty's consistently distinguished taste.

Generation after generation, Cutty has blended only the finest of Scotland's best whiskies to create the uniquely rewarding Cutty taste: the taste to be savored; the taste of exceptional Scotch.

Sooner or later, most people arrive at Cutty. So come to Cutty tonight. You'll be in the best of company.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 7. (Shuster, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

SABINA TEICHMAN—Expressionist portraits, figures, and fantasies in vivid color; through Thursday, May 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

GERALD VAN DE WIELE—Landscape paintings and drawings; through Thursday, May 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PAUL VAN HOEYDONCK—Constructions in mixed mediums; through June 14. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The 1969 annual exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures, by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through Sunday, June 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTISTS—The fiftieth annual award exhibit, plus a historical section with prints by Marin, Picasso, Cassatt, Matisse, and other exhibitors in earlier S.A.G.A. shows; through Saturday, May 31. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Closed Memorial Day.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven artist-couples, in most of which the husband is the better known; through Saturday, June 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, June 3. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) ... **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Words—as words—are the subject of works by such artists and poets as De Maria, LeWitt, Smithson, Rauschenberg, John Perrault, Michael Benedikt, and Hanna Weiner; through June 18. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: A few of the artists in a comprehensive show of Dadaist work in many mediums are Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Richter, Schwitters, and Tzara; through Friday, June 6. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)... **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and collages by thirty black artists—Romare Bearden, Jacob Lawrence, Richard Hunt, Tom Lloyd, and Thomas Sills, to name several; through Thursday, May 29.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Oldenburg, Marisol, and Segal; through Saturday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art by Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bierstadt, and others; starting Monday, June 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Two hundred years (1750-1950) of American paintings; through June 20. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by twentieth-century artists, including Feininger, Hartley, Marin, Prendergast, and Sloan; through June 13. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... **LANDAU-ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by prominent twentieth-century American painters and sculptors; through June 13. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)... **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; through Saturday, June 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works selected from items shown in the gallery during the past season by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through June 27. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.) ... **NEW SCHOOL GRADUATE FACULTY CENTER**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Inaugurating the new center, an exhibition of fifty-eight paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Agostini, Baskin, Nevelson, Lester Johnson, Hedda Sterne, Bearden, and other noted artists; through Saturday, June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, noon to 8; Saturday, June 7, from 10 to 6.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through June 27. (Closed Mondays, Saturdays, and Memorial Day.) ... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through Friday, June 6. (Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)... **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: A hundred and fifty oils and sculptures and two hundred graphics by artists of sixty countries—artists who are recognized at home but have not had one-man shows in New York; through Friday, June 6. (Closed Memorial Day.)... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists, a few well known, exploring the aesthetic possibilities of TV; through June 14. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)... **ZEGRÍ**, 152 E. 79th St.: Twenty-four painters from Venezuela; through Saturday, June 7. (Closed Mondays, Memorial Day, and Saturday, May 31.)

SCULPTURES—At **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Arp, Maillol, Barlach, Matisse, Moore, Calder, and Giacometti are among the artists represented in a survey of twentieth-century works; through Saturday, June 7. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)... **BRYANT PARK**, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: An exhibition by the Sculptors Guild of pieces by such artists as de Creeft, Padovano, Gross, and Campbell, plus winners of a recent young sculptors competition conducted by the Guild; through Monday, June 2. ... **NORDNESS**, 236 E. 75th St.: Contemporary American sculptures designed as water-and-light fountains by, for example, Milton Hebald, William King, David Porter, and Ronald Stein; through June 14. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through June 8.

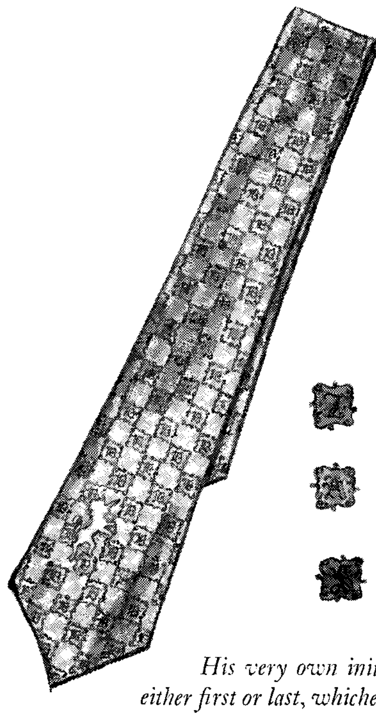
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)...¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)...¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century Florentine paintings, drawings, and sculptures from American collections. Columbia University collaborated in the exhibition. Through June 15....¶ A hundred photographs by thirty photographers from Brady to Stieglitz and Steichen; through Sunday, June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1910 to his death in 1966; through June 29....¶ A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through June 29....¶ Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibit intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

current work in Europe and the United States; through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for its duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through June 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-nine paintings, drawings, and watercolors by the contemporary Florentine Pietro Annigoni (best known for his portraits of the British royal family), including landscapes, allegories, and non-royal portraits; through June 22. (Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.). . . ¶ Nineteenth-century French prints and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec, Delacroix, Pissarro, Manet, and others; through Sunday, June 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Overseeing the new Hall of Ocean Life and Biology of Fishes is a ninety-four-foot, ten-and-a-half-ton model of a breaching blue whale, suspended from the ceiling in a remarkable way. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A large assembly of paintings, bronzes, ritual implements, and temple scrolls from eight centuries of Tibetan art, including secret paintings and sculptures meant to be seen only by Buddhist initiates; through June 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, graphics, posters, sculptures, furniture, and objects of art in the Art Nouveau style; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Nearly three hundred items (books, manuscripts, maps, prints, first editions) dated prior to 1821, and, at that, only an hors d'oeuvre from the archives of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass.; through Saturday, May 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A gathering of handcrafted objects by anonymous Swiss artisans—chaff spitters, inn signs, lace pictures, and such; through Sunday, June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Six hundred photographic portraits by Cecil Beaton of who's who (1928-69) in various limelights. Your catalogue may be used as a scorecard for a guess-the-name game. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 9 to 5.). . . ¶ A selection of drawings in various mediums by Reginald Marsh, documenting his work as book illustrator; through June 16. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 10.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Eighty watercolors by American Indians, craft objects (such as kachinas, pottery, and blankets), and seventy-five photographs of Navajo life; through Sunday, June 1. (Daily, except Mondays and Memorial Day, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—A special one-week season of non-subscription performances—Monday evening, June 2: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 3: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Shirley Love, Otto Edelmann, and Octaviano Naghiu. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 4: "Faust," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Batyah Godfrey, Gianni Raimondi, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Michalski, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Shirley Love, Barry Morell, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, William Walker, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Russell Christopher. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC PROMENADES—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Russian music on Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, at 8:30 (with Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, and the Bil Baird Marionettes); a varied program on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 3-4, all at 8:30 (with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Robert Mosley, baritone; Theodore Lettvin, piano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and another varied program Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7, at 8:30 (with Michael Rabin, violin).

NAUMBURG ORCHESTRA—Frank Brieff conducting, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Friday, May 30, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

LED ZEPPELIN, WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA, AND DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

WHO, CHUCK BERRY, AND ALBERT KING—Fillmore East. Thursday and Friday, June 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, May 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 30, at 8:05; Saturday, May 31, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday through Wednesday, June 2-4, at 8:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, June 6, at 8, and Saturday, June 7, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 7.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 3-4.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, May 31.). . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 1.). . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through

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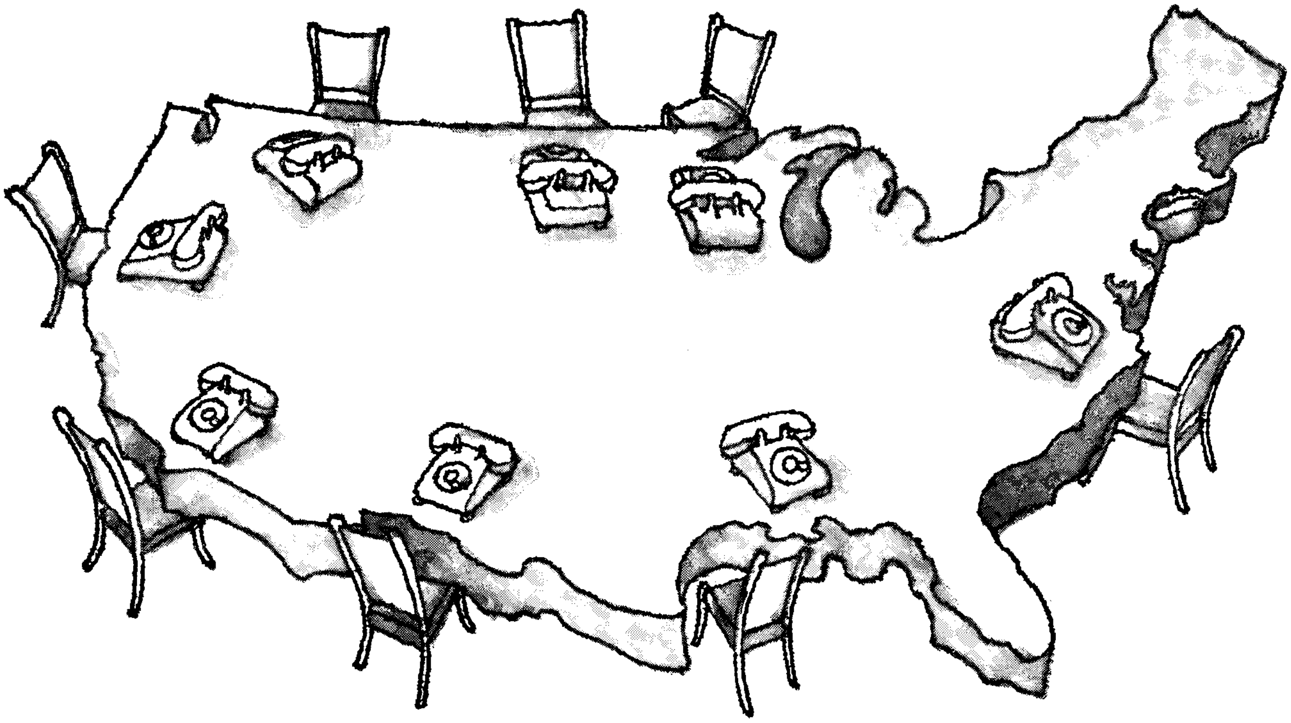
But all this streamlined communication is only as good as the facts transmitted. Eastman Dillon is known for the caliber of its research and analysis. Eastman Dillon's senior industry specialists are known and respected in their fields. Respected and relied upon by the brokers they serve, in our 33 offices coast to coast.



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Charles Tanqueray did not invent gin.

He just made it uncommonly good.

(And therein lies this uncommon tale.)

To understand how and why Tanqueray Gin happened, one must first understand Charles Tanqueray.

In his early adult years, Charles Tanqueray acquired a curiosity about gin, a drink so typically English that it appealed to all classes of the populace. Charles Tanqueray realized that a great portion of the gin produced in the London of those days was not very appealing to the more discriminating palates of the gentry. For some gins in those early years were produced from ordinary water, dubious basic spirits insufficiently rectified, and often rather wantonly flavored. Charles Tanqueray felt that something should be done about this.

So Charles Tanqueray took it upon himself to develop a gin with a genuinely enjoyable taste. He experimented with various and sundry choice ingredients. And he also tried several distilling techniques. Until, at last, Charles Tanqueray achieved his goal: an uncommonly dry gin with an uncommonly fine flavor.

The one thing he didn't experiment with was the water. Because, to start, Charles Tanqueray had the best.

Finsbury. A watering place of some distinction. The water Charles Tanqueray used was the freshest, purest obtainable. The source: the deep springs in Finsbury.

Finsbury had gained fame during the Crusades. When Crusaders returned to England, many hastened to Finsbury. For Finsbury water was reputed to be particularly delicious. Evidently, it was. England's first windmill was built at Finsbury. Purpose: to tap more of its water.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Charles Tanqueray selected Finsbury as the site for his first distillery. Nor is it surprising that, to this day, Tanqueray still uses Finsbury water.

Tanqueray's folly—the palatable gin. It's generally believed that monks, in the Finsbury area, made herbal potions consisting of alcohol mixed with roots and berry extracts. They discovered that the alcohol preserved the botanicals. And that the botanicals flavored the alcohol.

From these humble beginnings, English gin evolved. The English gin that Charles Tanqueray made uncommonly good.

But even though Charles Tanqueray's gin tasted better than other gins, it didn't fare much better. Because his gin, as noted, was designed to appeal to the more discerning tastes of the gentry who were, alas, few in number.

And yet, for generations, the Tanqueray family continued to produce their uncommon gin. Their output most certainly wasn't prodigious. Their dedication to an ideal was.

Recognition after decades of virtual anonymity. The Tanquerays persisted. They continued to produce their uncommon gin in virtual obscurity, the fruit of their labor known to but a few gin aficionados.

But then, in the early 1950's, Tanqueray Gin was introduced to the United States.

The result: more continued obscurity.

Except that now Tanqueray Gin was enjoyed by a few gin aficionados in America, as well as those in England.

Another decade went by. Then, Tanqueray Gin was finally discovered.

Word got around. The circle of Tanqueray admirers grew. (Sales actually increased by 1,700% in 4 years.) Until today the gin with the hard-to-pronounce name is giving cocktails across the nation its special distinction.

And that's the way Tanqueray happened.

TURN TO OPEN
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
4/5 QUART
94.6 PROOF
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin

Tasting is believing. If you fancy a 94.6 proof gin as dry as Shaw's wit, and as smooth as English silk, Tanqueray just might be the gin for you.

Because of Tanqueray's singular taste, many people enjoy it straight over the rocks. One variation: straight, over ice, with a twist of orange peel. And the Tanqueray martini is becoming legendary. Even in tall drinks, mixed with tonic or juice, Tanqueray's flavor is unmistakable.

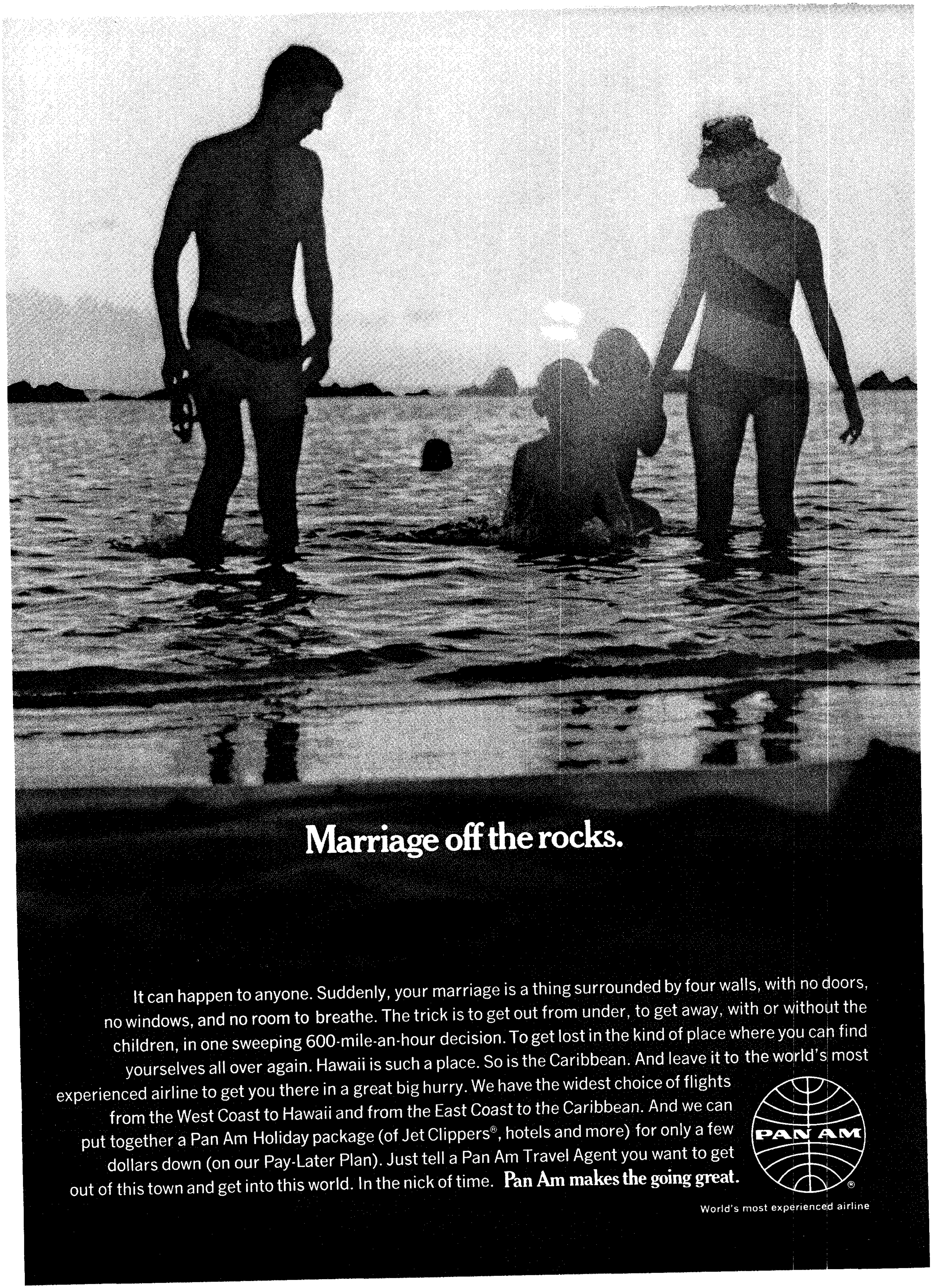
Of course, you'll never know until you taste it. May we respectfully suggest that you do. Soon.

For, in a sense, Tanqueray has been waiting for you since Charles Tanqueray first made gin uncommonly good. **Pronounce it TANKER-RAY.**

Distilled & bottled in London, 100% grain neutral spirits. 94.6 Proof. Imported by James M. McCunn & Co., Inc., New York.

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.

Charles Tanqueray



Marriage off the rocks.

It can happen to anyone. Suddenly, your marriage is a thing surrounded by four walls, with no doors, no windows, and no room to breathe. The trick is to get out from under, to get away, with or without the children, in one sweeping 600-mile-an-hour decision. To get lost in the kind of place where you can find yourselves all over again. Hawaii is such a place. So is the Caribbean. And leave it to the world's most experienced airline to get you there in a great big hurry. We have the widest choice of flights from the West Coast to Hawaii and from the East Coast to the Caribbean. And we can put together a Pan Am Holiday package (of Jet Clippers®, hotels and more) for only a few dollars down (on our Pay-Later Plan). Just tell a Pan Am Travel Agent you want to get out of this town and get into this world. In the nick of time. **Pan Am makes the going great.**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, June 5-8.)... ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 7.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Metropolitan Handicap, Friday, May 30, and the Mother Goose, Saturday, May 31.... **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 2, through Saturday, June 28. The Edgemere Handicap, Monday, June 2; the Juvenile, Wednesday, June 4, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 7. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.)... **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Friday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Friday, May 30.... **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Saturday, May 31, through Thursday, Aug. 7. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24.... **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Memorial Day, at 8:15, and Memorial Day at 2:15; last day Saturday, Nov 15.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8.)

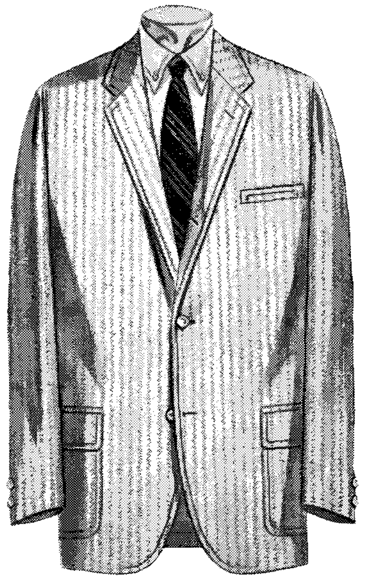
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to meetings of the Economic and Social Council, as well as to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Thursday, May 29), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Memorial Day and Saturday, May 31, from 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15: Autographs and manuscripts of Thackeray, Keats, Freud, Titian, and others; from various owners.... ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10:15 and 1:45: Watches and *objets de vertu*, from a number of collectors.... ¶ Friday, June 6, at 1:45: English and Continental decorative furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many sources.

Commencement Dates—Smith and Vassar, Sunday, June 1; Barnard and Columbia, Tuesday, June 3; Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 4; and Princeton, Thursday, June 5.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—May 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Juve vs. Fantomas" (1913), in French, directed by Louis Feuillade; no English titles.... ¶ May 29 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "In a Lonely Place" (1950), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.... ¶ May 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Desert Fury" (1947), with John Hodiak and Lizabeth Scott.... ¶ May 31 at 11:30: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ May 31 at 3 and 5:30: "Written on the Wind" (1956), with Rock Hudson and Lauren Bacall.... ¶ June 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Frank Sinatra and Laurence Harvey.... ¶ June 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Suddenly" (1954), with Frank Sinatra and Sterling Hayden.... ¶ June 3 at 2: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman.... ¶ June 3 at 5:30: "Voices," directed by Richard Mordaunt. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through May 29.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 3.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; May 28.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 3.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Go West (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time interpreting life on the wild plains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 3.)

If. . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 29.)

Laughter in the Dark—Nicol Williamson, great young English actor, plays the blinded rich man of Nabokov's novel, plagued by an evilly prankish couple (Anna Karina and Jean-Claude Drouot). Directed by Tony Richardson. A witty, fluid, harrowing film, with a moving hero. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Life, Love, Death—The latest display of camerawork by Claude Lelouch, who made "A Man and a Woman." In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the freewheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls made this wonderful film in 1955. It was hacked down to three-fourths of its length by the backers, destroying its structure and gaiety, and he died (in 1957) without ever witnessing a public run of the film he had actually made. This is the first New York release in its true form. The story is set in a circus, but the movie is about more than that. Peter Ustinov plays the ringmaster, Anton Walbrook a deaf Bavarian king, Martine Carol a famous courtesan declined into a trapeze artist. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays and Memorial Day at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Memorial Day at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Servant (1963)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption abovestairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting May 29.)

Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 3.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in Luchino Visconti's version of the Camus novel. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; May 28.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 30-June 2.)

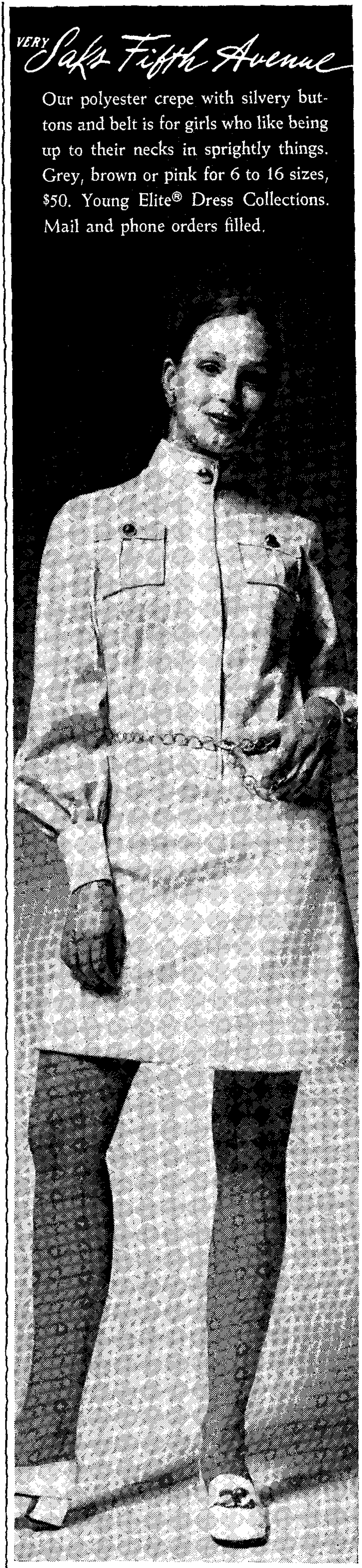
2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. Part I: through June 3. Part II: starting June 4.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 3.)

Winning—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting May 29.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	28	29	30	31

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
IF . . .
EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish. (Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ Starting June 1, continuous showings.)
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"People Meet and Sweet Music Fills the Heart" (in Danish), Harriet Andersson.
CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 3: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French); and **THE WHISPERERS.**
GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 3: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.
MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Green Slime," Robert Horton.
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.
TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.
FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvano Mangano.
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .
BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Hard Contract," James Coburn, Lee Remick.
CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.
PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.
AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
THE PRODUCERS.
CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Matter of Days," a Czechoslovakian film.
CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.
BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies," Tony Curtis, Mireille Darc.
68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Salesman," a documentary film.
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.
72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, *1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)*
Russ Meyer's "Vixen."
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
IF . . .
ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Once Upon a Time in the West," Henry Fonda, Claudia Cardinale.
LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
May 28: "The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner.
From May 29: "Che!," Omar Sharif, Jack Palance.
86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
May 28: "Trans-Europ-Express" (1968; in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.
From May 29: **THE SERVANT**; and "The Lovers" (1959; in French), Jeanne Moreau.
WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 3: **WAR AND PEACE.**
8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).
5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 3 (tentative): "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian); and "Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1968), a Yugoslavian film.
SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
"The Southern Star," George Segal, Ursula Andress.
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).
ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 28: **LA CHINOISE** and **THE STRANGER** (both in French).
From May 29: **IKIRU** (in Japanese); and **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** (in French).
R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.
STATE I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.
MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
WINNING.
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
LIFE, LOVE, DEATH (in French).
CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.
LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
LAUGHTER IN THE DARK.
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.
LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.
CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"2" (in Danish).
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 3: **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 29: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.
May 30-June 2: **TILLIE AND GUS**; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
From June 3: **A DAY AT THE RACES**; and **GO WEST.**
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
IF . . .

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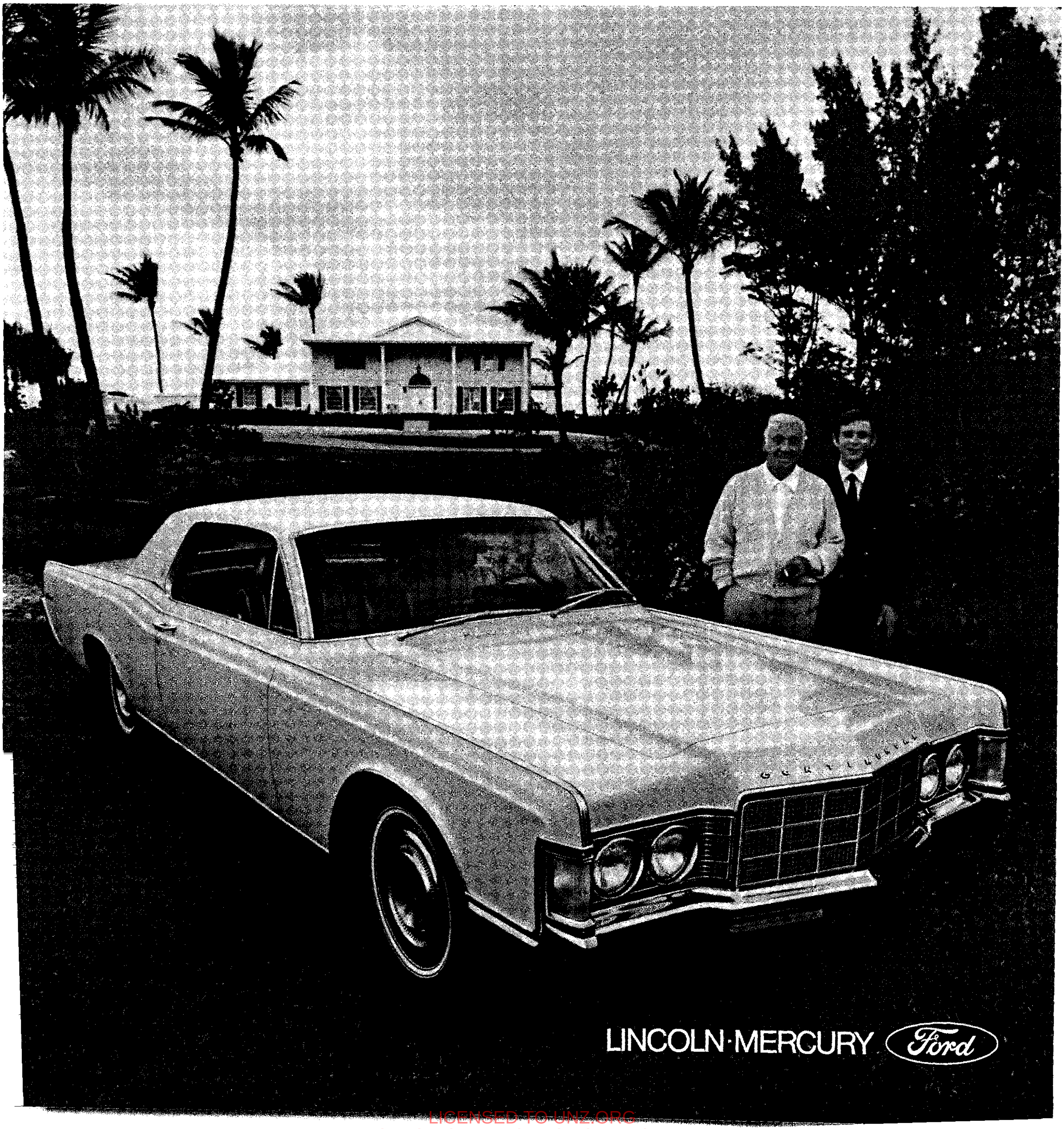

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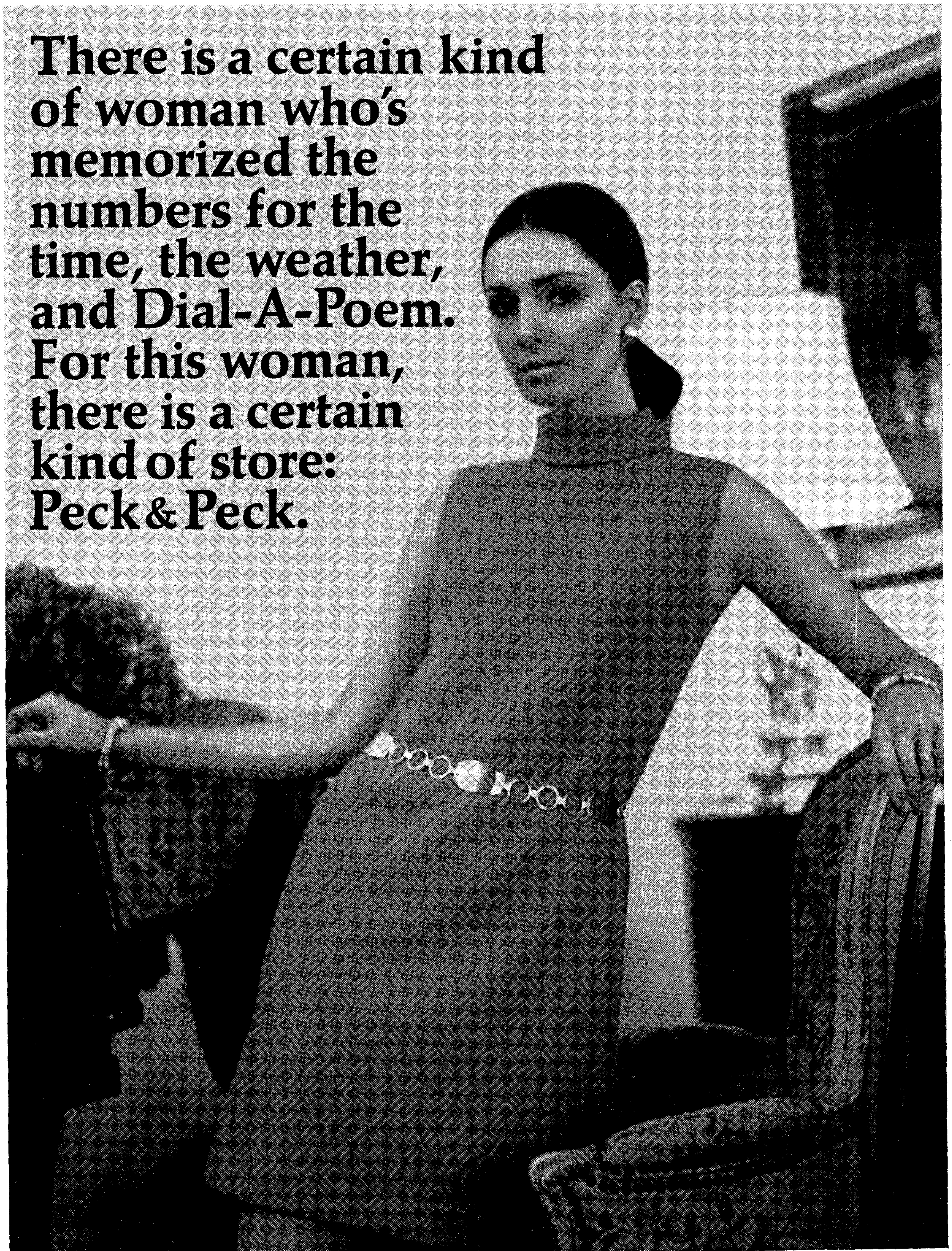
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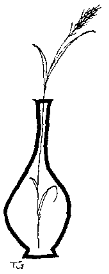
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

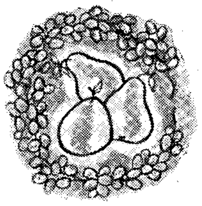
Notes and Comment

WE received a letter from our friend the hysterical lighthouse keeper the other day. He writes, "The newspapers arrived on this morning's mail boat, and I have seen the photograph of the National Guard helicopter dusting the Berkeley students with powdered gas. You will no doubt scoff at my analysis of this particular occurrence—which forces me to remind you that I'm the one who told you, before anyone else did, to stop eating chicken because they were putting female hormones in the feed. The dissident students, who were among the first to protest America's war in Vietnam, have for years attempted to identify themselves—somewhat romantically, it seems to me—with the peasants of Vietnam. Now, suddenly, their identification is a bit more believable, and it would be naïve to assume that this has happened by accident. I suggest that the students infiltrated the National Guard and staged the entire episode. Aware of the enormous symbolic significance of the helicopter, they arrange to have themselves attacked by one, thus acting out a fantasy in which they and the Vietnamese become brothers fleeing a common enemy. Governor Reagan is, of course, an unwitting tool in the farce. How clever the kids are these days! In one eloquent gesture, the war has been brought to America, the students have made it clear which side they are on, and the powers of law and order have been caught in an unflattering mechanical attitude. You city people simply don't have time to see the grand design. I tell you, nothing happens by accident."

THE godlike offer too much and they demand too much. They seem cold because they have only themselves to match. They are shameless perfectionists and their light hurts the eyes. Such was Coleman Hawkins, the great tenor saxophonist, who died last week, at the age of sixty-four. Hawkins invented the jazz saxophone, and, more than that, he spent forty years tinkering with his invention—remodelling it, streamlining it, polishing it. Most artists, of whatever kind, find a style that, like the Boston matron's hat, sustains them for life, even when sheer use turns it to self-parody. But Hawkins, instinctively detesting commercialism, changed his style every ten or fifteen years. He began—in the twenties, with Fletcher Henderson—as a nervous, serio-comic performer who spent notes by the thousand. This adolescent choppiness subsided, and he became a classic Romantic with a big-breasted tone and an Echo Mountain vibrato. Then his style lost weight, revealing a fluent, tough, muscled attack—the attack that produced his seminal 1939 recording of "Body and Soul." He passed into his fourth, and final, phase ten years ago, and it was unsettling. The best of his earlier modes was still there, but there was a new element—a naked, hellfire crying out that suggested he had finally discovered what life is and didn't like what he saw. Hawkins' musical adventurousness—which kept musicians twenty years younger running—was simply a by-product of his unstemmable creativity. He spent most of his life *improvising*, which means that he altruistically gave part of himself away night after night, month after month, year after year. A sculptor can touch his work, a painter can stare at his finished canvas, but improvisation—except in the rare instances when it is recorded—is borne away the second it is uttered. Hawkins' generosity changed jazz, and jazz has changed Western music. One example will do. Harry Carney, the baritone saxophonist, has since 1927 been the rock that Duke Ellington has built his band on, and the Ellington band remains revolutionary and incomparable. Carney idolized Hawkins.



Hawkins' majesty was quietly embodied in his person. He was a handsome, straight-backed, medium-sized man who dressed impeccably and spoke distinctly in a low voice. Even in his later years, eroded by alcohol and the demands of his profession, he was seignorial. He offset his frail, stooped appearance by growing a patriarchal beard. He was always a lesson to watch. Eight years ago, he was hired as an accompanist for Ida Cox, the old-time blues singer, who had been unearthed and brought to New York to make some recordings. He overslept on the day of the session, but when he came into the studio—his eyes still three-quarters closed, a black felt hat jammed evenly on his head, his suit razor-sharp, and his walk very fast—he was the Chairman arriving, not just a tardy musician. Not long before that, he played almost every concert of the fledgling Great South Bay Jazz Festival, on Long Island, despite having to work in New York at the same time, and he played with a passion and invention that made the whole enterprise unforgettable. And one evil night several years ago at the Village Vanguard, after the bassist Charlie Mingus had spent an hour berating the audience and his musicians for something or other, Hawkins countered Mingus's rudeness by turning his back on him and playing magnificently into a corner of the bandstand. He courted no one, but he had friends, and Roy Eldridge, the trumpeter, was perhaps the closest. "Coleman was a first-class cat all the way down the line," Eldridge said last week. "He was the old school. He never travelled economy, and, of course, he was like a genius on his horn. I guess I knew him as well as anybody. I got my first job—for twelve dollars a week, in 1927—through him, by copying his solo, note for note, off Fletcher Henderson's record of 'Stampede.' And I was the first person near him after he came back from five years in Europe in 1939. I had a Lincoln and he had a Cadillac, and we followed each other to gigs—double things like that. He was a person people were afraid to talk to. If anything went wrong on a job, they wouldn't go to him, they'd always come to me. He was proud, but he wasn't cold, and he had a sense of humor. He just stayed away from cats he didn't like. People said he didn't like Lester Young, who was supposed to be his great rival. Man, I remember Coleman and I sat up all one night with Lester in the fifties, when we were with Jazz at the Philharmonic, trying to find out why Lester was up so tight. We never did. The last five years, Coleman was sick, and he just about quit eating. All he had eyes for, when he ate at all, was Chinese food, like Lester. But I'd call him in the evening and tell him what I was cooking. I'd tell him such-and-such, and he'd say, 'That sounds pretty good. *I'll* have to go out and get me some.' The next day, I'd call again, and he'd forgotten everything. Coleman always had money, and he always spent it the right way. He'd have a Leica and a Steinway and three-hundred-dollar suits, but before anything else he always laid out six hundred dollars a month to take care of his rent and his wife and children. I often wondered if he had a little income of his own, but I never knew, because money was one thing we didn't discuss. Just a while ago, I went out with Coleman when he wanted to look at a Rolls-Royce to buy, and I said to him, 'You'd look ridiculous riding around in that.' So he bought a Chrysler Imperial. Eight thousand in cash. I don't think he got to put more than a thousand miles on it."



Mixer

THIRTY thousand engineers, manufacturers, and marketing representatives turned out for the 1969 annual Design Engineering Show and Conference at the Coliseum the other day. The show is sponsored by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, is held alternately in New York and in Chicago, and is not open to the public. When we dropped by to find out what was happening, we were especially interested in seeing a certain new mixing device, since an augur of our acquaintance had told us it was expected to bring about some sort of industrial millennium. However, as we wandered up and down rows of exhibition booths (six hundred and forty-nine companies were exhibiting their wares, which were mostly instruments or parts to be used inside other instruments or parts), we saw no sign of the mixing device. Instead, our eyes were dazzled by a profusion of mechanical or electronic instruments that whirred, spun, flashed, tilted, darted, bounced, quivered (quivering was a particularly common characteristic), or trundled. A man who was standing near a booth set up by the Candy Manufacturing Company told us, with a smile, that the company makes electrical switches, not bonbons. He then asked, "Do you know the difference between a design engineer and an industrial designer?"

"Would you care to explain?" we asked.

"Well, now," he said, smiling more broadly. "An industrial designer is concerned mainly with the relationship between a piece of equipment and the people who use it—with such things as appearance, comfort, and ease of operation. A design engineer, on the other hand, is concerned only with the *inside* of a piece of equipment—with how it works. To put it in an unkindly light, a design engineer doesn't give a damn about people." He chuckled.

We thanked him, and continued wandering among the exhibits. Not far from a chain belt that was carrying soft-drink cans speedily around an elliptical course, we encountered a girl in a red-white-and-blue dress, who told us that the mixer we had heard about was being demonstrated in Rooms 2031 and 2033 of the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel. We thanked her and started toward an exit (passing exhibits set up by Durakool, Inc.; the Bunting Brass & Bronze Company; the Mize-O-Matic division of the Clark Cable Corporation; the Fast & Tite Products Division of D. & G. Plastics; Pinlites, Inc.; the Midland Screw Corporation; the Insert Products Division of the Heli-Coil Corporation; the Groov-Pin Corporation; and the Dzuz Fastener Company), and eventually found our way to the twentieth floor of the Barbizon-Plaza, where the Kenics Corporation was exhibiting its mixing device.

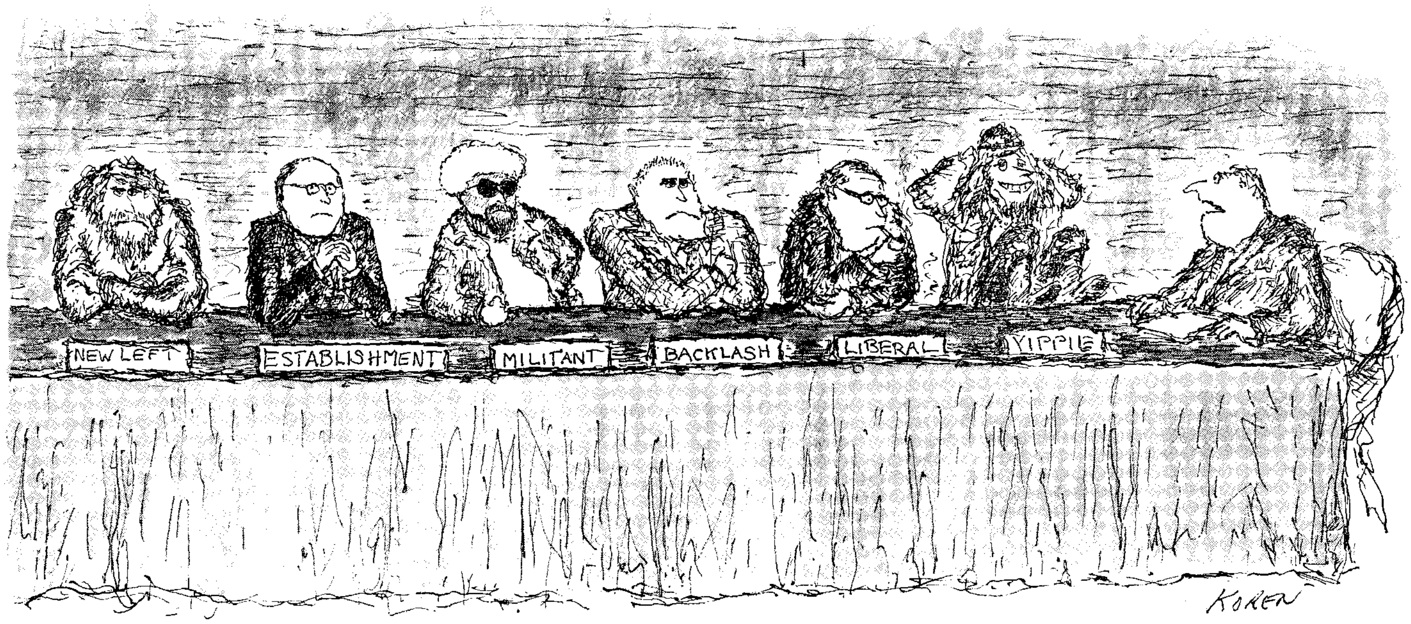
"Welcome!" said a brown-haired man in a brown suit as we entered Room 2031, which was filled with people. He turned out to be Kenneth M. Grout, the president of Kenics, which has its headquarters in Danvers, Massachusetts, and which manufactures and develops precision dispensing equipment for liquids and pastes. "This is our static mixer," he told us, holding up a small glass tube in which a series of twisted metal parts had been inserted. "We developed it together with the Arthur D. Little Company, of Cambridge. People have dreamed of such a device for years, but no one has been successful until now. There are no moving parts in the static mixer, and yet, because of the shape of these twists of metal, around which the substance to be mixed flows, almost any non-solid substance—liquid, gas, colloid, semi-solid—can be mixed with precision and predictability simply by being fed through the tube. The mixer can also be used for heating or cooling substances, since the twists cause each molecule of a substance to be exposed to the walls of the tube for an equal amount of time. Speed is not a factor, so substances can be propelled through the tube in a few seconds or allowed to move through it over a period of months. Each twist of metal—these twists can also be made of plastic or some other material—divides a substance two times, and the divisions proceed exponentially, so that by the time the substance has travelled past twenty-one of these twists it has been divided *two million ninety-seven thousand times*. The secret is in the configuration of the twists. All other mixing devices, which we call dynamic mixers, because of their moving parts—paddles, rotors, and so forth—have serious disadvantages. The static mixer has almost no disadvantages. It has been on the market only since August, and it's already being used in the petrochemical industry, the synthetic-fibre industry, and the detergent industry. At the risk of sounding grandiloquent, I must say that the development of the static mixer is equal in importance to the invention of the wheel." He paused, looked toward the ceiling, and said, "It may be even *bigger* than the invention of the wheel."

We thanked Mr. Grout and started toward a display on the other side of the room, but were intercepted almost at once by a dark-haired woman who was holding a funnel in whose stem a static mixer had been inserted. "Do you know what this is?" she asked. "This is our Martini mixer. By the time gin and vermouth have travelled these two and a half inches, they have been mixed four thousand times. Would you believe four thousand times?"

"Yes," we said.

New Gallery

THE Gimpel Gallery of London, which has a branch in Zurich, recently opened another one, on Madison Avenue at Seventy-ninth Street, under



"Now, panel, who would like to open the discussion?"

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the aegis of Peter and Charles Gimpel, third-generation dealers. Their grandfather Ernest Gimpel, an Alsatian, started a firm in Paris soon after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. His son, René, carried it on until 1939. The next year, René Gimpel joined the Resistance, and eventually he was caught. He died in a German hospital in 1945, after spending time in five concentration camps; parts of his diaries were published here posthumously a few years ago. He had three sons, of whom two, the aforementioned Peter and Charles, founded the present firm, and we visited its Manhattan outpost the other afternoon. The contents of its opening exhibition were not for sale; they were all on loan, and they had all been sold, in the past, by the Gimpels—examples of Braque, Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Sam Francis, Matta, Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, Picasso, Renoir, Larry Rivers, and other contemporary or recent artists. "Our father and grandfather dealt in Old Masters, and so did my Uncle Joe Duveen—my mother, a fourteenth child, was his youngest sister—but Father also *collected* modern paintings," Peter Gimpel told us. "He bought the Monet water-lilies oil in this show from Monet. It used to be in my parents' bedroom. My father mentions it in his diary. We had to sell it after his death. He was once a rich man, but he died poor. This exhibit is intended to indicate the sort of thing our gallery has—not that we have another Monet."

Peter Gimpel, who was born in 1915, and whose appearance suggests a wiry and somewhat taller Charlie Chaplin, served in the French Army until Dunkirk and then joined the British Army, finishing up as a captain. He has become a British subject. Charles Gimpel, who is two years older and has remained a French citizen, was an agent high up in the French Resistance. His real first name, which he no longer uses, is Ernest; his cover name was Charles Beauchamp. He was captured and tortured by the Germans after parachuting into Occupied France, was sent to Buchenwald and Auschwitz, and was released by the Allies in June, 1945. He and Peter started the London firm the next year.

"We began with a few Old Masters of my father's, but mostly with contemporaries," Peter said. "We had very little money but great good will. Some of our best customers in London are American, many of them film stars or other people in the entertainment world. Americans are visually so sensitive and so quick. It isn't just money that makes them good collectors—it's their sense of visual excitement."

"American collectors may start out with a status motivation or a financial one—after all, prices *do* go up—but they often develop a genuine enthusiasm," said Mrs. Charles, a petite blue-eyed blonde, who had joined us. "Nearly every city here seems to have a marvellous art museum. There's no climate for that in England. Your G.I.s used to flock to European museums and galleries during the war."

Mrs. Gimpel, a Canadian, went to Paris in 1936 to study diplomatic history at the Sorbonne. She joined the Free French during the war, met Charles ten days before he parachuted on what was to be his last mission, and married him on his return. They have two sons, Charles Beauchamp and René, the second a twenty-one-year-old former Harvard sojourner who recently left the Yard for the family business. The Gimpels, who plan to shuttle back and forth, have an American partner—Max Weitzenhoffer, a young man from Oklahoma City, who used to be with the Findlay Galleries—and Mrs. Gimpel introduced him to us.

"My parents were large collectors of Impressionist paintings," Mr. Weitzenhoffer said. "I think a good dealer has to have a good eye. You have to keep looking and looking at new things. It's more than a business. You want to help the artist over a period of years." All the Gimpels, *and* Mr. Weitzenhoffer, are themselves collectors.

"Dinner guests often want to buy off my walls, but I don't let them," Mr. Weitzenhoffer said. "I don't want to do business after six o'clock. When you're off duty, you're off duty."

"I love this gallery because it's right on the street," Mrs. Gimpel said. "No elevator. People just drop in. We like to have them look around, whether they buy or not."

Jersey Ritual

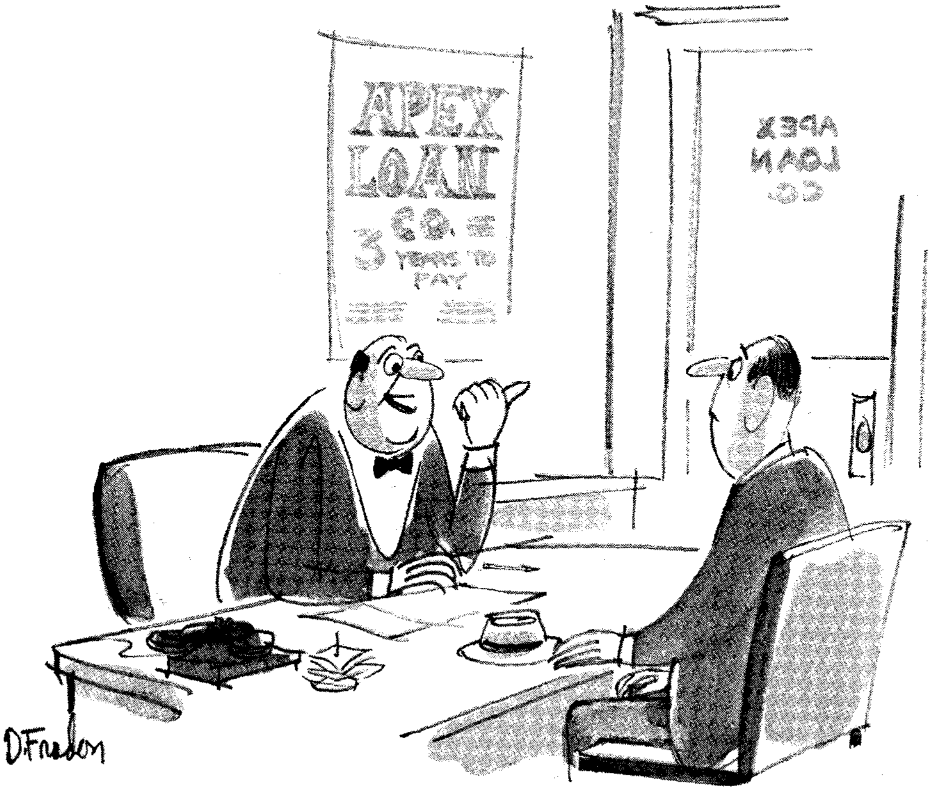
THIS is without a doubt our week for receiving letters. An anthropologist of our acquaintance who was passing through town last week on his way from Africa to parts unknown stopped by to say that he would love to take in a good ritual or two while he was in the neighborhood. He reminded us that during his last visit to New York, a couple of years ago, we had invited him to an Election Night vigil at Governor Rockefeller's that turned out to be a dead ringer for a Navajo reconciliation ritual called Enemy Way, and said that he thought he was now up to tackling another indigenous American ceremony. We handed him the morning paper, told him to pick his ritual, and sent him off with a steno pad. Just today, we received the following letter, written with the juice of a poisonous berry from the jungles of central Brazil:

"What a ritual! Decided on annual stockholders' meeting of Hess Oil & Chemical Corporation, afternoon of Thursday, May 15th. Figured I would have certain edge in handling data from North American economic ritual, since once saw 'Solid Gold Cadillac' on 'Late Late Show' and am somewhat *au courant* with theories of capital among various other peoples, such as Nuer, Kwakiutl, and Kabyle Berber. Thursday noon, borrowed red Volkswagen from friend, headed for Hess headquarters in outlying village of Woodbridge, New Jersey. Terrible drive on Jersey Turnpike. Infernal, choking smells from million factories, refineries, slaughterhouses on roadside. Dark, thick clouds raining pollution over everything. Came to conclusion that, ecologically speaking, eastern New Jersey past hope. Nothing growing but oil drums. Land looked as if aboriginal slash-and-burn tribe had got hold of it. Half hour out of city, began noticing words on oil drums. 'ESSO,' 'SHELL,' 'HESS,' etc. Totems. Universal phenomena. Decided Hess very smart to have annual meeting out among oil drums—to give ritual participants concrete symbols of Corporate Godhead. Began searching pipey landscape for more Hess drums. Very gratifying.

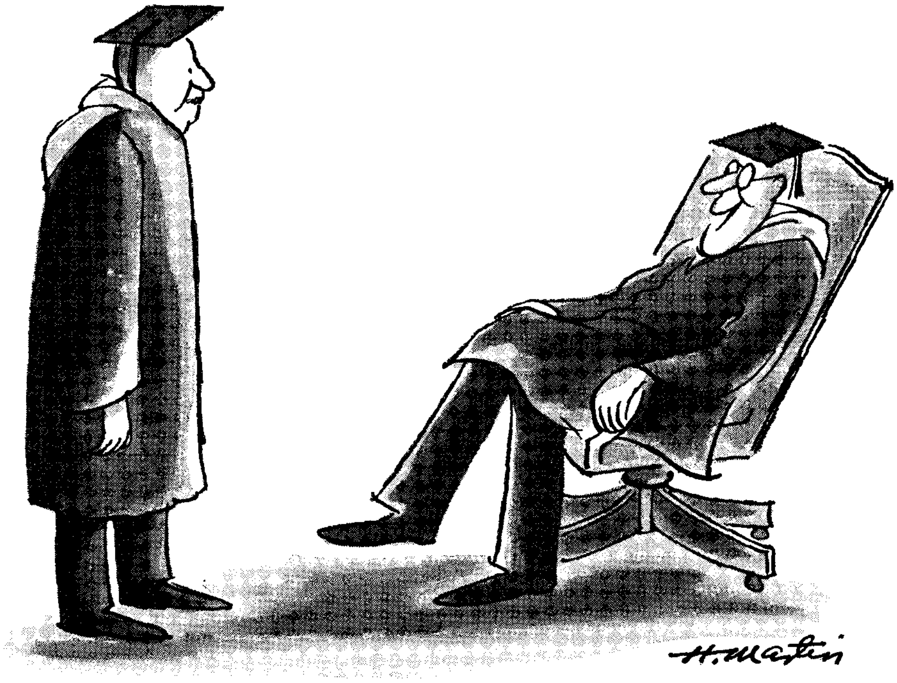
"Hess headquarters fourteen-story glass-and-concrete monolith rising out of big, empty plot. Parked little red car in fancy lot with Victorian lampposts, in area marked 'Parking for Stockholders' Meeting.' Approached monolith from lot with awe appropriate to occasion. Saw that, after preparatory trial-by-turnpike journey out of profane space of New York City and through totemic landscape, I was now entering sacred ceremonial space. Interior of monolith all scrubbed and tidied up for meeting. Windows sparkling. Teak panelling on walls waxed and polished. Churchly stillness in lobby. Followed smiling matron, from Short Hills, to ground-floor auditorium. Matron spruced up like building. New pink suit. Fluffed, lacquered gray hair. Perfume. Paint. 'How nice to see you, Mrs. Hotchkiss,' chorus of pretty girls sang to matron as they signed in stockholders at auditorium door. 'You know I'd never miss a meeting,' Mrs. Hotchkiss said proudly. Made mental note to stick with Mrs. H., who was obviously old hand at North American economic ritual.

"Tailed Mrs. H. into auditorium. Big, bright room. Panelled like lobby. Long white Fiberglas curtains at windows. Dais flanked by flags—flag of United States on left, green-white-and-gold flag of Hess Oil & Chemical Corporation on right. (Identification of state with stock market very neat ritual device, drawing on political as well as sacrocorporate mythos.) Patriotic buzz in auditorium as stockholders contemplated flags. Place packed, though ritual role of stockholders still confused me. Asked myself, Were they at meeting to be initiated into economic mysteries? Or reconciled to corporate destiny? Or turned on to vision of future which would sustain faith in reality of Corporate Godhead through all ups and downs of Dow-Jones Average during next fiscal year? Did ascertain that majority of participants were male, and that ceremonial dress of males consisted mainly of dark suits, dark ties, and dark Bahama tans. Concluded that role differentiation through costume—important part of most rituals—frowned on at North American annual stockholders' meeting.

"Took seat in middle of auditorium, in row behind Mrs. Hotchkiss, and looked round for High Priest, or Shaman, of ceremony. Located Shaman roaming up and down aisle, shaking hands of ritual participants. Shaman's name Leon Hess. Chairman of board. Had gray wavy hair, cheerful smile. Same ceremonial dress as lesser participants. Carried no staff or other symbol of magic power. Wore no mask, animal skins, shell bracelets. Didn't drum or dance. Instead, continued hand-pumping for five minutes, then walked briskly to dais, sat down behind little plaque with name on it. Nine more men sat down on dais behind other little plaques. Hess introduced them to ritual participants—first by name, then by ceremonial title, such as vice-president, director, senior vice-president. Also introduced father-in-law. And thanked relatives in audience for coming. (Considerations of clan and kinship clearly important in North American economic ritual.) Then Hess asked man on dais whose title was secretary and vice-president if there was quorum present, since stockholders about to vote on plans for merger with another major corporate deity, by name of Amerada. Secretary-vice-president said yes, over nine million out of possi-



"Believe me, you're getting a square deal. If the President of the United States were to walk through that door, we'd charge him the same outlandish rate of interest we charge you."



“So this is the hundred-thousand-dollar Wilson P. Donovan Chair of History!”

ble ten million-plus shares were in auditorium, either in person or by proxy. I looked around again. Began counting participants. Multiplied number of seats in each row by number of rows in auditorium. Arrived at roughly three hundred. Senior vice-president and general counsel turned up microphone on dais to read merger motion. Then another vice-president read motion nominating ten directors to company. Participants were called on for other nominations. I considered nominating powerful Apache medicine man of my acquaintance, who could be counted on to bring a great deal of spiritual savvy—not to mention proper set of ceremonial feathers for chairman of board—to next annual stockholders' ritual, and mentioned possibility to gentleman beside me, who shook head. He explained that shares present by proxy were stacked against medicine man. 'It's a beautiful system,' he said.

“While votes were being counted, Chairman of Board Hess announced intention of enlightening stockholders as to future of company. Told them earnings up, revenue up, everything up. Gave long numerical incantation. 'Beautiful,' new friend beside me whispered. 'Lovely, lovely,' Mrs. Hotchkiss, in next row, agreed. Chairman concluded prophecy by saying, 'There will be little in the oil business that your new combined company won't be able to handle.' Much applause. (Prophecy part of ritual gets them every time.)

“Just then, roly-poly participant came running into auditorium waving stack of proxies and shouting 'Point of information!' Roly-poly participant wanted it on record he was voting No. No to merger. No to ten directors. No to everything. Was figure of same mythic genre as Coyote—trickster character frequenting Southwest Indian rituals, livening up proceedings, making everybody laugh. Apparently not yet proper moment in annual stockholders' meeting for entrance of Coyote, since Chairman of Board Hess said, 'Sit down, will you, and kindly wait until discussion period begins.' Roly-poly figure said Hess not acting in best tradition of 'participating corporate democracy.' Sat down anyway.

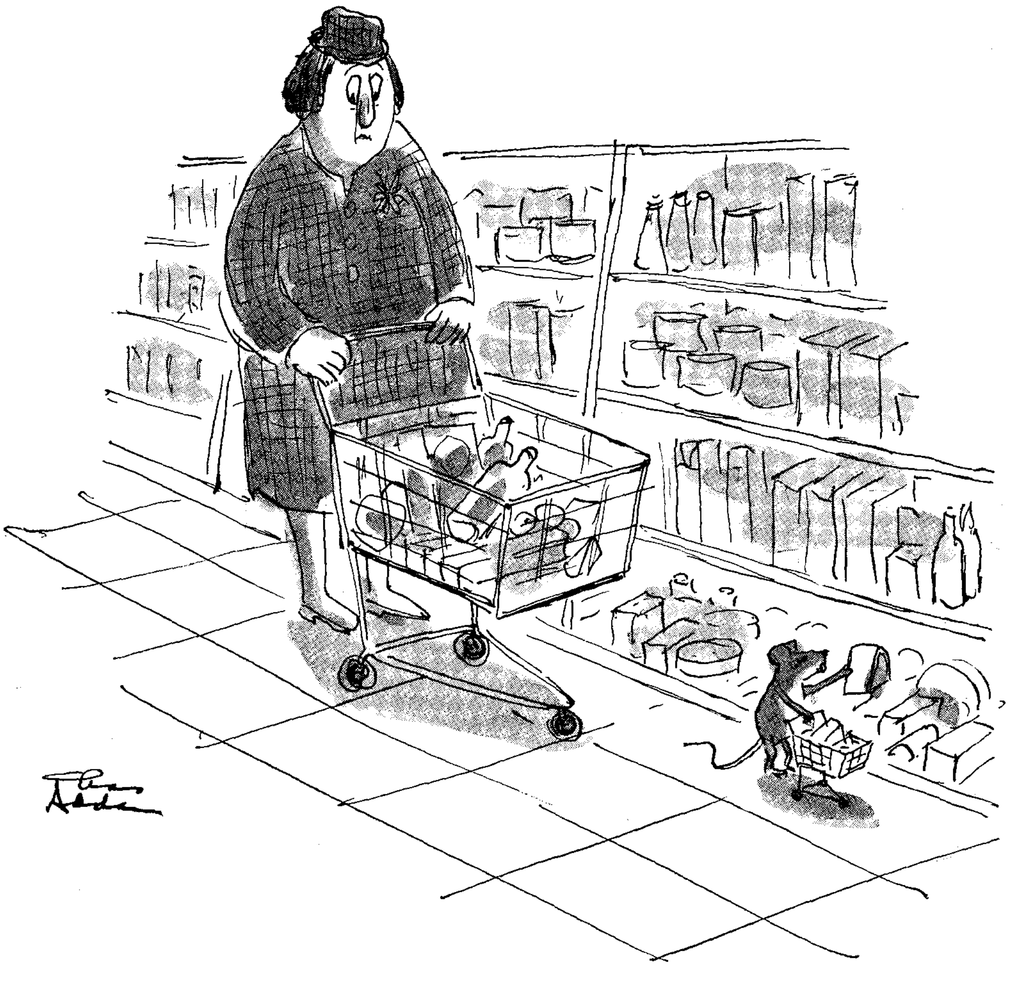
“So far, structural components of annual stockholders' meeting as follows: (1) Transition of stockholder from profane realm into sacred; (2) Identification of stockholder with Corporate Godhead; and (3) Prophecy. Now came fourth component of annual stockholders' meeting: Revelation through ritual drama. Presided over by President of Corporation H. W. McCollum. President told participants that today, in honor of occasion, company was launching newest product, super-powerful high-octane gasoline, and was going to give stockholders special sneak preview of super-powerful-high-octane-gasoline TV commercials. Everyone on dais scampered off, huddled against teak wall. Stockholders twisted impatiently in seats. Suddenly, jazzy angelic music filled auditorium. 'Hess 101 octane has made the scene,' choir of invisibles sang. No applause. (No applause after 'Parsifal' or 'Gettysburg Address,' either.) Then movie screen descended from slit in ceiling over dais for color-television commercial. Commercial full of totems, like eastern New Jersey. Hess tankers, Hess oil drums, Hess trucks. And little glass houses called 'immaculately clean' Hess service stations. ('Immaculate' gimmick old ritual standby. Makes for strong religious tie-in. Plants appropriate notion of pollution in connection with enemies, such as monsters, ghosts, rival gas stations.)

“Discussion period followed revelation through ritual drama. Chairman of board, back on dais, ordered microphone for roly-poly figure. 'My name is Henry Wright, and I live in New Jersey,' he said. He had long list of comments in hand, made most of them. 'Aw, sit down!' stockholders cried finally. 'I see the natives are restless,' he said. 'Your comments will be noted,' chairman of board said. Mrs. Hotchkiss, smiling at chairman of board and other friends on dais, stood up. 'I want to thank all you wonderful gentlemen for making me a little richer this year,' she said. Other participants said, 'Hear, hear!' 'I have only one little complaint,' Mrs. H. went on, pointing gloved forefinger at Mr. Wright. 'I was wondering—do we have to have all these gentlemen talking all the time? There's not nearly so much talking at the other meetings I go to.' Mrs. H. smiled again, and said, 'Now, if he keeps talking, I'm going to leave.' 'Please don't leave, Mrs. Hotchkiss,' chairman of board said. 'Please don't leave,' said other participants. Mrs. Hotchkiss decided to stay, because vote counter on his way in with news that nine million five hundred forty-six thousand six hundred thirty-six shares said Yes. Yes to everything.

“Ritual almost over, but chairman of board interrupted motion to adjourn to say pretty young ladies back at auditorium door with present for everyone—present of record of new singing commercial for super-powerful high-octane gasoline. All participants ran to door for records. Grabbed my record and headed for parking lot. Took Route 9, northbound, for change of scenery. Halfway to city, pulled into Hess station for 101 octane. Had front *and* rear windows washed by immaculately clean young man, just as in television commercial. Crossed George Washington Bridge at 4:46 P.M. and formally reëntered profane space of Greater New York.”

AINMOSNI

INSOMNIA is my baby. We have been going steady for a good twenty years now, and there is no hint that the dull baggage is ready to break off the affair. Three or four times a week, somewhere between three and six in the morning, this faulty thermostat inside my head clicks to "On," raising my eyelids with an almost audible clang and releasing a fetid blast of night thoughts. Sighing, I resume my long study of the bedroom ceiling and the uninteresting shape (a penguin? an overshoe?) that the street light, slanting through the window, casts on the closet door, while I review various tedious stratagems for recapturing sleep. If I am resolute, I will arise and robe myself, stumble out of the bedroom (my wife sleeps like a Series E government bond), turn on the living-room lights, and take down a volume from my little shelf of classical pharmacopoeia. George Eliot, James, and Montaigne are Nembutals, slow-acting but surefire. Thoreau, a dangerous Seconal-Demerol bomb, is reserved for emergencies; thirty minutes in the Walden beanfield sends me back to bed at a half run, fighting unconsciousness all the way down the hall. Too often, however, I stay in bed, under the delusion that sleep is only a minute or two away. This used to be the time for Night Games, which once worked for me. I would invent a No-Star baseball game, painstakingly selecting two nines made up of the least exciting ballplayers I could remember (mostly benchwarmers with the old Phillies and Senators) and playing them against each other in the deserted stadium of my mind. Three or four innings of walks, popups, foul balls, and messed-up double plays, with long pauses for rhubarbs and the introduction of relief pitchers, would bring on catalepsy. Other nights, I would begin a solo round of golf (I am a terrible golfer) on some recalled course. After a couple of pars and a brilliantly holed birdie putt, honesty required me to begin playing my real game, and a long search for my last golf ball, horribly hooked into the cattails to the left of the sixth green, would uncover, instead, a lovely Spalding Drowz-Rite. In time, however, some perverse sporting instinct began to infect me, and my Night Games became hopelessly interesting. As dawn brightened the bedroom, a pinch-hitter would bash a line drive that hit the pitcher's rubber and rebounded crazily into a pail of water in the enemy dugout, scoring three runs and retying the game, 17–17, in the twenty-first inning; my drive off the fourteenth tee, slicing toward a patch of tamaracks, would be seized in midair by an osprey and miraculously dropped on the green, where I would begin lining up my putt just as the alarm went off. I had to close up the ballpark and throw away my clubs; I was bushed.



It was an English friend of mine, a pink-cheeked poet clearly accustomed to knocking off ten hours' sleep every night, who got me into real small-hours trouble. He observed me yawning over a lunchtime Martini one day and drew forth an account of my ridiculous affliction. "I can help you, old boy," he announced. "Try palindromes."

"Palindromes?" I repeated.

"You know—backward-forward writing," he went on. "Reads the same both ways. You remember the famous ones: 'Madam, I'm Adam.' 'Able was I ere I saw Elba.' 'A man, a plan, a canal: Panama.' The Elba one is supposed to be about Napoleon. Here—I'll write it for you. You see, 'Able' backward is 'Elba,' and—"

"I know, I know," I snapped. "But what's that got to do with not sleeping? Am I supposed to repeat them over and over, or what?"

"No, that's no good. You must make up your own. Nothing to it. Begin with two-way words, and soon you'll be up to sentences. I do it whenever I can't sleep—'sleep' is 'peels,' of course—and in ten minutes I pop right off again. Never fails. Just now, I'm working on a lovely one about Eliot, the poet. 'T. Eliot, top bard . . .' it begins, and it ends, 'drab pot toilet.' Needs a bit of work in the middle, but I'll get it one of these nights."

I was dubious, but that night, shortly after four, I began with the words. In a few minutes, I found "gulp plug" (something to do with bass fishing) and "live evil," and sailed off into the best sleep I had enjoyed in several weeks. The next night brought "straw warts" and "repaid diaper," and, in time, a long if faintly troubled snooze ("ezoons"). I was delighted. My palindromic skills improved rapidly, and soon I was no longer content with mere words. I failed to notice at first that, like all sedatives, this one had begun to weaken with protracted use; I was doubling and tripling the dose, and my intervals given over to two-way cogitation were stretching to an hour or more. One morning, after a

BYRRH
Wm Hamilton

"I don't know what's bugging me most—the destruction of African wildlife, poverty in Appalachia, Vietnam, or Freddie."

• •

mere twenty minutes of second shut-eye, I met my wife at the breakfast table and announced, " 'Editor rubs ward, draws burro tide.' "

"Terrific," she said unenthusiastically. "I don't get it. I mean, what does it *mean*?"

"Well, you see," I began, "there's this editor in Mexico who goes camping with his niece, and—"

"Listen," she said, "I think you should take a phenobarb tonight. You look terrible."

It was about six weeks later when, at five-fifteen one morning, I discovered the Japanese hiding in my pajamas. "Am a Jap," he said, bowing politely, and then added in a whisper, "Pajama." I slept no more. Two nights later, at precisely four-eleven, when "Repins pajama" suddenly yielded "Am a Jap sniper," I sprang out of bed, brewed myself a pot of strong coffee, and set to work with pencil and paper on what had begun to look like a war novel. A month later, trembling, hollow-eyed, and badly strung out on coffee and Dexamyl, I finished the epic. It turned out that the thing wasn't about a Japanese at all; it was a long telegram composed by a schizophrenic war veteran who had been wounded at Iwo Jima and was now incarcerated in some mental hospital. (This kind of surprise keeps happening when you are writing palindromes, a literary form in which the story line is controlled by the words rather than the author.) Experts have since told me that my barely intelligible pushmi-pullyu may be the longest palindrome in the English language:

> MARGE, LET DAM DOGS IN. AM ON SATIRE: VOW I AM CAIN. AM ON SPOT, AM A JAP SNIPER. RED, RAW MURDER ON G.I.! IGNORE DRUM. (WARDER REPINS PAJAMA TOPS.) NO MANIAC, MA! IWO VERITAS: NO MAN IS GOD.
> —MAD TELEGRAM

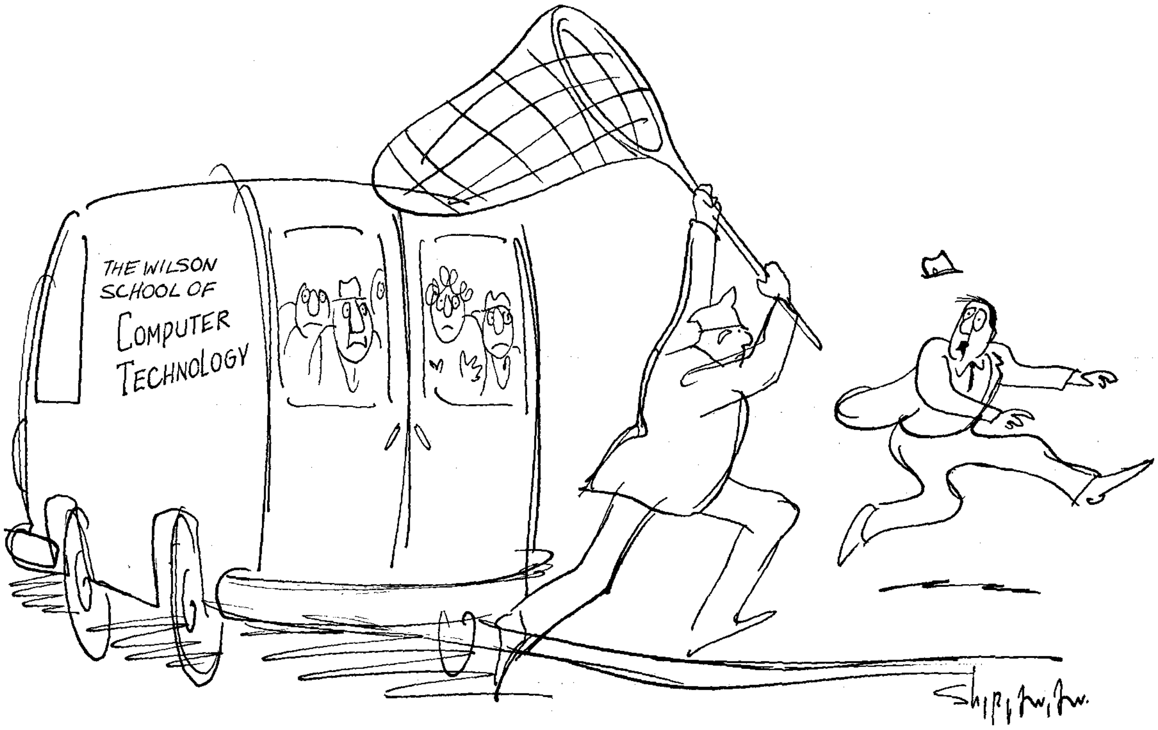
MY recovery was a protracted one, requiring a lengthy vacation at the seashore, daily exercise, warm milk on retiring, and eventually a visit to the family psychiatrist. The head-candler listened to my story ("Rot-cod . . ." I began), then wrote out a prescription for a mild sedative (I murmured, "slip pils") and swore me to total palindromic abstinence. He told me to avoid Tums, Serutan, and men named Otto. "Only right thinking can save you," he said severely. "Or rather, *left-to-right* thinking."

I tried, I really tried. For more than a year, I followed the doctor's plan faithfully, instantly dropping my gaze whenever I began to see "POTS" and "KLAW" on traffic signs facing me across the street, and plugging away at my sleepy-time books when I was reafflicted with the Big Eye. I had begun to think that mine might be a total cure when, just two weeks ago, nodding over "Walden" again, I came upon this sentence: "We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled. . . ."

"Ah-ha!" I muttered, struck by the remarkable pertinence of this thought to my own nocturnal condition. Thoreau himself had said it; I could never quite escape. To prove the point, I repeated my exclamation, saying it backward this time.

I did not entirely give way to my reptile. Remembering my near-fatal bout with the telegram, I vowed to limit myself entirely to revising and amplifying existing palindromes—those famous chestnuts recited to me by my English friend. The very next night, during a 4 A.M. rainstorm, I put my mind to "A man, a plan, a canal: Panama." Replacing de Lesseps with a female M.I.T. graduate, I achieved "A *woman*, a plan, a canal: Panamowa," which was clearly inadequate; she sounded more like a ballerina. Within a few minutes, however, a dog trotted out of the underbrush of my mind—it was a Pekinese—and suddenly redesigned the entire isthmus project: "A dog, a plan, a canal: pagoda." I went to sleep.

Napoleon led me into deeper waters. Bedwise by night light, I envisioned him as a fellow-sufferer, a veteran palindromist who must have been transfixed with joy to find the island of his first exile so brilliantly responsive to his little perversion. But what if the allies had marooned him on a *different* island in 1814? Various possibilities suggested themselves: "A dum reb was I ere I saw Bermuda." . . . "No lava was I ere I saw Avalon." . . . "Lana C. LaDaug was I ere I saw Guadalcanal." None would do; the Emperor's aides, overhearing him, would conclude that the old boy had fallen victim to aphasia. A night or two later, I replaced Boney on Elba and retinued him with a useful and highly diversified staff of officers and loyal friends—a Rumanian, a female camp follower, a Levantine, and a German. These accompanied the Emperor by turns during his habitual evening walks along the cliffs, each feigning awe and delight as the impromptu musing of the day fell from his lips. "Uncomfortable was I ere I saw Elba, Trofmocnu," he confessed to the first. To the female, smiling roguishly and chucking her under the chin, he murmured, "Amiable was I ere I saw Elba, Ima." The next evening, made gloomy by the rabbinical sidekick, he changed to "Vegetable was I ere I saw Elba, Tegev." He cheered up with the burly Prussian, declaiming, "Remarkable was I ere I


THE WILSON SCHOOL OF COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY

"But I don't _want_ *to be a computer programmer!"*

• •

saw Elba, Kramer!," but, finding the same man on duty the following night (the list had run out, and new duty rosters were up), he reversed himself, whining, "*Un*remarkable was I ere I saw Elba, Kramer, *nu?*"

That seemed to exhaust Elba (and me), and during the wee hours of last week I moved along inevitably to "Madam, I'm Adam." For some reason, this jingle began to infuriate me. (My new night journeys had made me irritable and suspicious; my wife seemed to be looking at me with the same anxious expression she had worn when I was fighting the Jap sniper, and one day I caught her trying to sneak a telephone call to the psychiatrist.) Adam's salutation struck me as being both rude and uninformative. At first, I attempted to make the speaker more civilized, but he resisted me: "Good day, Madam, I'm Adam Yaddoog." . . . "Howdy, Madam, I'm Adam Y. Dwoh." . . . "*Bonjour*, Madam, I'm Adam Roujnob." No dice. Who *was* this surly fellow? I determined to ferret out his last name, but the first famous Adam I thought of could only speak after clearing his throat ("*Htims*, Madam, I'm Adam Smith"), and the second had to introduce himself just after falling down a flight of stairs ("*Yksnilomray!* . . . Madam, I'm Adam Yarmolinsky"). Then, at exactly six-seventeen yesterday morning, I cracked the case. I was so excited that I woke up my wife. She stared at me, blurry and incredulous, as I stalked about the bedroom describing the recent visit of a well-known congressman to Wales. He had gone there, I explained, on a fact-finding trip to study mining conditions in the ancient Welsh collieries, perhaps as necessary background to the mine-safety bills now pending in Washington. Being a highly professional politician, he boned up on the local language during the transatlantic plane trip. The next morning, briefcase and homburg in hand, he tapped on the door of a miner's cottage in Ebbw Vale, and when it was opened by a lady looking very much like Sara Allgood in "How Green Was My Valley," he smiled charmingly, bowed, and said, "*Llewopnotyalc*, Madam, I'm Adam Clayton Powell."

When I got home last night, I found a note from my wife saying that she had gone to stay with her mother for a while. Aware at last of my nearness to the brink, I called the psychiatrist, but his answering service told me that he was away on a month's vacation. I dined forlornly on hot milk and Librium and was asleep before ten . . . and awake before three. Alone in bed, trembling lightly, I restudied the penguin (or overshoe) on the wall, while my mind, still unleashed, sniffed over the old ashpiles of canals, islands, and Adams. Nothing there. Nothing, that is, until seven-twelve this morning, when the beast unearthed, just under the Panama Canal, the small but glittering prize, "Suez . . . Zeus!" I sat bolt upright, clapping my brow, and uttered a great roar of delight and despair. Here, I could see, was a beginning even more promising than the Jap sniper. Released simultaneously into the boiling politics of the Middle East and the endless affairs of Olympus, I stood, perhaps, at the doorway of the greatest palindromic adventure of all time—one that I almost surely would not survive. "No!" I whimpered, burying my throbbing head beneath the pillows. "No, no!" Half smothered in linen and sleeplessness, I heard my sirens reply. "On!" they called. "On, on!"

—ROGER ANGELL

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THE REMAINS

I empty myself of the names of others.
I empty my pockets. I empty my shoes and leave them beside
the road. At night I turn back the clocks; I open the family
album and look at myself as a boy.

What good does it do? The hours have done their job.
I say my own name. I say goodbye.
The words follow each other downwind.
I love my wife but send her away.

My parents rise out of their thrones
into the milky rooms of clouds. How can I sing?
Time tells me what I am. I change and I am the same.
I empty myself of my life and my life remains.

—MARK STRAND

IN PILVER PARK THERE WALKS A DEER

IT is on an outdoor appearance that I introduce my uncle-in-law, Mickie Burns. But, first of all, I should say that in the sojourn I was to make in my grandmother's house this was a delayed meeting. He was probably on some expedition of his own when I first came into the house with my mother and three children besides myself, while my father was trying to find a job in America. In his wage-earning capacity, Mickie Burns was a fowl-exporter at one remove—he attended markets, bought chickens, ducks, turkeys, for some middleman who exported them to Britain. This uncle-in-law of mine was a man outside the modern world, if by the modern world we mean a world of number, weight, measure, production. Mickie Windy Hat, an aunt of mine in another part of the country named him, and that name suggests a sort of relation to the elements that was in his looks and speech. As it made him a semi-itinerant, the business he had of driving to this and that market town, chaffering with those who had poultry to sell, discoursing on the street with cronies, suited him. Occasionally, he gave a hand with such farming operations as we carried on, digging at my grandmother's orders a ridge of potatoes, reaping a ridge of oats, mowing a bit of meadow. But his real contribution to household maintenance was from other activities. Taking his hounds, a black greyhound and a yellow one, Skip and Vengeance, he'd go out of the house and come back with a hare, or he'd go off with his gun and come back with a brace of wild duck; with a bag of ferrets and a net, and come back with rabbits, which he would slaughter; with a fishing pole and a net, and come back with a string of pike. He provided game as if he were a retainer whose service that was.

My first encounter with this upholder of my grandmother's house showed him in all his fabulousness. I should say here that I had come from a town and from a house that were more or less well ordered, and my grandmother's was rural, with only an approach to order. My uncle-in-law was seated on the other side of the byre, his legs crossed, smoking a pipe. Beside him on the grass, nosing about, were the sinister little creatures I had heard previously pattering about in their boxes, a sickly smell emanating from them. "The ferrets," my cousins, who were familiar with the boxed-in creatures, told me. And here they were in the open, white and brown half-blind creatures that would disappear into a burrow and panic rabbits into the net. Mickie was also the owner of more agreeable creatures—the hounds, that were aloof but friendly; the linnets, finches, larks, whose cages he attended assiduously. When he sat by the fireside, he was generally silent; he did not allow himself to be involved in the discourse of women ("weemen" to him). He would receive severe reprimand if he made a remark that my grandmother considered lewd or indecent. It would not, I am bound to say, take anything very distasteful to bring such a reprimand: the amount of circumlocution used to convey the idea that So-and-So was a "by-child" was monumental. Mickie might get a little bit of the indecorous into his talk as he sat by the fire smoking a pipe. But if any of the "weemen" paused to consider it, he would leave for the room that was for himself and his family, my aunt and cousins, and blow into an instrument: Mickie belonged to the village band.

ARVA! Killeshandra! Belturbet! The names of these market towns still keep childhood associations for me. Once in a while, there would be no school, and if these off days coincided with market days I would go with Mickie Burns to one or another of them. We would travel in the fowl-buyer's van. Mickie would pour out an unending discourse about some "bastard" who lived in a house with white pillars before the gate. To my uncle-in-law, any man who was not counted among the adherents of some association he favored was a "bastard." Then for another mile of the road his story would be about the escape of some man wanted by the government, and after that, maybe, about the wild geese coming down to the Bog of Allen. He had the faculty of making all these things seem out of an epic. He had huntsman's eyes. "Go over there," he would say, "and you'll find a bird's nest." But where? Then out of the butt of the hedge would fly a tiny bird. I would discover, built into the butt so that it had the same formation but with a hole in the center, what I would know to be a wren's nest. But how did Mickie perceive it from the van?

If he said something indelicate to a female, it was out of calculation, not lubricity. "March birds," a girl bargaining on the roadside would say, offering her chickens at two shillings. "If a young man was lying with you since they came out of the shell, we'd know about it." The girl, abashed, would draw her shawl across her face and say, "One and sixpence." Sometimes a more robust girl gave him an answer that would keep the business on her level. There would be several such pre-market encounters before we came into the town.

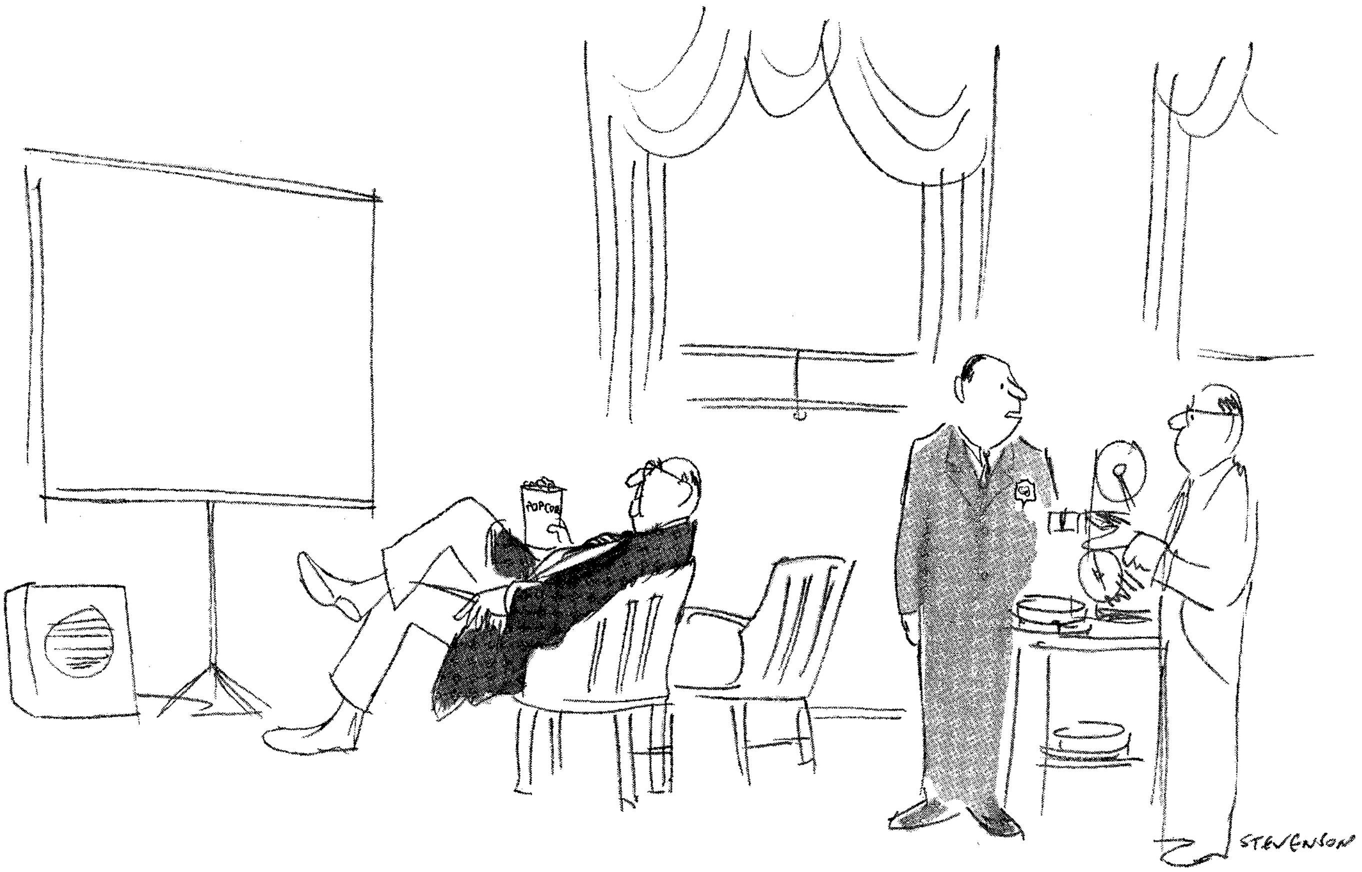
Some towns would be more extended than others, but they all would be on the same plan: a market house with some weighing mechanism before it, a street wide enough for cattle, sheep, or horses to get around in, houses that didn't look as if they were really lived in. Men with ashplants in their hands and searching looks in their eyes would stand before some beast, taking their time about clinching a bargain. Women, shawls over their heads and baskets on their arms, would move about, selling what they had reared. Our deals were mostly made with them. But my uncle-in-law was not one to refrain from discussions with the men with ashplants in their hands.

There was always a ballad singer in the town. In my recollection, he was always a gaunt man, but I knew of women ballad singers here and there. The man had a sheaf of broadsheets: one could buy one for a penny—perhaps even a halfpenny—and he had a voice that could cope with all weathers, bawling his "come-all-yees": "Come all ye tender Christians," or "Come all ye true-born Irishmen and listen to my tale." The ballad I heard most often and that always appealed to me was a romantic one:

> By the loving of a maid,
> One Catherine MacCabe,
> My life it was betrayed
> —she's a dear maid to me.

It was the last testament of a young man who was hanged for abducting a girl—an heiress, or there would have been no trial for it. The scene of the tragedy of Hugh Reynolds, who in the ballad "came of honest parents," was known to me: it was in the town of Cavan, where, in those days, the gaol overlooked the town, with the drop for the hanged man conspicuously in view.

The proceedings of the market would eventually become tedious to a youngster seated on a cart or rambling along the street in search of distraction. At last, after starts and halts, invitations into public houses accepted or refused, quarrels, greetings, more discussions, we, with crates of poultry behind us, would take the cart or van in the



"No one could claim that Judge Walker doesn't approach these obscenity hearings with an open mind."

• •

direction of my grandmother's. It would be chilly on the way home, the dusk coming on. But, between munching the crackers or the ginger nuts bought for me as we left the town and listening to my elder on the cart or van, I had entertainment. He had a repertoire of traditional songs, some of them celebrating the Napoleonic, some the older Jacobite cause. And he had others, too—scraps of song memorializing some private disaster:

Near Cloughoughter Castle this
young man was bred,
And his parents they reared him
without fear or dread.
For good education none could
him excel,
And his last declaration I am now
going to tell.

What happened to make this admirably prepared young man the subject of a doleful lay I never knew. We went on and on, the ballad singing broken now and again by some scurrilous story of some "bastard" whose gate we passed. At last the gaunt four walls on the hill that was behind Anne Connolly's came in sight—Fleming's Folly—and we were on the approach to the house. "Myles the Slasher" had come into a story Mickie had told me. He was an O'Reilly, and the local hero of the seventeenth-century war. As the war of Jacobite and Williamite came on, it was evident that the Fleming who was in possession of the lands on which the Folly was built was not eager to participate in it. O'Reilly went to his house. When he asked for him, he received the answer that Fleming was not at home. Then O'Reilly took out his famous broadsword—he was named the Slasher on account of it—and, striking a marble-topped table with the back of it, said to the servant, "Tell Fleming that O'Reilly called." The marble was split by the stroke of the Slasher's sword.

THE youngsters of the household—my brothers and sister and myself, with the children of my aunt and Mickie Burns—went to school from mornings to afternoons and then did chores, the main one being the bringing of cans of water to the house from the well in the grazing field. Our entertainment was primitive. The walls of the kitchen, which was also the living room, were browned by the smoke from the fire on the hearth. We had candlelight. Our play was to produce on the wall, by the movement and shaping of our hands, foxes, rabbits, geese, and other familiar creatures. Sometimes there were riddles. The riddles, often contributed by the elders, were a challenge to our memories rather than to our wits. Poetry demands a willing suspension of unbelief, riddles demand a willing exploration of meaning—both rewarding exercises. We know the answer to the one about ladies dancing in a field—"a field of flax"—but how entertaining the artfulness that leads up to it. The meaningless words in some riddles give us a sense of playfulness:

My mother sent me over to your
mother's house
To borrow her whimble-bow,
Whimble-bow,
Iron-bow,
Double-bow
Lilly-ka-lally . . .

The answer seems arbitrary—"a spinning wheel." But as the riddle is asked, there is something suggestive of the turning of the wheel and the knotting of the thread. Then there was

In Pilver Park there walks a deer
With silver horns and flaganeer:
No fish, no flesh, and no bone,
And in Pilver Park she walks
alone.

The answer is "the moon." I imagine the riddle reached us from some English settlement. I never learned what "flaganeer" meant, nor why the moon's enclosure is named "Pilver Park." Said over to myself, the riddle had the suggestiveness of a poem—brightness, loneliness, distance.

My grandmother's house was between a small market town named Ballinagh and a village—or, rather, a collection of houses—named Crossdoney. The "Ballinagh Way" meant morning and afternoon, going to school or coming from school. The "Crossdoney Way" meant evening or dusk. There was something of hauntedness in the Crossdoney Way: the rooks in the trees of the demesne that belonged to an unlived-in mansion made distant, dismal cawing, while on the other side of the road were bare fields whose only occupant was a low-flying crane. Nor was it only topography that brought a dark element into the journey along the road. Here history, too, was ill-omened. Behind the wall of the demesne, under a tree, a girl had been found, a handkerchief stuffed into her mouth, strangled by a soldier. A landlord riding along this way had been stopped by a man who asked him what time it was. As the man on horseback bent to look at his watch, the man shot him dead. It was an agrarian crime—that is, a crime arising out of the struggle between landlords and tenants. I never heard anything more than the bare fact of a man on horseback being murdered upon this seldom travelled road.

I remember the Ballinagh Way in terms of company and discourse and the Crossdoney Way in terms of solitariness and self-communion. On telegraph poles were bills announcing auctions. I was wont to spell them out to myself: A-U-C-T-I-O-N. The word had the ring of property: horses, cattle, cocks of hay with men of authority standing round, exchanging bags of silver. Sometimes I would come on the ominous notice "POISONED." It meant that there was to be no hunting in these fields, because of a monopolistic sense on the part of the owner, I supposed.

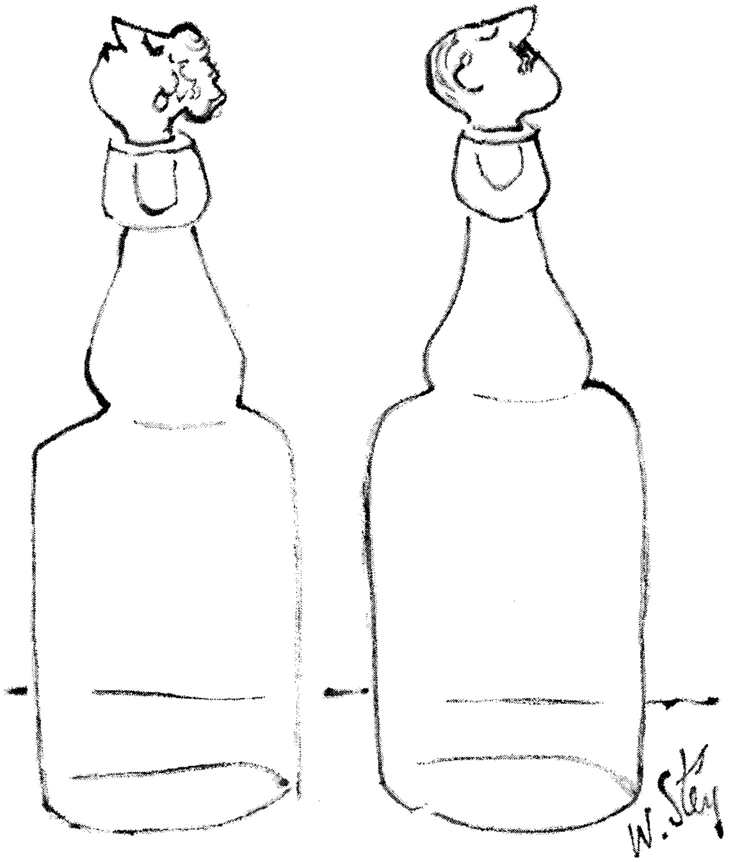
There was a saying that I often heard—"all to one side, like the town of Crossdoney." The reason Crossdoney was "all to one side" was that the other side of the road had the wall that bounded and the gate that was the entrance to the unlived-in mansion that was Crossdoney Lodge. It was once in possession of a landowner whose name was still mentioned, Cosby Nesbitt. My mother knew the caretaker, so we were not just casuals when we made a visit to the place. It must have been generations since the mansion was occupied, for saplings were growing within the empty window frames. My mother told me of the thickness of the walls. I was astonished. For the people in that part of the country, old buildings had a legendary quality: Fleming's Folly, Mickie Burns told me, had had the mortar strengthened by mixing it with bullock's blood and new milk. All these rooms! In one of them the family ate—it was just for that function, and more than one lamp went to light it. I remember the dining room because the jackdaws on the windowsills were particularly noisy. And besides the rooms upstairs and downstairs there were, outside, what my mother called "offices," where the owner of the house received, I supposed, bags of money for his rents, and instructed servants what horses to bring into or out of the stables and what cattle to buy or sell. For me this was not a deserted mansion.

My mother beckoned me to a place outside. And there, for the first time, I looked on the magnificence of peacocks. The sight of this parade must have greatly impressed me, for the memory of it is in two, maybe three, books I have written. A long time afterward, I was told by the successor of the caretaker my mother knew that the peafowl in that dismantled place were kept there because of an old lease—and what an excellent clause to have in a lease! When I saw them later on—it must have been about twenty years after I had watched them with my mother—they had become wild fowl, roosting on trees and in hayricks, and subject to raids of foxes: the young ones, likely.

Well, here they were, with their azure breasts and crested heads and great trains, coming across what was once the lawn—a great sight for an imaginative six-year-old—their modest peahens beside them: the unforgettable survivals of a mansion's life.

By the time I saw the peacocks of Crossdoney Lodge again, I had come across in my reading something that added to my interest in Cosby Nesbitt's deserted place. The harpers that had for centuries carried on the tradition of native music made their last appearance at the end of the eighteenth century—old people going into oblivion after a festival that had been held in Belfast. One among them—his name was Arthur O'Neill—was sufficiently modern to write an account of his life. He had admission to the houses of the gentry who had succeeded the nobility for whom the music was composed. Cosby Nesbitt was among those who were patrons of the harpers' music. Every Christmas, Arthur O'Neill wrote, he came to Crossdoney Lodge. And so one of the deserted rooms I was in would be lighted by many candles on Christmas night and the harper would play to the family and their guests some tune from a more ancient Ireland.

Before I leave that one-sided collection of houses, Crossdoney, I should mention that letters addressed to my grandmother's house were deposited there: it seems that Anthony Trollope in his hopeful organization of the Irish Post Office—he has told us about it in his autobiography—reached out to us. Shop and post office were combined: the



establishment was in the charge of the Misses Rourke. Like all women presiding over village post offices, they were suspected of being too well informed about affairs of correspondents through knowing the mysterious art of reading through envelopes. I doubt this. But as it was their business to cash postal checks sent from abroad, they were familiar with some domestic histories. To my mind a kindlier pair was not to be found than the Misses Rourke. I remember that one was better disposed to me than her sister. As I went toward their premises, I would make a devout wish that that one in particular would be at the counter. From her I would be likely to get a penny "lucky bag;" it was a little package in which there would be a few sweets, a token of some kind, and a motto. I had my gratifications and disappointments.

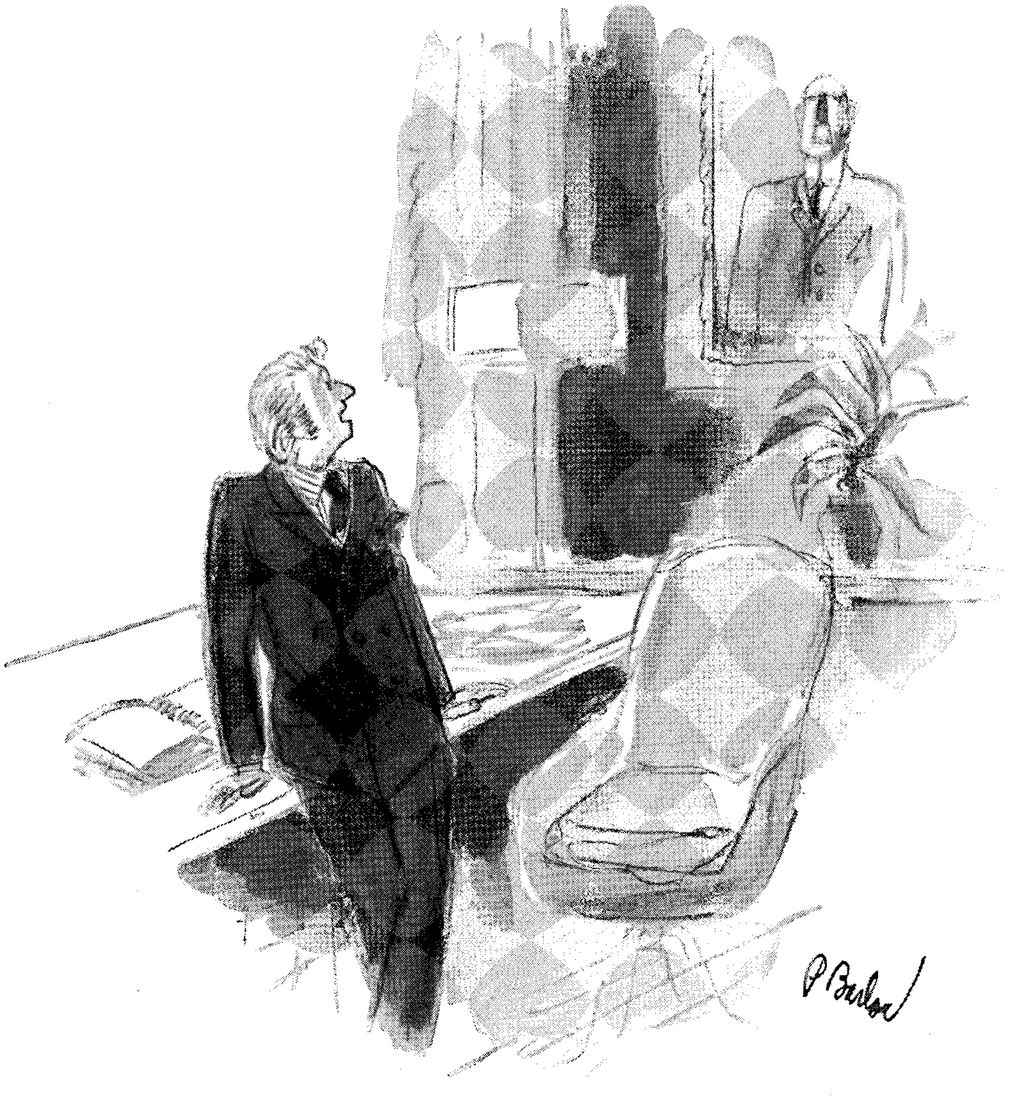
NOW and again Mickie Burns had the notion of improving my grandmother's out-of-doors. Usually this took the form of planting saplings on the strips of ground alongside the house, the expectation being that they would grow to trees for use or ornament. He would offer my grandmother the saplings brought from some distant market with much sanguineness. Next day, to our sanguineness also, we children would find them planted. But no fence was put around any of them, and, as a goat or a pair of goats were always in the vicinity, the saplings would soon be cropped. Once, Mickie had another notion: this concerned a magnificent offering, a cock pheasant with beautiful breast and tail, bright eyes, and a stately carriage. The pheasant was to be given the run of the fowl yard, with the object of introducing a strain of game into our mediocre breed. But as, for some reason, the gorgeous bird was kept enclosed in a packing case with wire across, he never fulfilled the function designed for him. And now I ask myself why such a knowledgeable man as Mickie lent himself to such frustration. It may have been because the breeding season had not yet come around.

About this time, my grandmother had to have something done other than intermittent work in the fields. She hired an itinerant laborer (a shilling per day, meals, and sleeping accommodation in the loft). This sojourner was supposed to have been a clerical student and had actually been in a seminary. His mind had given way. Now he went from place to place as a farm laborer.

I remember him as a solitary—one who, when he was within, never joined in talk or tasks, or who was never joined by anyone when he worked in a field. Whatever he did with his spade, the one piece of property he had, seemed to be satisfactory. I saw him one morning as I left the house for school, standing by the door with shaggy hair and beard and with his ragged coat on. His gaze was on the pheasant that paced up and down behind the wire of the packing case. "Not even Solomon in all his glory . . . Not even Solomon," he said. Another time, outside the house, when he was gazing at the moon, I heard him say to himself, "'Tis over the County Mayo, the same moon."

When I saw him for the last time, it was in circumstances that made a climax to the affair of the solitary sojourner. I was on my way home after nightfall. The road was silent—not the sound of a cart or a footstep. My mind, as always on such occasions, was on ghosts and other strange appearances. I saw someone in a field standing absolutely still. He was naked. The fact that his unshorn hair and beard showed him to be my grandmother's hireling did not mitigate my fright. I ran as far as the laneway to the house. The light in the neighbors' windows lessened my trepidation. I was able to gain the door and the inside of the house without stumbling over anything. Mickie Burns in his room was blowing on a bugle, and the sound took away from the eeriness of my experience. My grandmother and aunt considered my encounter as something unusual but not overly alarming. Perhaps they had heard that the strange hireling did such things as acts of penitence. Later, he came in garbed as usual, took the supper left for him on the table, and went up to the loft after a word or two. At the end of the season he left us, and I never heard anything more about him. I don't even know what name he had.

—PADRAIC COLUM

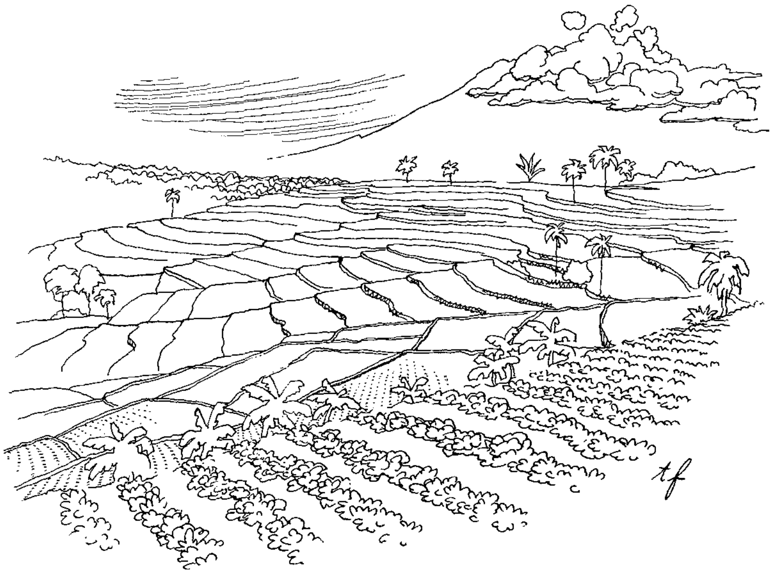


"We may seem to be doing badly to you, Grandfather, but don't forget we have a tax-loss carry-forward that makes us an attractive takeover possibility."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDONESIA

III—THE NEW ORDER



ONE of the distinctive characteristics of modern Indonesian politics has been the abnormally large capacity of leading participants for heated polemical discussion and for uninhibited analysis and criticism of one another's motives. This process, which has usually been more diverting than revealing, is part of the intensive search for a historical framework and a national identity that has been a persistent theme of Indonesia's prolonged revolutionary adventure. Even in the heyday of former President Sukarno's dictatorial rule, this search went on. Sukarno himself, with all his bluster, feverishly took part in it, asking countless rhetorical questions, to which he furnished all the answers, as he grappled with myths and private demons. Under the present so-called New Order, led by President Suharto, the quest for the meaning of the revolution may have become somewhat less clamorous, but it has also become more complex and more public than it has been at any time since the early days of independence from Holland, after 1945. This public soul-searching, abetted by moves to restore freedom of speech and of the press, has served to make the depth of Indonesia's malaise apparent. The prognosis remains uncertain, but the diagnosis is clear: the nation has been suffering severely from chronic economic stagnation and from prolonged political malnutrition. Nevertheless, Indonesia remains one of the most challenging and, potentially, most promising countries in the world. It is also the fifth-largest in population, and there is a strong possibility that the future of Asia and of relations between East and West will be determined at least as much by what happens in Indonesia in the next few years as by what takes place in China or in any other part of the Far East.

About a year ago, Suharto, a mild-mannered man who still bears the Army rank of general but now mostly wears business suits or modest tunic-style outfits instead of a uniform, startled and momentarily disconcerted a group of student demonstrators, who had marched on his office to protest the soaring prices of rice and other commodities, by telling them, "I am the one who is responsible for the situation in this country. I am responsible for everything." Whether consciously or unconsciously, Suharto had simultaneously evoked the past and sharply distinguished it from the present. His unaccustomed use of the personal pronoun was reminiscent of the Sukarno era, when Bapak, or Father, Sukarno (he was also known as Bung, or Brother, Karno, and, like many of his countrymen, used no first name) was forever glorifying himself by proclaiming it his responsibility to guide the destinies of the country by the light of his revolutionary vision and intuition. Suharto's claim, of course, was an altogether different matter. Although his countrymen have begun to call him Bapak Suharto, or Pak Harto, for short—the Indonesians have a passion for abbreviations and acronyms—there is something more avuncular than paternal about him. Thanks to his honesty and his good intentions, he is held in deep respect, but the same respect is not granted to the military men who are in large part running Indonesia under his guidance and who are the targets of steadily increasing criticism.

In the face of a common fear of growing authoritarian control—a fear inspired by the effort of the military to contain the tensions besetting more than a hundred and fifteen million people on three thousand islands—the nation's deep faith in Suharto himself is perhaps its best hope. In March, 1968, the People's Consultative Congress (the Madjelis Permusjawaratan Rakyat Sementara, or M.P.R.S.) demonstrated this faith by voting to elevate him from Acting President to President, for a five-year term, extending beyond the date set for national elections, in July, 1971. When the five years are up, the new Congress can either reëlect Suharto or choose a successor. The M.P.R.S. also gave Suharto continuing emergency powers to deal with corruption and inefficiency in government agencies and in the military establishment, which currently dominates many of the country's business activities as well as its administrative apparatus. These powers were further designed to give Suharto a free hand to foil continuing efforts by the outlawed Communist Party (the Partai Komunis Indonesia, or P.K.I.) to prepare the way for a comeback following its disastrous coup attempt in the fall of 1965. The moderate and cautious Suharto is well aware that his success in dealing with Indonesia's multiple problems depends largely on his ability to achieve a proper balance between the Army and a managerial class of civilian experts. He has been reluctant to threaten this balance by stimulating new political activities, for which there is increasing demand. "Our renaissance can come only from Pak Harto. Only he can open the door for new faces," one Indonesian told me. "He's not doing it, though, and this could create a dangerous vacuum. If it is not filled in orderly fashion, and if jobs are not found for the country's four million unemployed and fourteen million underemployed, the Communists, on the left, and the radical Muslims, on the right, could attract the large floating groups whose political loyalties remain uncertain. These elements, as far as their personal lives go, can't see much difference so far between the New Order and the old."

There has been an effort to renovate

"Who was it who said, 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone'?"

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the political structure by what is called a "refreshing" of the Parliament (the Dewan Perwakilan Rakyat, or D.P.R.) and of the larger, policymaking body, the M.P.R.S. This effort—carried out, under government supervision, by the eight political parties that have been legal in Indonesia since Sukarno's fall; by so-called "functional groups" of students, women, intellectuals, and so on; and by the military—has eliminated some deadwood, mostly in the form of lingering Sukarno sympathizers, and substituted "cleaner" elements. The process has also added to Parliament sixty-seven new members appointed by Suharto, thirty-two of them military men, bringing the total membership to four hundred and fourteen. And since the M.P.R.S. by law must be twice as big, its membership has increased to eight hundred and twenty-eight. Contrary to what one might expect, this painstaking procedure has discouraged rather than stimulated truly new political developments. The mass of nominal Muslims—Muslims make up ninety per cent of the population—are particularly dissatisfied with the New Order. Suharto finally did permit a new, "modernist" Muslim party, the Partai Muslim in Indonesia, or P.M.I., to launch itself officially as a counterforce to the older, more conservative Nahdatul Ulama, or N.U., but the Muslim politicians feel, on the whole, that they have been neglected, since the apportionment of Cabinet posts and other government jobs is not commensurate with the size of their constituencies. The Muslims have also been upset by a still unresolved discussion in the M.P.R.S. over human rights—specifically, over the issue of whether changing one's religion should be officially classified as such a right. The Muslims, aware that the Protestants and Catholics have been gathering converts, partly as a result of well-financed foreign missionary efforts, object to any legal recognition of the right of conversion. Despite their large numbers, the Muslims have come to feel politically isolated under Suharto, and many observers believe that their rising discontent could stir the more conservative among them to take drastic action.

As for the Communists, much of their earlier success was based on dynamic emotional appeals to the villages, particularly in overcrowded Java, where they combined well-proved propaganda techniques with political and economic tactics neatly designed to win the support of the superstitious peasants, with special attention to the women and young people. In devising ways to attract new adherents, they far outstripped their tradition-bound, unimaginative political opposition, the N.U. and the Indonesian Nationalist Party, or P.N.I., which was originally founded in 1927 by Sukarno and which the Communists infiltrated and to a large extent subverted during his ascendancy. In the three and a half years since the P.K.I. was banned, these two parties have contributed little or nothing to the rejuvenation of Indonesian political life. They are themselves still in limbo following the fall of Sukarno. To a great extent, this is a result of the servility they demonstrated for decades both toward Sukarno and toward their own leaders—who were, and still are for the most part, cardboard figures in narrow provincial frames. These party weaknesses actually go back to the early post-independence days. The Indonesian social historian Soedjatmoko, who is now his country's Ambassador to the United States, commented during one of a number of conversations I had with him recently, "Unfortunately, the experience under Sukarno does not seem to have sobered the old parties much. They seem still to be dreaming of the restoration of their full 'rights.' The danger remains that they will push too hard and the Army will strike back and push them aside." Some leading journals, in fact, have recommended the abolition of all political parties, while others have urged Suharto to limit the number of parties to two.

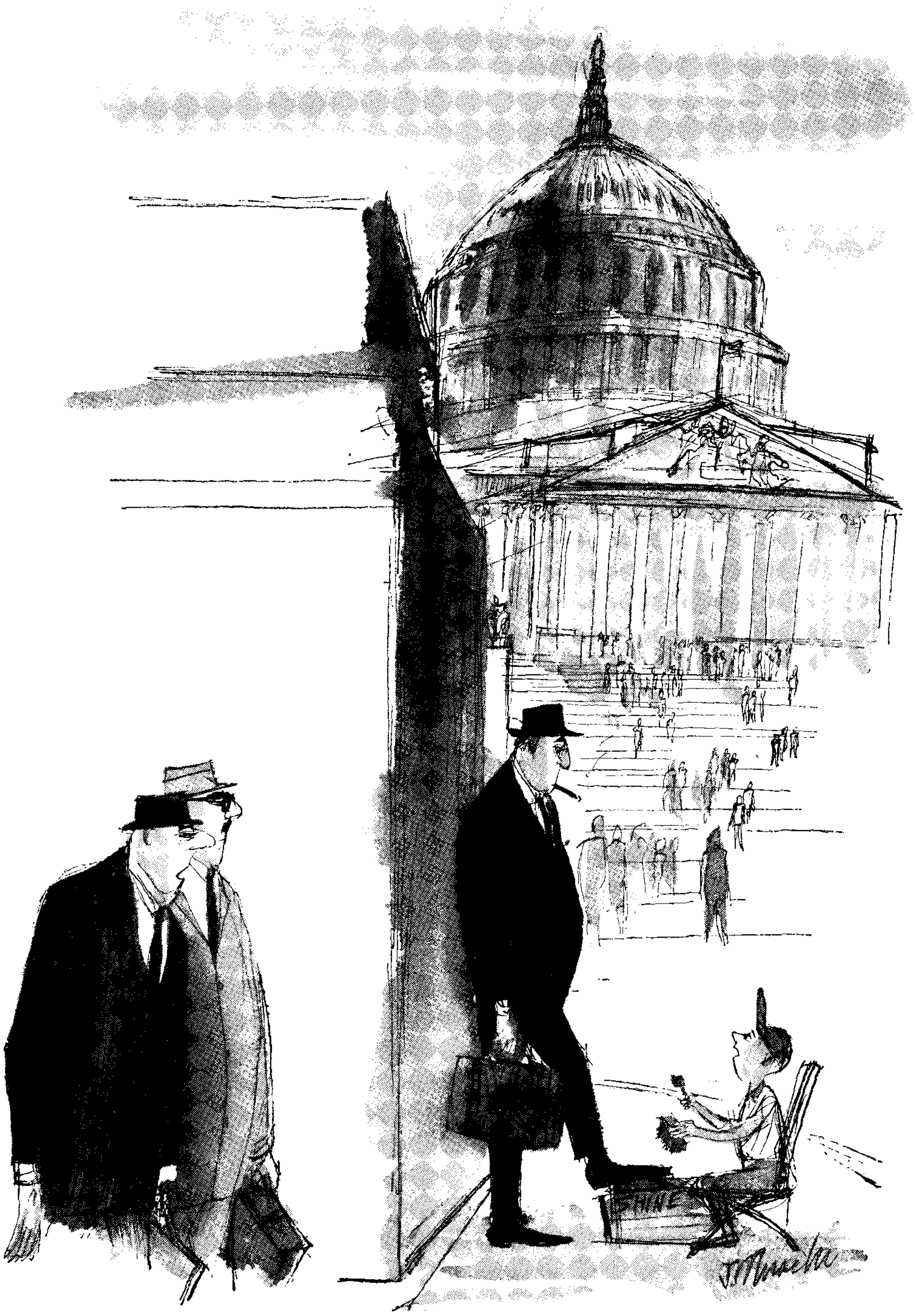
In the contest that is currently taking place among the old parties, the new political elements, and the Army, the military is widely accused of wanting to expand further—to "Parkinsonize" itself indefinitely and thereby create a structure parallel to the already top-heavy civil bureaucracy. There is no doubt that a good many military men, all over the country as well as in Djakarta, are still carefully consolidating their positions. Suharto himself, though he has affirmed that he wishes to remain in office as President, has consistently denied that the military has any desire to usurp power. In an Independence Day address to Parliament in August, 1967, he dryly and rather dully set forth the still unrealized objectives of the New Order and defended what he characterized as the modest and patriotic aims of the military during the interregnum. The Army, he maintained, was temporarily filling a dual role—"as an instrument of the state and as a functional group."

This reference to the Army as a "functional group" was a not very reassuring reminder of the survival of one important element of Sukarno's Old Order. The former President invented the device of the functional groups, as part of the M.P.R.S., ostensibly to give special government representation to such elements as labor and the students, but in fact he ended up using them, as he candidly confessed, to "bury" the political parties and control the legislative machine. The groups that have remained or have been added since Sukarno's fall are, except for the Army, weak and amorphous, but in the present situation they serve the useful purpose of provoking discussion of important issues, and they could someday become powerful. The students and their allies, for example, have had a chance, through the functional groups, to express the views of what they call the Generation of 1966, as opposed to those of the older revolutionary Generation of 1945, which, though it includes men prominent in the present government (among them General Abdul Haris Nasution, the former Defense and Security Minister and now the chairman of the M.P.R.S.), is usually identified with the Sukarno period.

Suharto said in his 1967 Independence Day speech, "The role taken by the armed services is not due to their thirst for power. If [they] were out for power, they could have achieved it . . . on October 1, 1965 . . . when it seemed there was panic in government. . . . There has been no desire on the part of the armed services to increase the application and the use of military law that sets aside human rights and the democratic rights of the people. . . . The armed services do not intend at all to monopolize any positions in the government." This defense of the military's role, which Suharto has frequently repeated since, was received politely and respectfully, but it did not succeed in removing the suspicion that the officers around Suharto, and their colleagues and friends throughout the country, would seek to maintain their dominance of every phase of daily life—and to profit therefrom. And the suspicion was inevitably reinforced by ensuing delays in laying down the ground rules for reorganizing the D.P.R. and the M.P.R.S., and in writing new laws concerning the holding of elections and the operation of political parties. The delays can be attributed partly to Suharto's effort to proceed slowly in eliminating Sukarno from all active participation in the government.

IF a number of observers feel that Suharto and his fellow-generals unduly prolonged the drama of Sukarno's exit, others are convinced that Suharto was right in taking such a leisurely course. In any event, there seems little doubt that a somewhat firmer hand at the top would have made it easier to get rid of Sukarno sooner. As it was, Sukarno kept bouncing back. Even after the meeting of the M.P.R.S. in June, 1966, at which, following months of intricate maneuvering, Suharto was named executive head of the government, with the power to take any necessary steps "to safeguard the revolution," Sukarno retained the title of President. The government that then took office, though it had been selected by Suharto, still represented a compromise between him and Sukarno. And by the time Sukarno delivered his traditional Independence Day speech that August—it was to be his last—he had made it abundantly clear that, instead of taking a course of self-abnegation that might have saved his reputation and kept him at least in office as a revered revolutionary figure, he was hell-bent on returning to full power. He denied that Suharto had been given any real authority in June, insisted that he himself was still Prime Minister and Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces as well as President, and indicated strong disapproval of the decisions taken by Suharto and Foreign Minister Adam Malik to end Indonesia's recent confrontation with Malaysia and make Indonesia once again a member of the United Nations.

By then, the university and secondary-school students, who had taken the lead all along in the campaign against Sukarno, were again engaging in street demonstrations, in which they openly ridiculed Sukarno, mimicking him contemptuously. Suharto, even though several of his own generals were now among those urging more drastic action against Sukarno, continued on his slow course of moderation and restraint. At this time, he chose simply to ignore Sukarno. In a subsequent speech



"I understand that kid is one of the most effective lobbyists in Washington."

to Parliament, he modestly and carefully projected his recovery program, but in spite of his caution none of it proceeded as quickly as he had hoped—a lag that played further into Sukarno's hands.

By then, an underground pro-Sukarno movement had begun to take hold in several parts of Java and Sumatra, and those Communist leaders who had not been arrested in the days and weeks immediately following the attempted coup had grown more active and were beginning to distribute illegal pamphlets that called for the resurrection of "patriotic and progressive" forces and for the creation of an "anti-Fascist front against the rightist clique of Nasution-Suharto." Although Suharto was still determined to move slowly, he had apparently become convinced that now there had to be a showdown with Sukarno. Parliament, in a plenary session, demanded that Sukarno stop calling himself a Marxist and stop talking about his old policy of *Nasakom* (an acronym for *Nasionalisme-Agama-Komunisme*, or Nationalism - Religion - Communism, which had been his basic political creed); it also demanded that he explain his foreknowledge of the attempted coup and his role in it.

SMOKE

Nicky, the word has come to the West Coast
Of how you
Shuffled your feet, stammered,
And slipped out the back door

When no one was looking.
What did you have in mind?

* * *

I picture myself back there,
In the kitchen, peering out
Through the glass, then through the orchard, your shirt

A small red dot among
The apple trees that run down
The long slope; the water
Glitters and flashes in

The cold sunlight; I try
To open the window, to tell you
To wait, to come back, but
It is too late, too
Late in the day; already

The boat is adrift; it is
On fire; the flames
Splash at the gunwales; and you
Are smoke, Nicky, you are smoke.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

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At this time, Sukarno was obviously nervous over the forthcoming trials of former First Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister Subandrio and Air Vice Marshal Omar Dhani, both of whom had played important parts in the failed coup. In the Subandrio trial, Sukarno testified in writing that the violence had taken him completely by surprise—a statement that was scarcely convincing in the light of other evidence, such as that Subandrio had ordered the burning of a secret letter sent to Sukarno after the uprising by Dipa Nusantara Aidit, the P.K.I. chief and the principal organizer of the coup attempt, who had fled to Central Java. A copy of the letter was produced; in it Aidit had made a number of suggestions for ways in which Sukarno should handle the situation, at least some of which Sukarno had adopted. The Dhani trial, which was broadcast by radio throughout the nation, implicated Sukarno even more damningly in testimony concerning a mission by Dhani to China shortly before the projected coup, under orders of the President himself, to obtain weapons purportedly for the arming of a P.K.I.-dominated militia, and also in testimony concerning Sukarno's conduct on the morning of October 1, 1965, when he went to Halim airbase, which was headquarters for the plotters, and there received with apparent equanimity the news that six generals had been murdered and that the coup appeared to be a success. Subandrio and Dhani did their best to shield Sukarno, but they failed, and when they were sentenced to death (the sentences have not been carried out) their self-styled roles as Sukarno's agents seemed further to indicate the President's own guilt. At the conclusion of the trials, there were new demands that Sukarno give a full explanation of his own role in the attempted coup, and the students began new demonstrations against him. At last, Sukarno simply repeated an earlier declaration to the effect that when the coup occurred "it was a complete bolt out of the blue for me." Suharto, who had remained more or less in the background during this period, now began taking steps to end what everyone was decrying as an impossible "dualism" between him and Sukarno, and he was further prodded into action by Foreign Minister Malik, a tough-minded, high-principled, independent man, who had been an ardent nationalist and Marxist but had become strongly anti-Sukarno. After a series of meetings with military chiefs, during which Sukarno showed himself alternately defiant and conciliatory, he began to talk about resigning and taking a trip to join his favorite among his five wives, Ratna Sari Dewi, who was in Japan.

The final act in the long, wearisome drama of Sukarno's downfall took place in February and March of 1967. As students paraded and demonstrated, tearing down pictures of the President and denouncing him as, among other things, "a marriage maniac," he lashed out at the M.P.R.S., which was about to convene, asserting that it was "bound hand and foot, and castrated." He continued to talk alternately of resigning, of going abroad ("I am going to the moon," he quipped on one occasion), and of staying in office and "continuing to work hard for a Socialist society."

"Mimes stink!"

• •

Suharto was being urged to act on an M.P.R.S. resolution of the previous July, which gave him the power to oust Sukarno if the President was "indisposed," but he still wanted to proceed "constitutionally," he said, and was against bringing the President to trial for fear that this might trigger a civil war. After Sukarno had held another painful series of meetings with the military commanders, in mid-February, he issued an order announcing that, in the interest of "national unity," he was giving Suharto complete executive power. When the M.P.R.S. convened in March, Sukarno was forbidden to attend, and none of the usual huge portraits of him were in evidence—although, according to some ordinarily hardheaded members of that body, his spirit seemed to hover about, and one almost expected a skylight to be suddenly flung open and the Bung to descend from it in his bemedalled white uniform. General Suharto delivered a long opening report that dealt mostly with Sukarno's involvement in the coup, concluding vaguely, "We cannot mark Bung Karno down as a direct instigator, or the mastermind, or even an important figure . . . unless there are indeed still facts we haven't been able to find out until this very day," and, in effect, recommending clemency for the discredited leader.

In a series of resolutions adopted on the last day of the M.P.R.S. session, Sukarno was judged to have failed to make a satisfactory explanation of his conduct in conformity with "the hopes of the people," and his mandate as President was consequently revoked. He was, further, prohibited from "conducting any political activities." At this meeting, too, Suharto was officially appointed Acting President and was given the task of determining what additional legal steps, if any, should be taken against "Doctor Engineer Sukarno," whose other, more grandiose titles were held to have no significance any longer. When Western correspondents subsequently sought an exact description of Sukarno's new status, General Nasution, the Congress chairman (who happens to be a Sumatran), gave a reply that seemed typically Javanese: "When an Indonesian meets a tiger in the jungle, he addresses the beast as 'Grandfather.' If he comes across a crocodile, he addresses the reptile as '*Kijai*' [the term for a religious scholar]." It remained for Suharto to dot the i's and cross the t's. The M.P.R.S. decisions were "very wise and correct for the further course of our history," he said, and "the conflict situation" had been terminated. "For the time being, I will regard him [Sukarno] as a President without authority in the political field, in state and government affairs," he continued. "Aside from the practical and psychological reasons mentioned, I need to explain it to the whole of the Indonesian people that, based on the report of a competent team of doctors made on oath, the condition of Bung Karno's health has deteriorated . . . so that it is more than proper that as a nation with the spirit of *Pantja Sila* [Sukarno's fivefold doctrine of belief in God, nationalism, humanism, democracy, and social justice] we shall treat him according to the condition of his health. . . . So let all of us no longer discuss the problem of the position of Bung Karno."

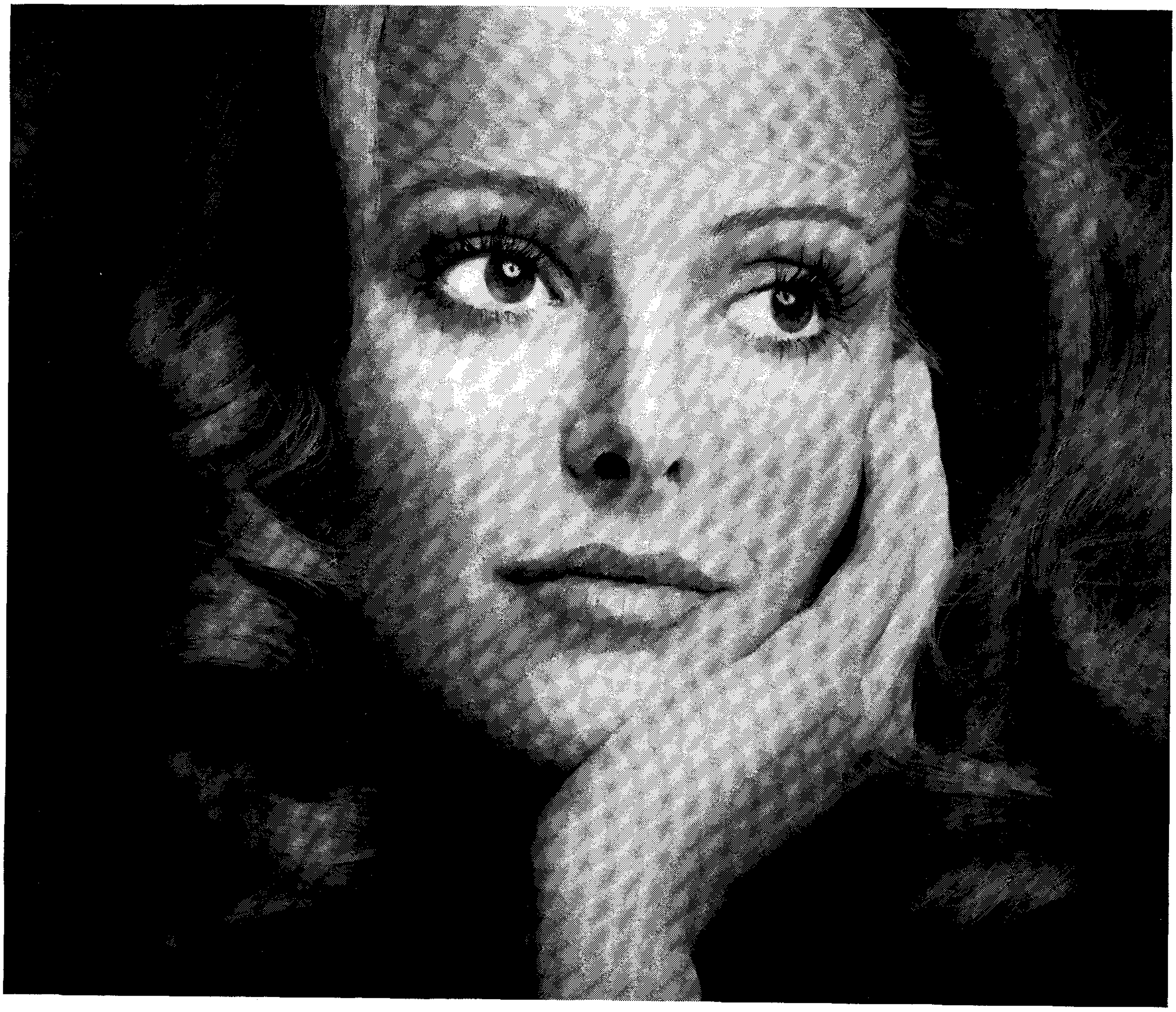
Actually, Sukarno's physical health was no worse and no better than it had been before the whole drama began. Emotionally, however, he was a beaten man. At first, he had found it hard to believe that he was no longer President; it was reported that he had shaken his head and murmured, "There are still some people in the Moluccas who support me." But before long it became apparent to him that he was a man without a voice and had been deprived of almost all the appurtenances of power. His position was somewhat comparable to that of Khrushchev in the Soviet Union, and, indeed, he was ultimately ordered to move to the equivalent of a *dacha*, which had been specially built for him near his former summer palace at Bogor. He saw only a few friends—he avoided discussing politics even with them—and his movements were extremely circumscribed. In recent months, he has spent most of his time in Djakarta, where he is undergoing renewed and prolonged questioning about his knowledge of and role in the coup. This investigation, which is still continuing, was prompted by the arrest late last year of a number of pro-Communist officers who are reported to have implicated him more fully than before, and the possibility remains, though it is not held likely, that Sukarno may yet face trial.

If Sukarno still believes, as some of his old friends say he does, that the present regime will not last and that his countrymen, bored by the lack of circuses and discontented with the increasing cost of living, will call for his return to power, very few others in Indonesia any longer believe this possible. He may still have his supporters, but Suharto by now has made himself virtually indispensable. This has come about even while his status as a popular figure has remained somewhat hazy. The son of a poor peasant from the outskirts of Jogjakarta, in Central Java, Suharto, at the age of forty-seven, has become, almost by accident, a successful, pragmatic soldier-statesman. Having joined the Army at the age of nineteen, he rose steadily through the ranks, first under the Dutch and then with the new Republican Army. His outstanding military performance was as a coordinator of the West Irian campaign in 1961-62. He is in every way the antithesis of Sukarno, foregoing the limelight and living modestly in an Army villa in Djakarta with his one wife and six children.

DURING *a long trip I made* around the country some months ago, I became aware of a growing gap between those who were impatient for bold new paths to be broken and those who seemed content to return to old ways and formulas, with only minor changes. Indonesians who are seriously concerned about their nation's future are in almost unanimous agreement that there can be very little hope of improving conditions if the two largest of the old parties—the N.U. and the P.N.I.—simply continue in their roles of tired and sometimes mutually accommodating antagonists who engage in a tug-of-war for the ignorant electorate without consideration for the new forces in the nation or for the continuing dangers on both the right and the left. The threat posed by the Islamic elements—both orthodox and non-orthodox—has been exacerbated by the long delay that preceded the establishment of the P.M.I. In the interval, the N.U. has become even more determined to dominate the rural areas, where its strength has traditionally depended on popular control through the *imam* and *kijai*—the local Muslim spiritual leaders and scholars.

The outlook for the P.N.I. is even more difficult to forecast, but its leaders are equally determined to hang on. Although many supporters of Suharto's New Order believe that the Party, which is deeply split into right- and left-wing elements, should be banned and any worthwhile remnants incorporated into a new secular party tentatively known as the Democratic Movement, Suharto, in December of 1967, came out in favor of revitalizing the P.N.I., and ordered it to "crystallize" itself by getting rid of its Sukarnoist trappings. While the Democratic Movement has slumbered, the P.N.I., in fact, under Suharto's aegis, has been making a gradual comeback and now seems likely to become his vehicle, as it once was Sukarno's. Part of its internal struggle has stemmed from its efforts to "refine"—or redefine—the concept of Marhaenism, a Sukarno doctrine which derived its name from that of a poor Javanese farmer, and which Sukarno liked to describe as "Marxism adjusted to suit the conditions of Indonesia." The Party has now officially renounced the personality cult it built around Sukarno and has rejected his title of the Father of Marhaenism. It has formally let it be known that it no longer expects the return of

NULLA JUSTITIA IN U
QUOD DUM VOBIS
PROTESTAM REGULAM QUAE CAELIBATUM IMPONIT!
PAVPERES ET DIVES IMPARES SUNT QUOD EST REFORMANDUM
MANDEMUS VOCEM IN CONCILIIS ECCLESIAE
QUERIMUR BULLAM "HUMANAE VITAE"
CAVEAT SEGNITOR: RESTITUERE NOVUM EBORACUM
IN HOC



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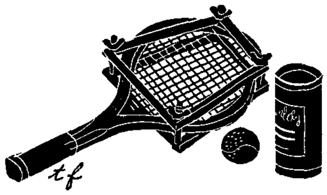
Sukarno under any conditions. Even so, many observers feel that not nearly enough has been done to get rid of its remaining pro-Sukarno elements, either because these elements are numerous enough in most areas to withstand the pressure against them or because they have taken refuge in self-exculpating platitudes.

In Bandung, in West Java, I had a long discussion with a lively group of students representing several universities in that center of intellectual ferment. As I listened to them talk about their role as "watchdogs," and about their responsibility for "educating" the military and "giving the people a realization of political and social life based on the rule of law," it seemed that these intense young people were playing a game—pretending that they were in charge of the government, and explaining how they would run it. However, thirteen university students, from various parts of the country, were at that time actually members of Parliament, and a young man in the group I was talking with, Soegeng Sarjadi—an exuberant fellow whom I had joined the day before in the Bandung sports stadium, where he and his girl were wildly cheering their favorites in an intramural soccer match of teams from their university—was one of these. Although Indonesia has its share of hippies and wild Honda drivers, a good many of its students are deeply involved with current social, economic, and political problems, and their confidence or lack of confidence in the present government is bound to be an important factor in the uncertain period ahead.



The majority of the students are from the urban middle class, and their outstanding characteristics are impatience and suspicion. I found them solidly behind Suharto but wary of quite a few of the military men around him, and since I saw them I have been told that they have become increasingly pessimistic about being able to work politically with the democratic elements of the Army against the authoritarian factions. The students were particularly depressed by the untimely death, in 1967, of the intellectual leader of those democratic elements—General Suwarto, the head of Indonesia's Staff and Command School, who was a sort of father-confessor to many of them. Since then, KAMI, the most important student front, has disintegrated, owing to dissension within its ranks, and the future political role of the students has become less clear. Nevertheless, they have remained vocal as individuals or as members of separate religious and university groups, and they have been feeling increasing resentment of the Army's domination of state enterprises—both those taken over after the coup and those that the military already ran in Sukarno days. On this issue, most businessmen, the majority of the politicians, and the leaders of other action groups—among them KASI, a cultural organization to which many teachers and professors belong—agree with the students. In Bandung, for example, one of the more liberal members of the N.U. and a KASI spokesman both cited the Army's operation of local sugar, textile, oil, and cement businesses and its domination of the local transportation facilities as examples of "creeping militarism." Both also spoke in a worried way about the Army's control of most of West Java's administrative apparatus, from the regional military chief, down through the *bupati*, or district leaders, to the village level, where sergeants and ex-sergeants were often in charge. "It is true that the Army is doing many things by default because the civilians are not up to doing them," the KASI leader told me. "But we're disappointed that the Army is acting so purposefully as a political force. Most of the officers are too dictatorial." The N.U. member said that civilians had developed a "sense of inferiority" in dealing with the Army. "We don't know where we stand, because the real political issues have not yet been clarified," he explained. "Consequently, we aren't courageous enough."

The lively political atmosphere in Bandung seemed in keeping with the rolling green hills of West Java and its abundance of bright flowers. After I left there, and drove into Central Java, it seemed to me that I could smell a difference as well as see it. The villages and the countryside became drab, and the *kampong*, or small settlements, were often built on barren ground. The roads, which the Army was just then starting to repair, in accordance with a new civic-action program, were still full of potholes, and as my driver and I travelled eastward the number of vehicles diminished. It was a common thing to see two men bent beneath an open hood to work on an ailing engine, and the roadside ditches were littered with the carcasses of abandoned trucks. A motley collection of people—mostly old men, old women, and young children, skimpily dressed in torn and patched clothing—trudged endlessly along the road from village to village. Their faces were impassive, seemingly resigned to Allah's will; they appeared neither despondent nor despairing. In the fields, beyond muddy pools where water buffalo soaked themselves contentedly, with only their bulbous eyes and the tops of their heads showing, youngsters scampered about flying kites, Indonesia's ubiquitous means of relaxation. As we approached the city of Semarang, we passed villages and towns where many shops, once the property of Chinese merchants, had been boarded up—evidence of the anti-Chinese campaign that had accompanied the bloodletting after the 1965 coup and had led to a near-total break between Djakarta and Peking. Over rickety bridges, we crossed several rivers, and at one point my driver, an English-speaking Indian Muslim, dispassionately remarked that thousands of unidentified corpses had formed logjams in them during the frightful weeks at the end of 1965.

The region was now dominated by the P.N.I., but under Sukarno—a native of East Java—the P.K.I. had held sway here. When pictures of Suharto were distributed, the pro-Sukarnoites—the majority of the population—either hung his picture and Sukarno's together or, if they had two rooms, put Sukarno in the bedroom. One man told me that he had placed the two pictures side by side, and then, he went on, "I started lowering Sukarno an inch every so often. Pretty soon he'll drop out of sight altogether." More than one devout Sukarno worshipper insisted that his idol was still President, still the Father of the Revolution, still the Father of Marhaenism, and so on. "It's different for you, a Westerner," a schoolteacher said sadly. "For us a dream dies hard."

The Sukarno dream, many observers feel, will die in Central Java only when something is substituted for it that will satisfy the emotional needs of a population spiritually steeped in mysticism; the fact that Sukarno was a father image for so long, and served those needs so well, makes it hard to find anyone or anything to take his place. A law professor told me, "Most of us don't believe in democracy—the villagers don't know what it is, and the intellectuals don't understand it. Certainly Sukarno gave us no political lega-

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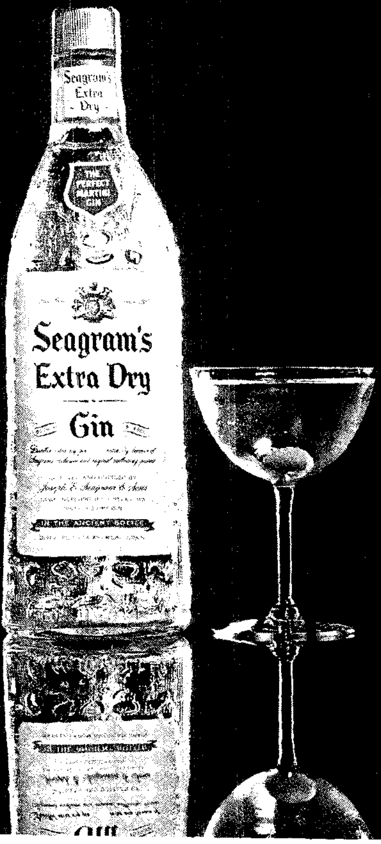
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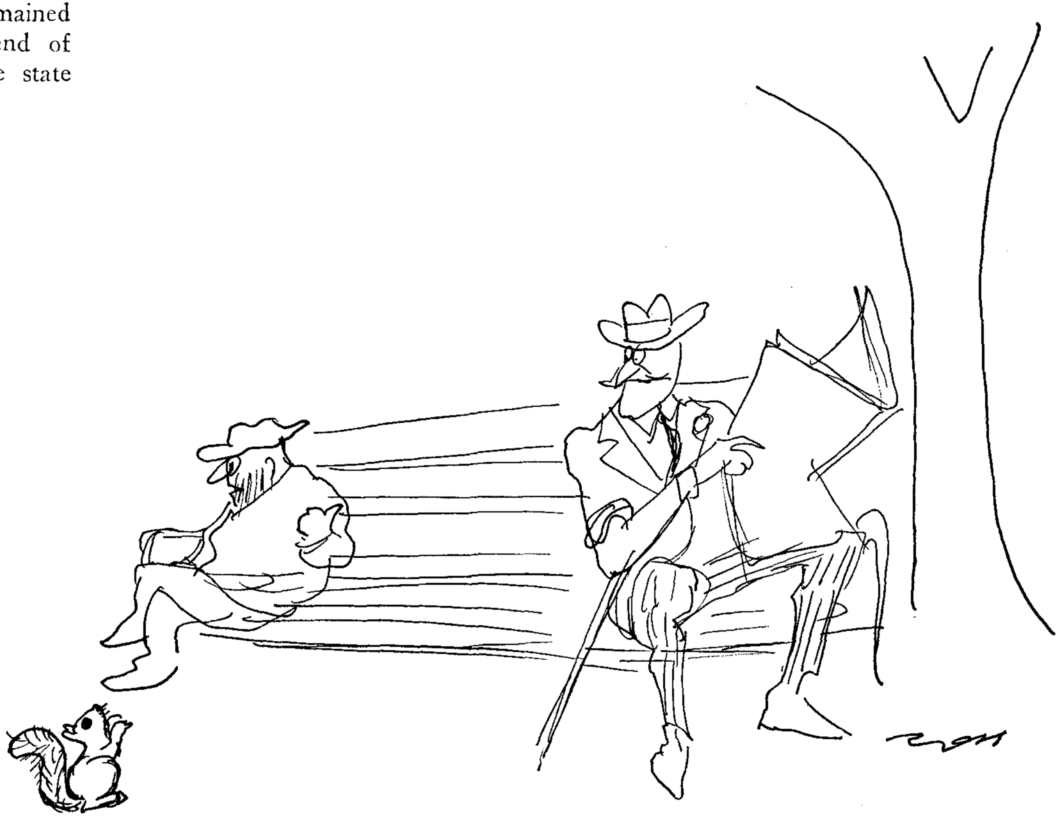
cy. There were just his presence, his promises, and his slogans. All we have left now is our strange Javanese accumulation of values. Those Indonesians who looked to Western teachings and Western technology found such things too rich for their blood. Sukarno knew that this would happen. It was less that he neglected us economically and wasted our resources than that he knew how to check the revolution of rising expectations."

Sukarno did provide widespread education, but much of it was influenced by Muslim village teachers or by the P.N.I. or the P.K.I. It was no accident that, of approximately a hundred and twenty thousand elementary-school teachers in Central Java, almost half were among the estimated two hundred and fifty thousand people arrested after the 1965 uprising on charges of being P.K.I. members or sympathizers. (The bulk of the two hundred and fifty thousand, including most of the teachers, have now been released. Between sixty and eighty thousand are still in jail, however, though of these only about five thousand are said to be hard-core P.K.I. members and another fifteen thousand to be "solid" supporters. The rest are accused of having "participated in one way or another" in the coup attempt or are among the thirty-three thousand described as "unclassified.") In Indonesia, the desire for education is as strong as ever, and the educational structure Sukarno built has remained more or less intact. At the end of 1965, Indonesia had forty-five state universities, eighty-eight academies—mostly for vocational training—at the higher-educational level, and several hundred private institutions of higher learning. What Indonesian education now lacks is money. Less than five per cent of the tight national budget is earmarked for education, and there are thousands of schools at the primary and secondary level that, because they need to be rebuilt and are without books and equipment, are all but empty shells.

What impresses one most in Central Java is the poverty of the people—largely the result of overpopulation. There are twenty million people in the region, with more than a thousand per square kilometre in some areas, and with an average of almost six hundred per square kilometre (twice the population density of, for instance, New Jersey)—the highest in the country. In the volcanic hill areas, peasants try to squeeze out a living by utilizing every inch of available ground. Thousands of them, failing, flock with their families to the already crowded plains, where even the better land does not produce enough to feed everyone. So thousands more go into the cities—Semarang, Jogjakarta, Solo—where they become part of the floating mass of unemployed. "By all Western standards, people here should be starving," a businessman in Semarang remarked to me. "Yet somehow they get by. At least, we grow our own vegetables, and there is enough beef. One solution that the government keeps proposing is migration to other islands, but so far little has been done about this. On a long-term basis, the answer is light industry and better transportation, along with improvements in the irrigation system, in the use of fertilizer, and in curbing deforestation, which causes floods. But to do all that, and other things, we need a lot more foreign aid than the rest of the world has so far been willing to give us." Birth-control efforts have been started in the last few years in Indonesia, as they have elsewhere in Southeast Asia, but progress has been slow, as has been the case with the schemes to transfer people from densely populated areas to less populated ones in the archipelago.

It is not surprising that against this abysmal economic background, and amid the meaningless political gestures of the old parties, the people of Central Java, given their mystic compulsions and their yearning for the equivalent of *wayang*—traditional shadow plays—have sought various forms of emotional release. Religious sects have always been prevalent here—during the Sukarno period, a fanatic right-wing Muslim armed group, Darul Islam, was active for thirteen years before it was finally suppressed—and in the past few years about two hundred mystical cults have blossomed, some practicing a weird variety of rites, including sexual ones, and others simply serving as new covers for the Communist underground. The burgeoning of these cults, whose followers at one point totalled several hundred thousand, prompted the Indonesian Attorney General's office to establish a special committee to keep an eye on them and to make arrests among members of any that might be considered dangerous to the national security. In the spring of 1967, one of the largest cults was crushed. This was directed by a small, bearded man named Muljono, but better known as Mbah Suro, who claimed to be both the predicted "Prince of Justice" of Djojobojo, a twelfth-century Javanese Sanskrit scholar and prophet, and a reincarnation of Suro, a legendary hero of the Madjapahit Empire. Sukarno, who is deeply addicted to mysticism, is said to



"*Ask him!*"

have consulted Mbah Suro in the year after the coup and to have been guided in his stubborn refusal to surrender authority by Mbah Suro's advice—which was that he should continue fulfilling his role as Indonesia's protector and as the true reincarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu. Mbah Suro, who was unquestionably a P.K.I. sympathizer and may have been a member, operated in a remote area of Central Java, near the village of Nginggil. He refused to answer a summons for interrogation, whereupon Indonesian paracommandos attacked his headquarters, killed him and more than a hundred of his followers, and arrested eighteen hundred more. Despite the fact that his remains have been dug up three times to prove that he is dead, his devout disciples insist that he is still alive. The success of the cults in Central Java reflects the political and spiritual void created by the coup attempt, the ensuing mass violence, the collapse of the P.K.I., and the decline of the P.N.I. It is also an expression of a general nihilism and despair—a feeling that Central Java, with its tremendous economic and social problems, is beyond redemption.

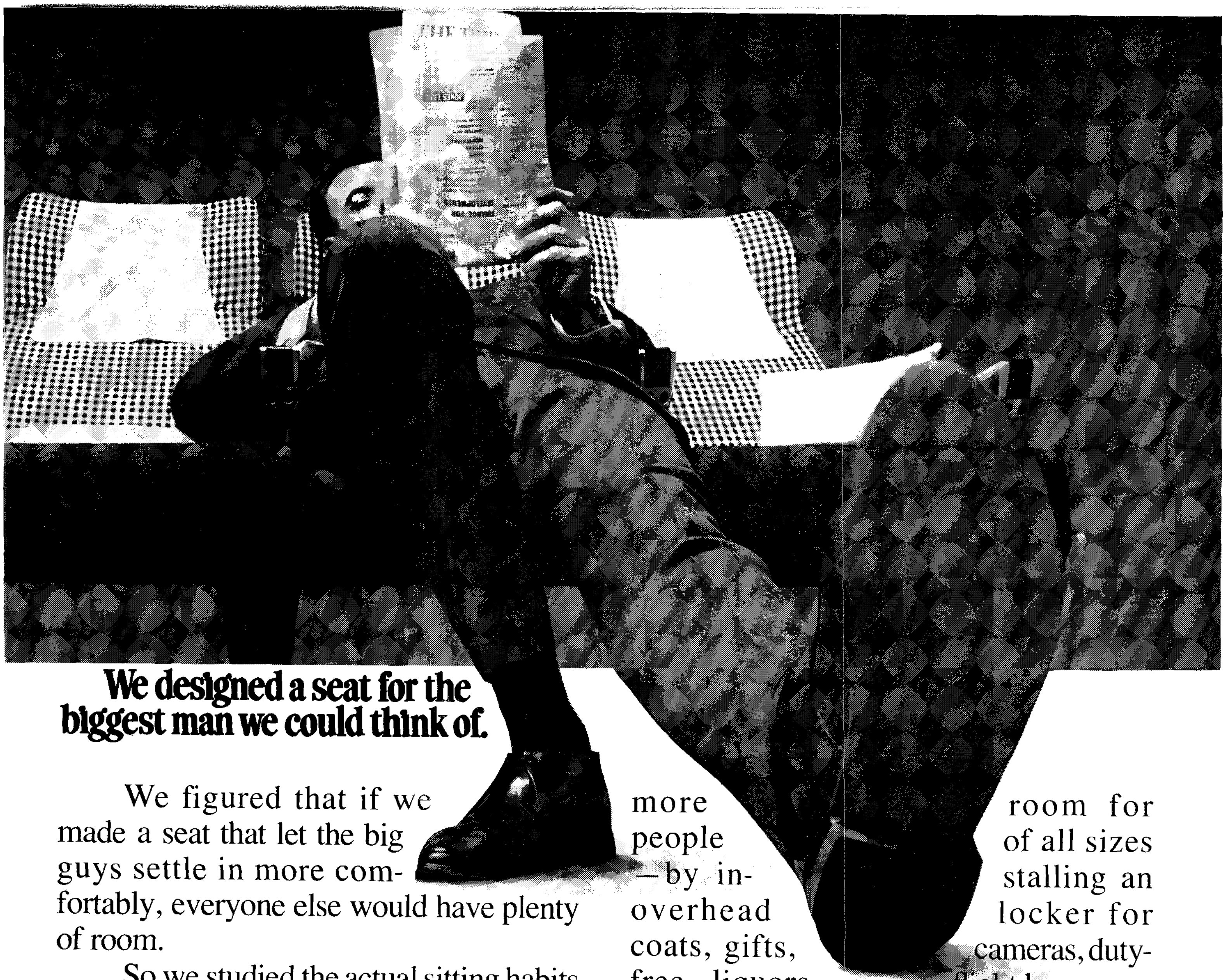
Most of the cults are violently opposed to the organized religions, especially the Muslims, who form a large faction in the N.U. The N.U. is, above all, opportunistic and pragmatic, with a history of accommodation to power, and it was quick to react to the post-coup predicament of the P.N.I. by doing as much proselytizing as it could in the villages among the *abangan*, or nominal Muslims, who used to vote for the Nationalists or the Communists. In further efforts to win as much popularity as possible, the N.U. has restored old mosques and built new ones, along with new universities, and has taken full advantage of the fact that instruction in some form of religion is now mandatory in Indonesia's primary and secondary schools. With three million members in Central and East Java, the party is demonstrating increasing fondness for the dictum that "politics should serve religion." There is a new feeling of self-confidence on the part of the organized Muslims, even though they are naturally discontented at not playing a larger political role in the New Order, and this self-confidence reflects their realization that they are probably still the strongest civilian force in the country.

The need to solve the Islamic problem is certainly crucial to the future of Indonesia. The difficulty of doing it in any satisfactory way is increased by the fact that Islam is an extremely diffuse force in Indonesian society today. Because it was superimposed upon an earlier base of Hindu mysticism, particularly in Java, and there was a long process of interaction between the two, many observers feel that the Islamic movement is incapable of being "modernized." The N.U. today is deeply divided between New Order and Old Order factions and between new and old ways of thinking. Most of the younger and more liberal N.U. members, who want to reform the party from the ground up, favor regrouping to create a single Muslim political organization. Others, including those who used to belong to the former Masjumi Party, which was banned in 1960 for fomenting a separatist rebellion in the outer islands, have now turned to the new P.M.I. Men like Muhammad Natsir—who was a member of the Masjumi and was the first Prime Minister of the Republic of Indonesia, and then spent years in jail as a result of a falling out with Sukarno—are eager to have their anti-Sukarno positions historically vindicated, and while Suharto has not allowed them to assume official Party posts, they remain important background figures.

The P.N.I. is naturally watching all the Muslims' maneuvers sharply, and if anything continues to help the Nationalist Party's revival, it will be the fear of big new Muslim gains. One searches in vain, however, for any sign that its present leadership is capable of providing any truly new ideas. The Party leader in Jogjakarta, an elderly physician, is typical; in a talk I had with him, he spoke reverently of Sukarno, insisted dogmatically that the 1971 elections should be held on schedule, and, when I asked him about a new P.N.I. platform, smiled wanly and began repeating the litany of Marhaenism, the *Pantja Sila*, and so on. A P.N.I. businessman in Semarang proved more realistic; he thought that through hard work in the villages, combined with a tough policy of screening all the old left-wing elements, the Party "could still be saved and could provide national leadership," yet he admitted that the ranks were full of "opportunists, carpetbaggers, and political guerrillas."

In Semarang, I paid a call on Hadisubeno, the chairman of the P.N.I. in Central Java and one of the Party's three top men in the country. In this triumvirate, which is an uneasy one, he represents the mass Party groups; the chief editor of *Suluh Indonesia*, the P.N.I. newspaper, named Muhammad Isnaeni, in Djakarta, represents the radical youth and other left-wing elements; and the Party's national chairman, Hardi, also in Djakarta, represents the civil servants and scholars. As chairman, Hardi is theoretically the first among equals, but his influence is confined mostly to the capital, where the Party as a whole is weak. Before leaving on my trip, I had talked with Hardi; he had said that the Party must redefine its position and "put the Sukarno issue in perspective." Hadisubeno, a tall, heavy man who has the look of an old-line Tammany Hall politician, said, "Now that we don't have to think about Sukarno anymore, we can look at the situation as it is. Though if Sukarno were to be put on trial, for instance, the people would be very much upset and there would be more trouble. There is no longer any question of applying his slogans, or of collaborating with the P.K.I. We believe in God, and the Communists don't. But we can still learn from Sukarno's earlier doctrines. We believe in 'pure' Marhaenism and also in the *Pantja Sila*. We must work hard to teach what they mean, starting in the primary schools, and we must help the government in its new economic program. Otherwise, Central Java will again become a breeding ground for the P.K.I."

Later, a politically knowledgeable Jogjakarta Socialist told me he believed that the P.N.I.'s mass following was still heavily infiltrated by Communists, and that the civil servants who had traditionally been the Party's backbone "can't control the situation." The Army, he added, had replaced the P.N.I. as the predominant influence among the civil servants, and this had made the Party's leaders extremely nervous as they sought to "cleanse" the ranks. Moreover, two Army divisions—the Diponegoro, in Central Java, and the Brawidjaja, in East Java—were infiltrated to a consider-



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able extent by Communists, and these, too, had been undergoing a "purification" process involving the arrest, or at least the dismissal, of suspected elements. Concurrently, they had been charged with keeping order in their areas and, through civic-action work, improving communication and establishing a new relationship of confidence with the population.

In Jogjakarta, I also talked with several officers of the Diponegoro Division, the unit responsible for administering the area, and these men defended the Army's political role. "We'd be glad to hand things back to the civilians," a public-relations officer told me, "but there must be a restoration of political life first." The deputy division commander expressed more certainty about the Army's role. "We're building a new Fortress *Pantja Sila*, to bring all the elements of the population together, and to make sure that there is no subversion of the decisions of the People's Consultative Congress and of the government in Djakarta," he said. "Despite the new measures guaranteeing more freedom of expression, anyone who speaks against those decisions is immediately arrested. We cannot underestimate the Communists. The Army will stay in control at least until the next elections. The people demand it. The political parties lack vitality and are doing nothing. We don't want to do the job, but our presence is both necessary and desirable."

In Solo, a city of half a million, which is regarded as the political thermometer of Central Java, there were many lately arrived unemployed peasants, and the atmosphere was uneasy, calling to my mind the warnings about the P.K.I. given by both Hadisubeno and the Diponegoro deputy commander. The P.K.I. had formerly been strong in the area, and after the coup at least ten thousand people had been murdered in and around the city. Skulls are still being found in the nearby riverbeds. "Hundreds of bodies were thrown into Bengawan Solo River," one man, who himself had led a local "patriotic band" of killers, told me. "The Dutch and the Japanese used to throw them there, too." The mayor, an Army colonel and a Catholic, said that after he assumed office, in October of 1965, it took him two months to get the killings under control. Besides the ten thousand slain, fifteen thousand people were arrested in the Solo area in the weeks after the coup. At the time of my visit, about half had been screened and released; the remainder, including about two thousand P.K.I. members or known sympathizers, were still awaiting disposition of their cases. These men and women were being kept in temporary jails in and around Solo, including a school right behind the mayor's office, where I saw some of them hanging out of the windows and shouting at the passersby—a fairly typical sight in Central Java. The city seemed full of idle people. Solo has a number of batik factories and some other small industries, but, owing to a shortage of raw materials, most of them were not in operation, and such goods as were being produced were inferior to, yet cost more than, imported products or goods smuggled in from Singapore. Now, however, the government has adopted a policy of protecting the clothing industry by setting higher duties on imports and of stimulating production through the importation of cotton and cotton yarn under international aid programs. The political situation was quiet, the mayor said. It was his hope that small local Catholic and Protestant parties, which had shown signs of growth, would continue to get stronger, and would help create a balance between the P.N.I. and the N.U.

As one moves from Central Java into East Java, the countryside becomes still more barren, and, at least in the western half of East Java, the look of poverty increases. The unrestrained killing that followed the coup is said to have been more violent here than anywhere else in Java, and perhaps because of this a continuing state of shock, of dullness, is perceptible, and beneath it a residue of latent tension. Here, too, the influence of the P.K.I. was once particularly strong and widespread. Beginning in 1964, at the P.K.I.'s urging, the landless peasants had seized land belonging to Muslim owners, including that owned by the mosques, and the property of some rich urban P.N.I. landlords was also taken over. These seizures had led to killings even before the coup, and the region's Brawidjaja Division—several battalions of which were infiltrated by Communists—sometimes had moved to stop the violence but at other times simply had ignored it. Then, when the

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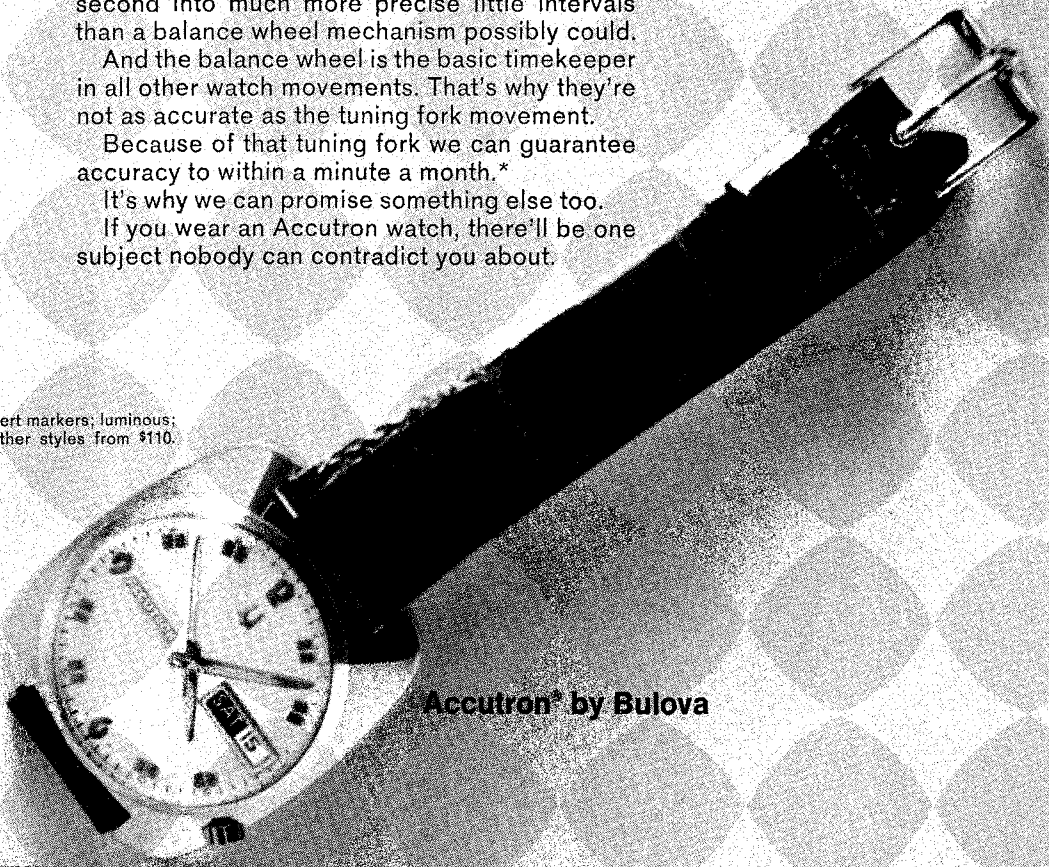

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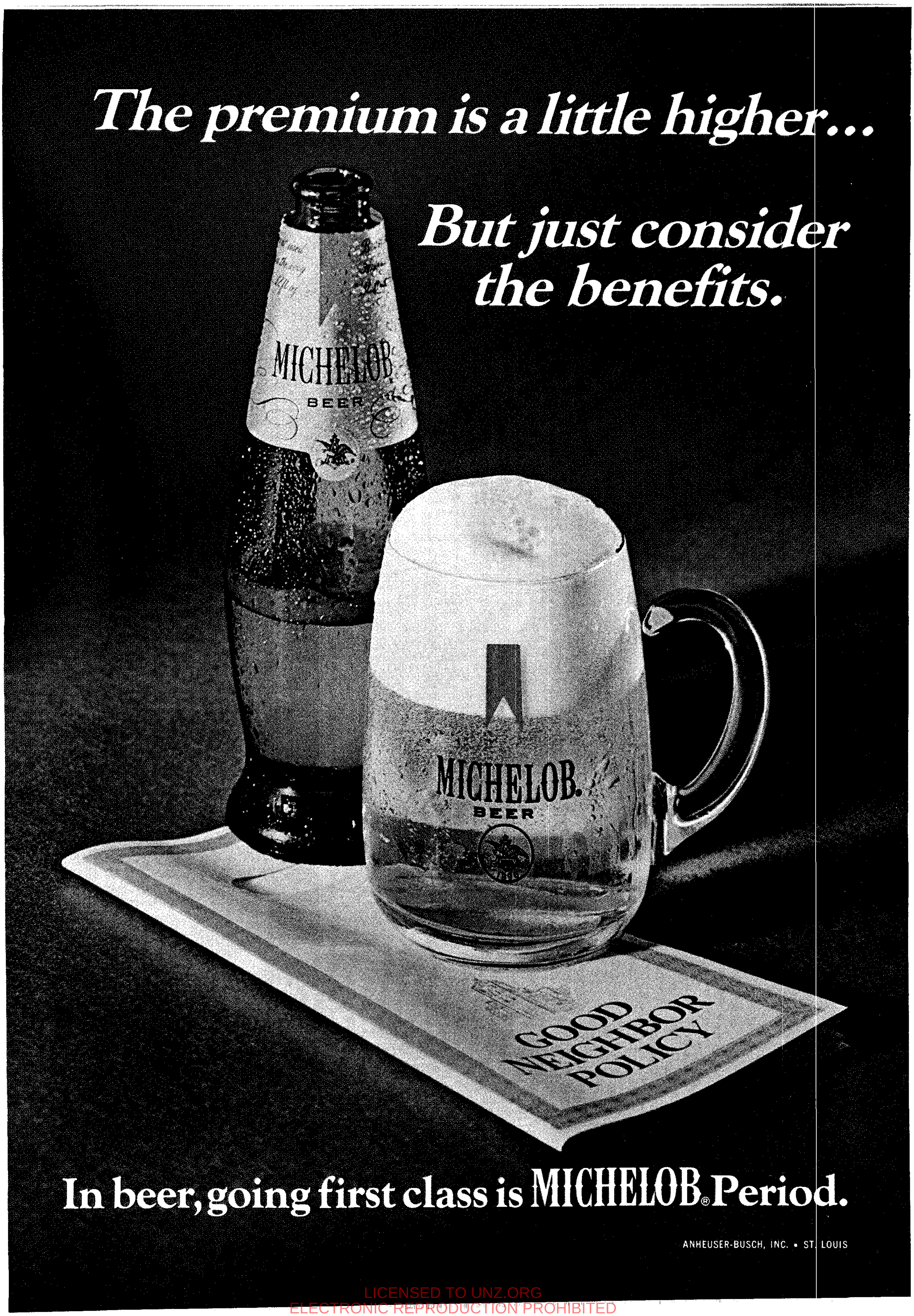
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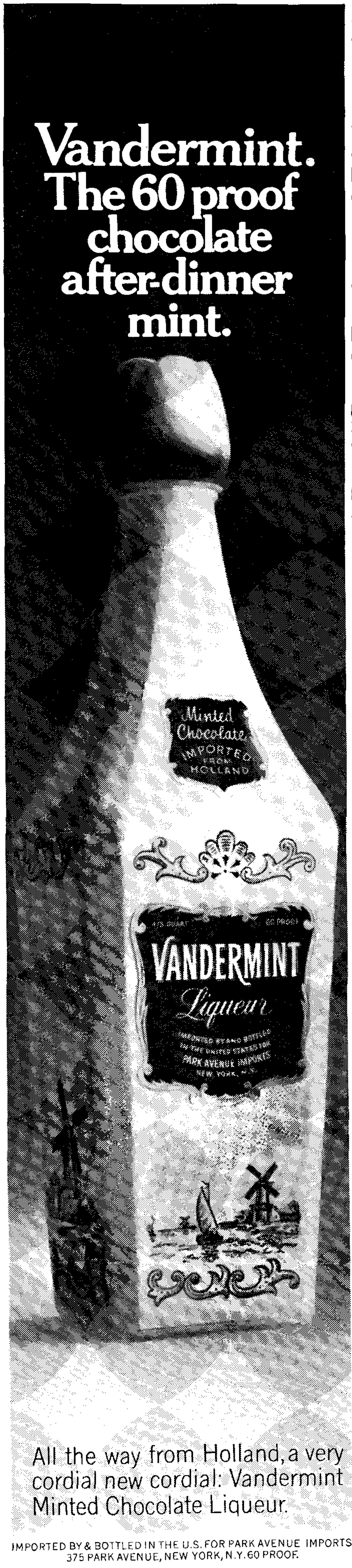
coup attempt was made, the furies were loosed, and Muslim killer squads, encouraged by the anti-Communist elements in the Army, went on a rampage. A number of left-wing non-Communists became victims, along with the Communists, in what assumed the proportions of a holy war. "It became a matter of 'I'll kill you before you kill me,'" a businessman in Surabaya told me. At least a hundred thousand persons are said to have been murdered in East Java alone, including large numbers who were dragged from jails by wild mobs.

A European who has lived in the region for many years told me, "We never realized how deeply the Communists had infiltrated. They had got into all the channels of communication, the plantations, and the schools and universities, and into the ministries and administrative offices, too." The present regional military commander, General Jasin, is firmly resolved to wipe out the vestiges of Communism, but this will not be easy, or will be only temporary, unless a great deal is done to remove the basic causes of conflict. East Java has a population larger than Central Java's, and the pressure on the land is even greater, because the quality of the soil is generally poorer, except at the eastern tip. Most of the Muslim landowners have recovered their property, and the old class distinctions have reappeared. The village hegemony of Muslim *kijai* and *imam* has been reestablished, and here the N.U. has made a better recovery than the P.N.I. Economically, the region is struggling along, although when I was there roads had been improved and more clothing and some other goods had become available. "We're still several centuries behind," a Surabaya leader told me. A political-science professor put the same thought even more poignantly. "On our way it will be a long, long journey," he said. "Please do not forget the difficulties imposed by our mental attitudes. We are what we are."

Although the P.K.I. was all but shattered by the unsuccessful coup attempt and its murderous aftermath, it obviously has not given up, and nowhere is this fact more evident than in populous East Java, where the Suharto government's best efforts have still not eliminated Communist propaganda, terrorism, and guerrilla activity. Of course, what happens elsewhere in Southeast Asia—in Vietnam, Thailand, Singapore, and Malaysia—will help to determine the Party's future, and so will what happens in China. The outcome of the war in Vietnam will undoubtedly affect Indonesia's relations with the Russians, who so far have not expressed any interest in the revival of Communism in Indonesia. In Moscow's view, the collapse of the coup demonstrated the failure of Mao's doctrines advocating armed uprisings in underdeveloped countries. Moscow has criticized the Suharto government for keeping so many Communist and pro-Communist suspects in detention and has described the new regime in Indonesia as "rightist," yet the Soviets have reluctantly sold it spare parts for planes and naval vessels that they had originally given to Sukarno. However, except for a partial rescheduling of Indonesia's heavy debt payments to the Soviet Union, these sales are just about all the assistance that the Russians have offered Suharto, and there has been considerable criticism in the Indonesian press and elsewhere about their reluctance to help out. The intervention in Czechoslovakia has heightened Indonesian criticism of the Soviet Union, and seems bound to inhibit the development of any new commercial or cultural relations between the two nations.

So far, the underground P.K.I.'s statements have shown it to be, if anything, closer to Peking's line than to Moscow's. In the last three years, several Communist documents have been circulated secretly in the archipelago and printed in the *Indonesian Tribune*—a Communist magazine issued sporadically in Tirana, Albania—and in the world Communist press. The most important of these, a self-criticism by the post-1965 P.K.I. Politburo of what went wrong in 1965, cumbersomely entitled "Build the P.K.I. Along the Marxist-Leninist Line to Lead the People's Democratic Revolution in Indonesia," appeared in the *Tribune* in January, 1967. This was written by Sudisman, the No. 4 man in the P.K.I. hierarchy at the time of the coup and for a time No. 1, after the capture of Aidit, Lukman, and Njoto, until his own arrest in December, 1966. Having accused the former P.K.I. leadership of engaging in "adventurism," by, among other things, placing too much trust in Sukarno's revolutionary leadership, the statement calls "subjectivism" the Party's chief ideological weakness and says that this derived from "petit-bourgeois influences" and resulted in "right opportunism that merged with modern revisionism," adding, "To achieve its complete victory, the Indonesian revolution must follow the road of the Chinese revolution." Such a policy, the statement continues, requires "the Indonesian Marxist-Leninists" to "establish revolutionary base areas" in backward villages and other remote parts of the country, as was done in China and Vietnam. At his trial in mid-1967, Sudisman reëmphasized this point of view by declaring, in answer to a question by one of the judges, "Now that the P.K.I. has been banned in Indonesia, adoption of peaceful means is no longer possible, and consequently the people's democratic revolution will have to be conducted through an armed agrarian movement led by the working class." In addition to those espousing the Sudisman doctrine, a group of P.K.I. refugees in Peking, headed by Adjitorop, the only survivor of the 1965 Politburo, is even more pro-Maoist in its views, while a third, pro-Soviet, group, operating underground in Indonesia and issuing propaganda from India, has attacked the pro-Chinese P.K.I. leaders and advocated a new united front rather than a Chinese-type revolutionary underground.

With the arrest of the top leaders of the P.K.I. in the weeks after the abortive coup, the Party was undoubtedly thrown into a state of shock and confusion. During the following year, other top men were caught—among them the one called Sjam, whose real name is Kamarusaman and who was the chief operations man for the coup, and Sudisman, whose criticism of what went wrong with the coup, including an attack on the Special Bureau, headed by Sjam, as having been "beyond the control of the Politburo and the Central Committee," is still regarded as basic doctrine by the P.K.I. By the fall of 1968, three-quarters of the fifty-five members of the old Central Committee had been killed or arrested. In 1967 and the first half of 1968, a considerable amount of rebellious activity by new Communist shadow groups sprang up in East Java, in the back-



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ward South Blitar region, and there was also some in Central and West Java. In Blitar, a wave of terrorism was directed against the Muslims. Most of the shadow groups are bands of only a few men, and the pattern of the new terrorism shows a decided Vietcong influence; even before the coup, some P.K.I. men were being sent to Vietnam for observation and training, and the new bands in Java have adopted typical Vietcong hit-and-run tactics and are using underground tunnels as storage areas, the way the Vietcong do. The shadow groups, which employ various code names, have some modern weapons but are also fashioning crude weapons of their own, as the Vietnamese Communists did at one time. The P.K.I.'s Javanese arsenals have been strengthened as a result of the defection of members of the Indonesian armed forces over the last five or six years. About four hundred of these pro-Communist military men and officers have been captured, but in East Java alone another four hundred are said to be still free, and the majority are believed to be augmenting the P.K.I. underground.

In the spring of 1968, the armed forces began a coördinated campaign to crush the latest Communist rebellion, and they claim to have captured at least five thousand P.K.I. members so far. The government also claims to have foiled at least half a dozen plots to murder Suharto and other top officials and to restore Sukarno to power. Although there have been announcements of the arrest of alleged ringleaders, including, on one occasion two summers ago, several well-known officers, no details of the conspiracies have been made public, and the reports may have been invented by the government to discredit Sukarno even further and to discourage any opposition his name might still inspire. By and large, the Communists' apparently random attempts to cause fresh trouble have been defeated, although sporadic kidnappings, robberies, and murders continue. There are indications that the P.K.I.—suffering, as it has been, from a lack of communication facilities and other handicaps to reorganization—may have repeated its 1965 mistake of launching an offensive too soon. This was the line taken in mid-September by *Pravda*, which, in renewing its attack on Maoist revolutionary theories, said of the new Indonesian offensive, "Disregarding the Leninist position that an armed revolutionary struggle can be successful only when it has been carefully prepared and is based on broad support of the masses, the [Party] officials called on the Communists to go into the jungles and to undertake actions against regular units of the Army and the police." As a result of this premature action, *Pravda* said, "the Communist movement in Indonesia suffered another disaster." However, Peking may have ordered the recent wave of terror to keep the P.K.I. in step with Communist insurgency efforts in Thailand and elsewhere in Southeast Asia. The P.K.I., however, may have felt, even without prodding from Peking, that it had to take some action before Suharto's economic-recovery program got well under way. Certainly there is no indication that the Communists, even if they continue to suffer setbacks, will stop trying to recover their strength in Indonesia and to persuade the people in the backward areas that they are still the country's best revolutionary hope. Their current strength is estimated at somewhere between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand; nobody knows how many of these men are armed, but the number is deemed considerable. Perhaps more serious than any of the P.K.I.'s underground activity so far has been its continuing effort to infiltrate some of the youth movements and various other major groups—including, as before, the military—and to maintain a position of influence in the P.N.I. The P.K.I. is certainly aware that, especially in Central and East Java, there are tens of thousands of people who were once Communist sympathizers, have remained neutral since the failure of the coup attempt, and could easily be stirred up again if economic conditions don't improve. The Army, equally aware of this potential, has announced on several occasions in the last year that a state of war is still in existence in Central and East Java. Earlier this year, a new scandal arose when Haji Princen, deputy chairman of the Indonesian League for Human Rights, travelled through the Purwodadi area of Central Java and reported that between two and three thousand suspected Communists had recently been killed by the military or had killed themselves to avoid being murdered. The government issued a strong denial, but Princen is well regarded, and neutral observers believe there is at least some truth to his report.

Meanwhile, the P.K.I. is getting

Color Names From EAGLE's '64 Contest

Forever Amber
Chat Aqua
Freres Aqua
Come Azure
Sick Bay
Editorial Beige
Gar Beige
Noblesso Beige
Shan Franshishco Beige
Hole of Calcutta Black
Jungle Board Black
Miss Affler Black
Strap Molasses Black
Fountain Blue
Gabriel Blue
Hulla Blue
St. James Infirmary Blue
Elizabeth Barretting Brown
Hash Brown
How Now Cow Brown
Some-kind-of-nut Brown
Wernervon Brown
Blind Man's Buff
Civil War Buff
And-to-Hell-with Burgundy
De Sapio Carmine
Carminative
Cyd Cerise
World Cerise
Bit Cherry
Hot Chestnut
Original Cinnamon
Purr Cinnamon
Roe Cocoa
Come and Get Me Copper
Robert Shaw Coral
Eagle's Cream
Isles Cream
Dun Scotus
Seventh Ebon
Profits Ecru
Goodclean Fawn
Proud Flesh
Rudolf Flesh
Too too solid Flesh
Another part of the Forest
Unforeseeable Fuchsia
Freudian Gilt
Barry Water Gold
Bydosis Gold
Common Gold
Ill-Gotten Gold
Molly Berg Gold
Conquered Grape
Statutory Grape
Gang Green
Keep-Bucks County Green
Lohen Green
One-Putt Green
Other Fellow's Grass Green
Sha Green
Thumb Green
Turn Green
My Darling Nelly Grey
Dorian Grey
At-night-all-cats-are Grey
Prematurely Gray
Stin Gray
Zane Gray
Hard Hearted Henna
Lie Down Honey
Outdigo Indigo
Mood Indigo
Kiddledy Ivy
Hill Mob Lavender
Blind Date Lemon
Lilac á Trooper
Harry Lime
Mason Dixon Lime
My Funny Valiant Lime
Quick Lime
Sub Lime
Free Loden
Impenetrable Maize
Willie Maize
Sweet Molly Maroon
Your Mauve
Afterdinner Mint
Establish Mint
U.S. Mint
Shotan Mist
Mickey Moss
S. F. B. Moss
Go-Easy-on-the Mustard
Plastered Mustard
Army Navy
Swiss Navy
Uncommitted Neutral
God's Little Ochre
Medi Ochre
Wicked Ochre
Strip Ochre
Tappi Ochre
Bringemback Olive
Navel Orange
Im Peach
Com Pewter
Lydia Pink
Parlor Pink
Political Plum
Tuckered Out Plum
Illanimous Puce
Blooded American Boy Red
Light District Red
Sea Red
Well Red
Unsafe Topaz
Whizzer White
—and so forth

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★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

(Wide-open, from **Ford Aardvark** to **Zosterops!**)

EAGLE SHIRTMAKER'S GREAT MAVERICK RE-NAMING CONTEST!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

> *"Ford a few weeks ago let it be known that its cars would come in such colors as Thanks Vermillion and Freudian Gilt. That sparked a new game of thinking up similar names. Suggestions received at Ford: Forever Amber, Unsafe Topaz, Navel Orange."*
>
> —NEWSWEEK (Apr. 7, 1969)

WELL, sure, *you* remember Eagle's great color naming contest of five years ago, but who would have thought that a busy company like Ford would? Yet it seemed that all the names (except Thanks Vermillion—and our congratulations to the author) had been selected for this signal honor from our list at left.

Sure enough, when the Maverick was introduced on April 18, there it was in Glorious Eaglecolor, including Original Cinnamon, Hulla Blue, and Anti-Establish Mint. We were in! And no telling how many others they'll pick up in the Fordseeable Fuchsia.

Ford Bored

Now Ford didn't ask us for any favors in return, but we *would* like to express our gratitude, so how about this: If Ford is tired of the same old approach to colors, how must they feel about Thunderbird, LTD, Mustang and the rest? As a matter of fact "Maverick" is defined in Webster's Unabridged as "an unbranded animal," and perhaps that's a big, proud company's way of saying "Help!"

Hence your chance to submit new names for this fine Ford product, win lavish prizes of Eagle Shirts, and help build up another list of consumer-approved, pre-copyrighted names for Ford to browse through the next time they need a better idea.

First off, these names must be usable by Ford, no clever stuff, so here are a few guidelines.

As we see it, Ford is very strong on animal entries, but there's no use sending in "Ford Horse" or "Ford Cow" when they have already made do with the racier "Mustang" and "Maverick."

No Oozers

It may be, of course, that automobile manufacturers don't care *what* the names mean as long as they sound aggressive. Chevrolet's Camaro, for example, is simply Spanish for "shrimp." Be careful, though. The **Ford Teredo** turns out to be a worm. On the whole we'd stay away from anything that oozes around, but nature is still a treasure trove of:

BIRDS. The **Ford Eagle** (theirs without asking); the **Ford Yunx** (a genus of woodpeckers); the **Ford Zosterops** (much better than Maverick if Ford is after the Volkswagen trade. The Encyclopedia Britannica says: the birds of this group are mostly of unpretending appearance").

SNAKES. They already have the Ford Cobra, but there are deadlier serpents than that. The **Ford Krait,** for example. And many others.

MICROBES. Both **Ford Flagellata** and **Ford Suctoria,** for instance, have a contemporary quality sound.

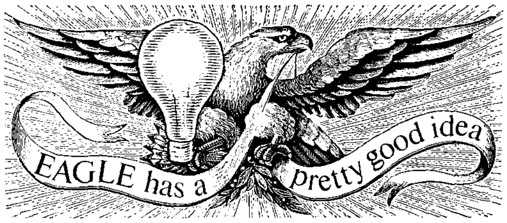
MISCELLANEOUS. Don't forget the choice pickings in insects, mammals, fruits, fish, vegetables, flowers, monsters **(Ford Thing)** and minerals **(Ford Ore).** The field is wide open!

Rules: Submit any number of names you wish. The first prize will be ½ doz. Eagle Shirts—what the hell, make it a dozen—and the next 99 prizes will be one shirt apiece.

Partners

One other thing. Since we're apparently in this with Ford for good, we here at Eagle would like to consolidate the new partnership. To that end our '69 line of shirts (including the magnificent Pierre Cardin designs and the shaped, colorful Travis McGee numbers—both of which are selling so well we can't keep up with the demand) are hereby dubbed "The Edsel Collection."

Again, we want to thank the Ford Motor Co. for making all of this possible. If they want to go all out **(Ford Whole Hog?),** their dealers can pass out entry blanks too.


EAGLE has a pretty good idea

MAVERICK RE-NAMING FORM

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A) Here is (are) my new name(s) for the Ford Maverick:

____

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B) I can't think of any more, but here are some new color names:

____

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My Name__________________________________

Address___________________________________

City________________State__________Zip______

Collar Size___________Sleeve Length___________

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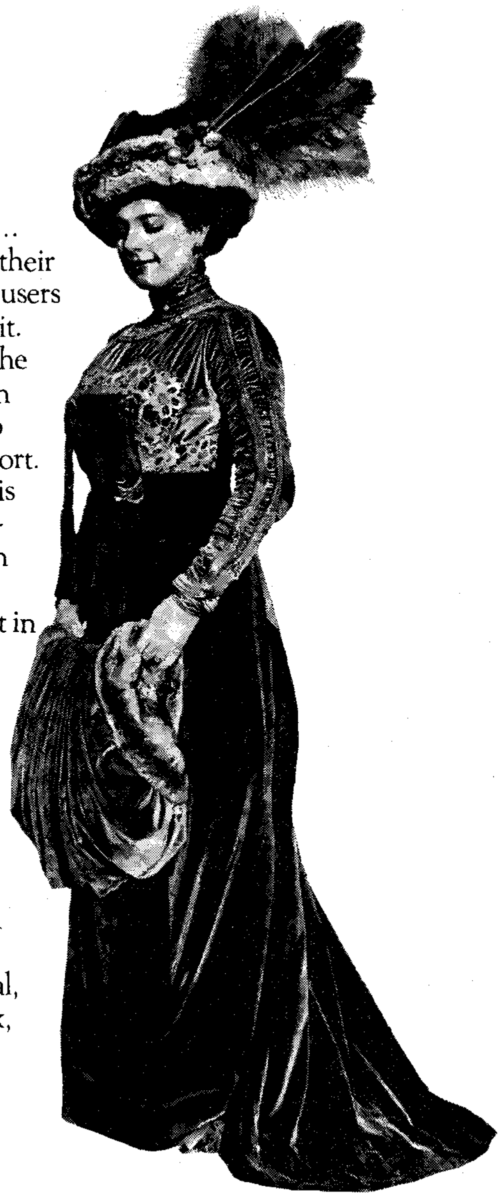

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useful support from some of the local Chinese. Of approximately three million people of Chinese descent still in Indonesia, perhaps more than a million and a half have become Indonesian citizens and adopted Indonesian names; of the remainder, a million or so are classified as stateless, and a quarter of a million hold Chinese Communist passports. Under Suharto's New Order, all have become scapegoats. Although they have proved themselves virtually indispensable as skilled workers, merchants, middlemen, and money-handlers controlling between thirty and forty per cent of the national economy, they have been pilloried since 1965 because of the suspected involvement of Peking in the attempted coup. The attacks against them have constituted a continuing emotional outlet for the pent-up tensions of the Indonesians. Undoubtedly as a result of a latent hostility that goes back to colonial times, if not earlier, combined with the fact that a considerable number of wealthy Chinese supported the Communists, some twenty thousand Chinese were murdered right after the failure of the coup. In the months that followed, Chinese schools were closed and harsh measures were taken, notably in East Java, to restrict Chinese business influence. Chinese nationals and stateless Chinese were forbidden to engage in trade above the shopkeeper level, to change their place of residence, and to communicate with each other in Chinese while they were doing business. About seventy thousand have voluntarily left the country, four thousand others have been repatriated to China by the Peking government, and sixteen thousand who have registered for repatriation are awaiting transportation.

The break in diplomatic relations between the Suharto government and Peking was probably inevitable, and it took place following violence between Indonesians and local Chinese in Djakarta in April, 1967. Thanks largely to Foreign Minister Malik, attempts are now being made to formulate compromise regulations whereby the Chinese will be allowed to resume a role in Indonesian life, though it will almost certainly be restricted to the area of retail trade. Malik and his liberal friends are aware that fresh Chinese Communist political and economic penetration poses a danger, and have warned their countrymen against it, but they are equally aware that Indonesia needs the talents and the money of the Chinese.

Obviously, the tense situation vis-à-vis the local Chinese has been subject to

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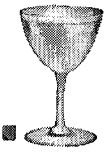

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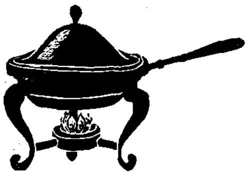
exploitation by the P.K.I. Here and there in the archipelago, there have been reports that Chinese Communist bands and "revolutionary committees" have been taking part in underground movements, and even that Chinese Communist officers have been leading them. One group of Chinese, equipped with military radios and weapons, was actually captured in the mountains of West Java. Until recently, the most serious situation existed in Kalimantan, or Indonesian Borneo, where several thousand armed men of the Sarawak People's Guerrilla Force, or P.G.R.S., carried on a rebellion in classic guerrilla surroundings—an unmapped jungle area, in which there are few roads and only scattered villages of Dyak tribesmen. The P.K.I., with the aid of various left-wing supporters, including some disaffected servicemen, directed the guerrilla effort, which apparently also had Peking's support. At first, the guerrillas were assisted by the local Dyak tribesmen, but after P.G.R.S. men killed twelve Dyaks the tribesmen switched sides. With their assistance, the government killed about five hundred guerrillas, and three thousand surrendered or were arrested, among the latter being a Chinese described as the Communist commander of the guerrilla operation. By the spring of this year, the military claimed, there were only thirty-eight guerrillas left, but this may have been too optimistic an estimate, and the possibility remains that the resistance will continue, in one form or another.



SUKARNO's slogan "Unity in Diversity" has been one of the principal themes of modern Indonesia, but, in view of the country's regional differences, it is questionable whether any permanent unity can be achieved. The Dyaks of Kalimantan and some of the wild tribes of West Irian—whose customs have also included headhunting—are as far removed from the highly sophisticated Batak tribesmen of North Sumatra as they are from the Western-educated economists and social scientists in Djakarta. And the ignorant Javanese peasant, locked in the orbit of his tiny Muslim village, is oblivious of the cosmopolitan ferment among the urban-educated students who believe in a Socialist society and want to see men like Malik become the leaders of the country. The chances of blending all these ingredients remain problematical. Certainly any effort to do so must take into account the special conditions prevailing in the many islands and regions, and must acknowledge the growing demand for more autonomy and self-expression. In fact, the effort must reverse Sukarno's slogan and demonstrate that "diversity within unity" is feasible.

For example, in Sulawesi, the crab-shaped island that lies northeast of Java and east of Kalimantan, religious differences are a matter of much importance. The people of the island, who number ten million or so, are known for their independence of mind and action—many of them took part in a separatist rebellion a decade ago—and they are collectively determined to gain more autonomy, particularly in developing their economy and in trading on their own with the Philippines and other Southeast Asian countries. In contrast to Java, where the population is seven times as large, Sulawesi has plenty of land for its people. The island produces copra, spices, and lumber, and has a surplus of rice; its principal lack is one that it shares with the rest of Indonesia; namely, transportation facilities, especially ships. It is also rich in minerals. The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., recently signed a multimillion-dollar contract to develop some large nickel deposits there. Politically, however, Sulawesi, like the rest of Indonesia, is in a state of ferment, and the Communist underground has sought to take advantage of this by stirring up separatist sentiment. The city of Menado, in the north, is virtually isolated from the rest of the country; a plane comes once a week from Djakarta, and a ship from Djakarta comes perhaps once a month. Menado, a largely Christian community of two hundred thousand, has a frontier look and atmosphere, and is said to be a center for smuggling. Its people resent the Army and the police for profiteering in this illegal trade (conducted mostly with the Philippines), and they resent the Javanese for their domination of the civil service. If Djakarta fails to respond to the Sulawesis' demands, the submerged P.K.I. and left-wing elements of the P.N.I. are likely to cause trouble. In the southern part of Sulawesi, a serious religious conflict exists. A recent growth in Catholic and Protestant influence there threatens the domination of the Muslims and is especially resented by the fanatics among them. In October of 1967, in Makassar, after a Christian teacher made some slurring remarks about Muhammad's being an

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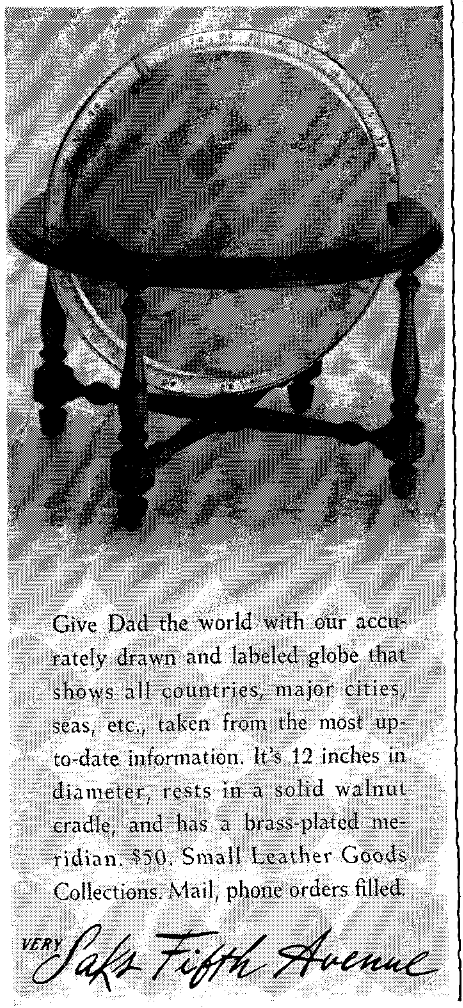

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adulterer, a Muslim newspaper printed what he had said and within hours Muslim rioters had attacked nineteen Protestant and Catholic churches, damaging six of them severely. One of the more wholesome aspects of the Sukarno regime was its encouragement of religious tolerance, and the Makassar outbreak, which was the first of its kind anywhere in Indonesia in many years, caused a national sensation. The Christians now fear that, despite Islam's official tolerance toward other religions, the Muslim leaders may foment a national anti-Christian campaign.

On the lush nearby island of Bali, religion is a vaguer matter. The Balinese, who number two million, are predominantly nonpracticing Hindus who nevertheless accept the ceremonial and social rituals of Hinduism and the strictures of the Hindu caste system. Although they are basically tolerant, they can fall into a frenzy; after the coup attempt, the killing in Bali was greater in proportion to the population than it was anywhere else. The Balinese have been described by a prominent anthropologist as having had no training in controlling their aggressions. Upon being suddenly exposed to the hazards and disasters of modern politics, they tended to become schizoid. Moreover, Sukarno had a particular impact on Bali. His mother was born on the island, and he visited it frequently—circumstances that provided the population with a new and dynamic living myth. It was hardly surprising, then, that the P.K.I. and the P.N.I. easily gained adherents among the susceptible population with vague promises of pie in the sky. Nor was it surprising that the Balinese subsequently reacted with religious fervor to the Army's signal and exterminated the P.K.I. for having misled them. The P.N.I. was more fortunate. Most of the Balinese—largely because of Sukarno—were nominally pro-P.N.I., and today the Party is still the strongest on the island, even though it has been in turmoil there as it has been elsewhere, and is still subject to left-wing influences. What Bali needs most, several people there stressed in conversations with me, is to be brought rationally into the modern world, through education for its people, and decent opportunities for them to work for a living. The island has little electricity (except in a few places like the plush Bali Hotel, run by an American airline) and only a handful of small factories, making such things as soap and cigarettes. There were signs of progress in December, 1967, when the governors of the eastern islands of Indonesia and a group of top Djakarta officials met in Bali to work out a new system of trade taxes, which would replace the graft that now goes to local officials, and to try to arrange for more and better shipping—something that Suharto has promised.

An important step toward greater regional self-sufficiency was taken recently when Djakarta agreed to let the local governments retain ten per cent of all their export revenues. (In the case of most products, the individual exporter is to keep seventy-five per cent of the income in foreign currency, and the central government will get fifteen per cent.) This new regulation, and new trade arrangements with Singapore and Malaysia—to reduce smuggling—have particularly helped the big island of Sumatra, which is responsible for nearly two-thirds of Indonesia's exports. In 1968, the country's total export revenues, primarily from rubber, tea, copra, and palm oil, and not including those from crude oil—amounted to about five hundred and eighty-seven million dollars. Sumatra, which has a population of twenty-two million, has long felt slighted by the Javanese-dominated central government. A thousand miles long and with an area of nearly a hundred and seventy thousand square miles, Sumatra is the third-largest island in the archipelago, after West Irian and Kalimantan, and is far more extensively developed politically and economically than these two. There is, however, opportunity for much more development. The Sumatrans, most of whom are independent-minded Muslims, less subject to Hindu and mystical influences, have remained aloof from and suspicious of the Javanese; they have sporadically rebelled, but though they have survived and prospered, they have never felt that they were allowed to attain an identity of their own within the still undefined Indonesian identity. A number of Sumatrans, among them General Nasution and Foreign Minister Malik, have risen to positions of prominence in the central power structure, but in general Djakarta has tended to regard the island as a rich possession more or less inherited from the Dutch, and the suppression of a separatist revolt there in 1958-59 encouraged this attitude of superiority.

The issue of the role that the mili-

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tary will play in the New Order is likely to be tested intensively in Sumatra, where the Army's record since 1965 has been both good and bad. General Achmad Junus Mokoginta, who had been in command there since before the attempted coup, emphasized the rebuilding of Sumatra's communications, which had been in a state of collapse since the departure of the Dutch. General Mokoginta's first objective was to restore the road system and then to concentrate on getting the dilapidated ports, waterways, power plants, and railways back in shape. Although he was conceded to be doing an excellent job, there was a suspicion in Djakarta that he was also building an empire of his own in Sumatra, and late in 1967 he was dispatched to Cairo as Indonesia's Ambassador. Under his successor, General Kusno Utomo, the job of renovating essential facilities has continued, along with efforts to get the tea, rubber, and copra plantations running well again, but the Sumatrans have become increasingly suspicious of the long-term aims of the military. In Sumatra, more than anywhere else in Indonesia, the Army and the other service branches have injected themselves into an endless variety of activities, from running the plantations to imposing a head tax on every passenger who flies out of the airport at the provincial capital of North Sumatra, Medan. (A sergeant in charge sets the amount of the payment on the basis of his own scrutiny of each passenger.) Each service branch has established what amounts to its own trading company, which drains the still shaky economy of between ten and twenty per cent of its profits. The Army deals in rubber, for example, taking a certain amount of the raw product from the plantations at less than the market price, transporting it in Army vehicles, and making its own marketing arrangements through its own banks and other intermediaries. The Navy engages in general export trade—and also in smuggling—and the police deal in miscellaneous merchandise. Each service has its own warehouses, where it stores goods coming in as well as going out, for a price, selling licenses and "protection" to ordinary merchants. More than corruption and influence-peddling are involved in all this. The military services, and especially the Army, argue that such economic activity is the only way they can get enough money to support their troops, who can't live on their pay—the equivalent of a few dollars a month—and that they must also

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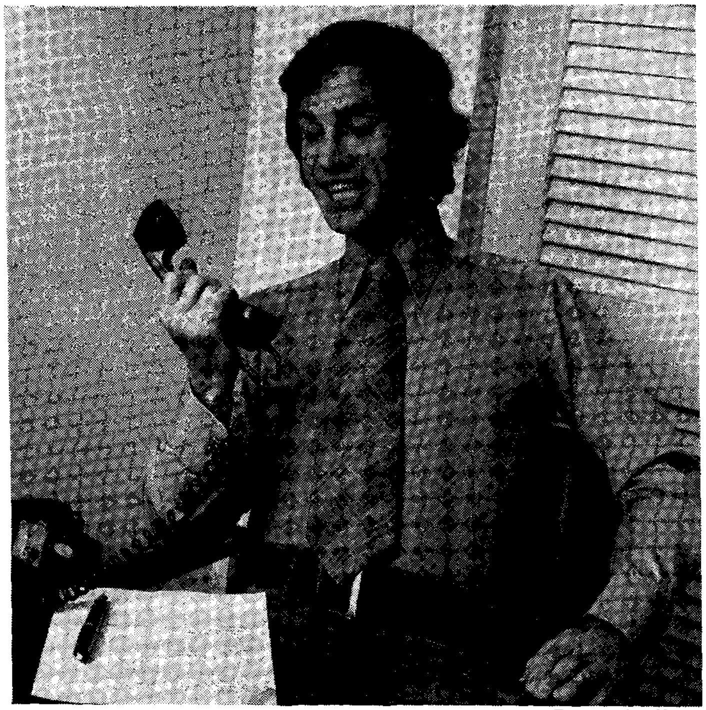

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build up “welfare funds” for future veterans. Many officers—some of them demobilized, some still on active duty—are acting as overseers or managers of estates. The bigger plantations, which mostly produce rubber and palm oil, and most of which were expropriated under Sukarno, are gradually being returned to their former foreign owners under complicated new arrangements worked out in Djakarta, but the foreigners have generally accepted the military's continuing management role, and, indeed, have been grateful for its protection. It is less common than it was a year or so ago for soldiers to barge into shops, especially Chinese-owned shops, and demand payoffs or free goods, but such incidents still occur. In Sumatra, the situation of the Chinese remains critical. As in Sulawesi, there has been trouble between Christians and Muslims, and since quite a number of Chinese have become Christians in the hope of avoiding persecution, the feeling against the Chinese has both anti-Communist and anti-Christian aspects. A soldier with a gun still has more leverage than anyone else in Sumatra. Civilians naturally resent the Army's refusal to consult them on economic matters or to bring them into long-range planning councils. “The military have a vested interest in everything,” a university economist told me. “They could achieve more by asking our advice, but they don't ask it.”

Politically, Sumatra remains in a state of flux that could become explosive. Most of the uncertainty has revolved around the future of the P.N.I. As in East Java, a considerable segment of the P.N.I. formerly coöperated with the P.K.I. and other radical groups. After the military rooted out these elements, the Army commanders ordered many branches of the P.N.I. to disband. However, beginning in April of last year, this ban was lifted in certain sections because Suharto felt that a complete breakup of the P.N.I. in Sumatra might provoke a resurgence of old Muslim groups with separatist ambitions.

Sumatra is both a zoologist's and an anthropologist's dream, and it is full of anachronisms, including human ones. I spent a delightful hour talking with a gentleman who bore the title of the Sultan of Deli and lived in a broken-down palace on the outskirts of Medan. The palace, a rambling brown wooden building with an endless veranda, resembling a run-down Borscht-circuit hotel, was built in 1888 by the Sultan's grandfather. The Sultan, a bent man of sixty-eight, who when I saw him was wearing a loose brown native suit, told me he was the last titular leader of a Mogul Indian family that originated in Delhi and reëstablished itself three hundred years ago in Atjeh, in northern Sumatra. He was philosophical about the imminent end of the Sultanate. “Why not?” he said. “I have no power anyway.” He had been married ten times, he told me proudly, and had six daughters and four sons, but although his children visited him occasionally, he and his present wife were living alone in the vast palace, served by a staff of ten. He declared himself to be an avid reader of contemporary magazines and newspapers and said that he spent a good deal of his time listening to music; as we talked, the strains of rock and roll from a radio somewhere wafted through the high-ceilinged rooms. It was obvious that the Sultan was lonely and welcomed the chance to talk with someone. “I'm a federalist,” he said. “Twenty-one years of mismanagement under Sukarno got us nowhere. He was nothing but an orator. Napoleon knew how to pick people to help him, but Sukarno never did, though he was an able man. His trouble was that he wanted to run all of Southeast Asia without putting his own house in order first. I don't believe in revolutions anyway. They're never won and there's no end to them. I'm really feudal and old-fashioned. I do believe in social welfare and social justice, but not in Socialism. You can't be a Muslim and a Marxist at the same time.”

A short while ago, an Indonesian friend gave me word of the old Sultan's death, and, thinking of him again, I was reminded more strongly than ever that Indonesia is not one country but many countries. Neither Sukarno nor the Dutch—nor, for that matter, the Hindu and Buddhist empires before them, which contended endlessly with each other and ultimately with Islam—had succeeded in unifying the archipelago. Despite the cleavages and conflicts of the past, however, it seems apparent that nationalism is the strongest force in Indonesia today, as it is in all of Southeast Asia. Ambassador Soedjatmoko feels it to be “almost certain that whatever problems still exist will be solved or accommodated within the framework of the unitary state of Indonesia.” What he calls the relatively “low level of tolerable disagreement and conflict in Indonesian society”

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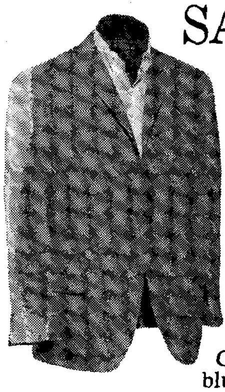

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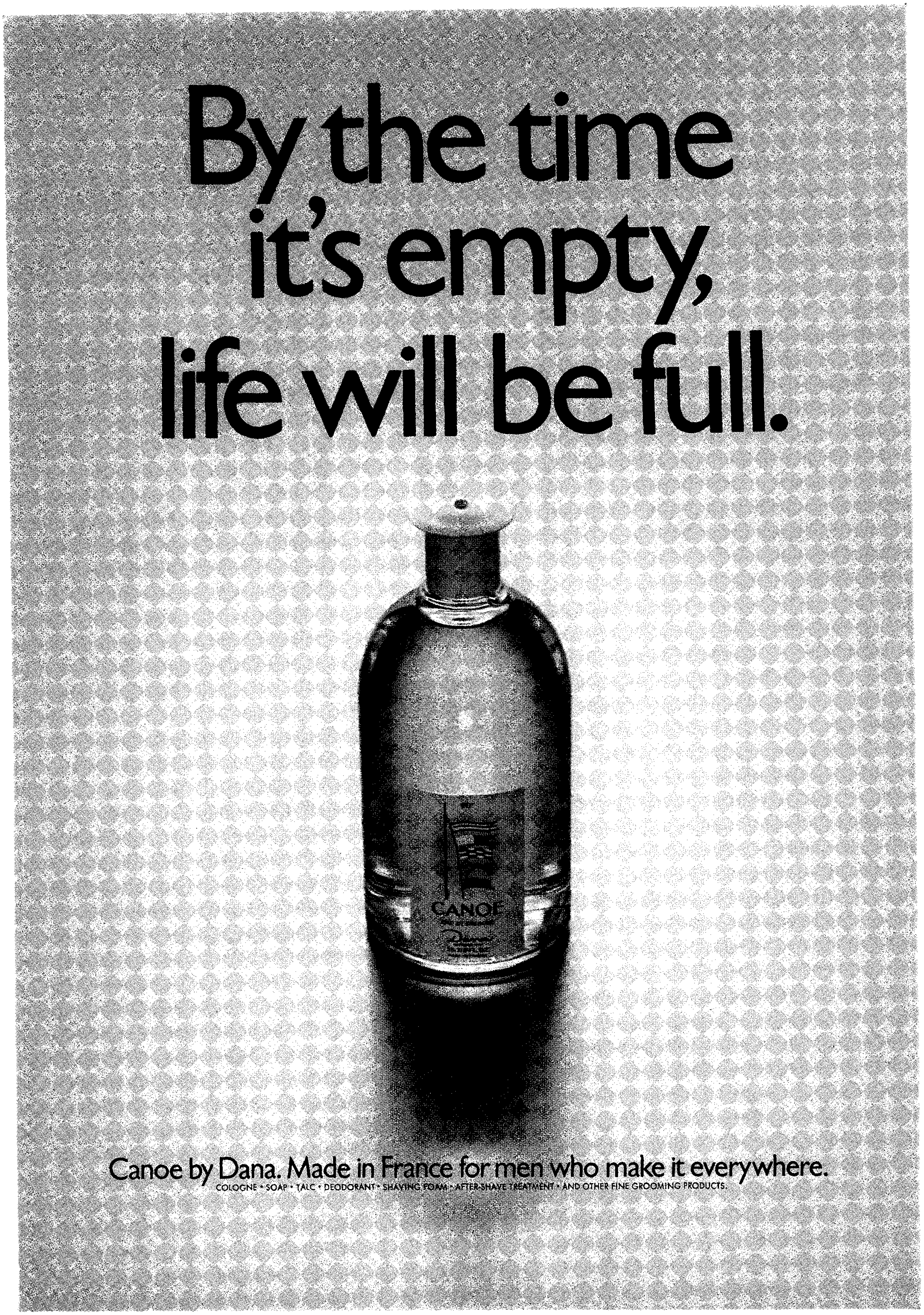
may be its greatest blessing, he thinks, since it means that no political group can attempt to assert total dominance without meeting tremendous resistance from the others—something that the Communists discovered.

VIRTUALLY everyone in Djakarta agrees that no political system will achieve stability in Indonesia unless it can provide an expanding economy. A principal criticism of the New Order's economic program has been that it has concentrated too much on conservative fiscal policy and not enough on overhauling the nation's administrative and banking structures in such a way as to stimulate production. Although the situation is slowly improving, most factories are producing at only between one-third and half of capacity. While emergency measures have been taken to get inactive textile mills operating, the prospects of rapid improvement in the next few years cannot yet be considered good. Even if more raw materials can be obtained, at home or abroad, the destruction and decay of the nation's transportation and communication facilities and its shortage of trained technicians make it difficult to get the industrial wheels turning again in a hurry. The nation's recent history of bankruptcy and Sukarno's spendthrift policies, which provoked it, have made the rest of the world hesitant to give Indonesia enough financial aid to overhaul its infrastructure and thus spur a rapid productive drive. In 1967 and 1968, foreign assistance from a consortium of nine nations, headed by the United States and Japan, and guided by the recommendations of the International Monetary Fund, amounted to about six hundred million dollars, which was just enough to help Indonesia pay for necessary imports and achieve some improvement in its flow of exports while keeping the country's balance of payments and budget deficits within bounds. Some foreign experts feel that the consortium members were guilty of letting political considerations outweigh economic realities—that by wanting to make sure, before they offered anything more, that the New Order really meant to put its own fiscal house in order they may have risked a new political calamity. Last month, the international consortium (in which Holland is now also playing an important role) agreed to give five hundred million dollars in aid for 1969—a sizable increase, based largely on an encouraging report from the I.M.F. Nevertheless, Guy Pauker, an American expert who has studied economic conditions in Indonesia for many years, noted in a recent paper that he has found it "difficult to explain why the level of expenditure considered appropriate for Indonesia by the United States must be restricted to less than one half of one per cent of the cost of our security expenditures on the mainland of Southeast Asia." If it were not for the Vietnam war, the United States might be willing to give far more toward Indonesia's recovery, but, as things are, recent congressional cuts in foreign aid have probably hurt Indonesia more than any other major country. Another reason for the reluctance of foreign nations to be more generous with their aid is Indonesia's burden of debt, which totals two and a half billion dollars, the largest creditors being the United States and the Soviet Union. A good share of the national income for the foreseeable future will have to be used to pay off the old obligations incurred by Sukarno, who used the money to build up his military machine for futile foreign adventures and to erect grandiose monuments to his revolution.

ONE DOZEN
Judith Shahn

Because foreign-aid resources have been so limited, Indonesia's economic-development efforts until this year have been confined largely to food production. Most experts now agree that one result of tight-money policy and over-emphasis on fiscal controls was that the unexpected drop in rice production in 1967, owing to drought, was enough to throw the whole economy out of kilter. The persecution of the Chinese heightened the abnormal situation. Since they handled so much of the nation's flow of money and its flow of goods, their removal from these fields left a serious gap.

Still another unpleasant result of the tight-money policy and of the preservation for many years of an unsophisticated banking-and-credit system is that the poor have kept getting poorer and the rich richer. This is still going on (there have been some recent wage increases for civil servants, but they have made little or no difference in the situation), and it accounts for much of the continued dissatisfaction with the New Order. Though inflation has slowed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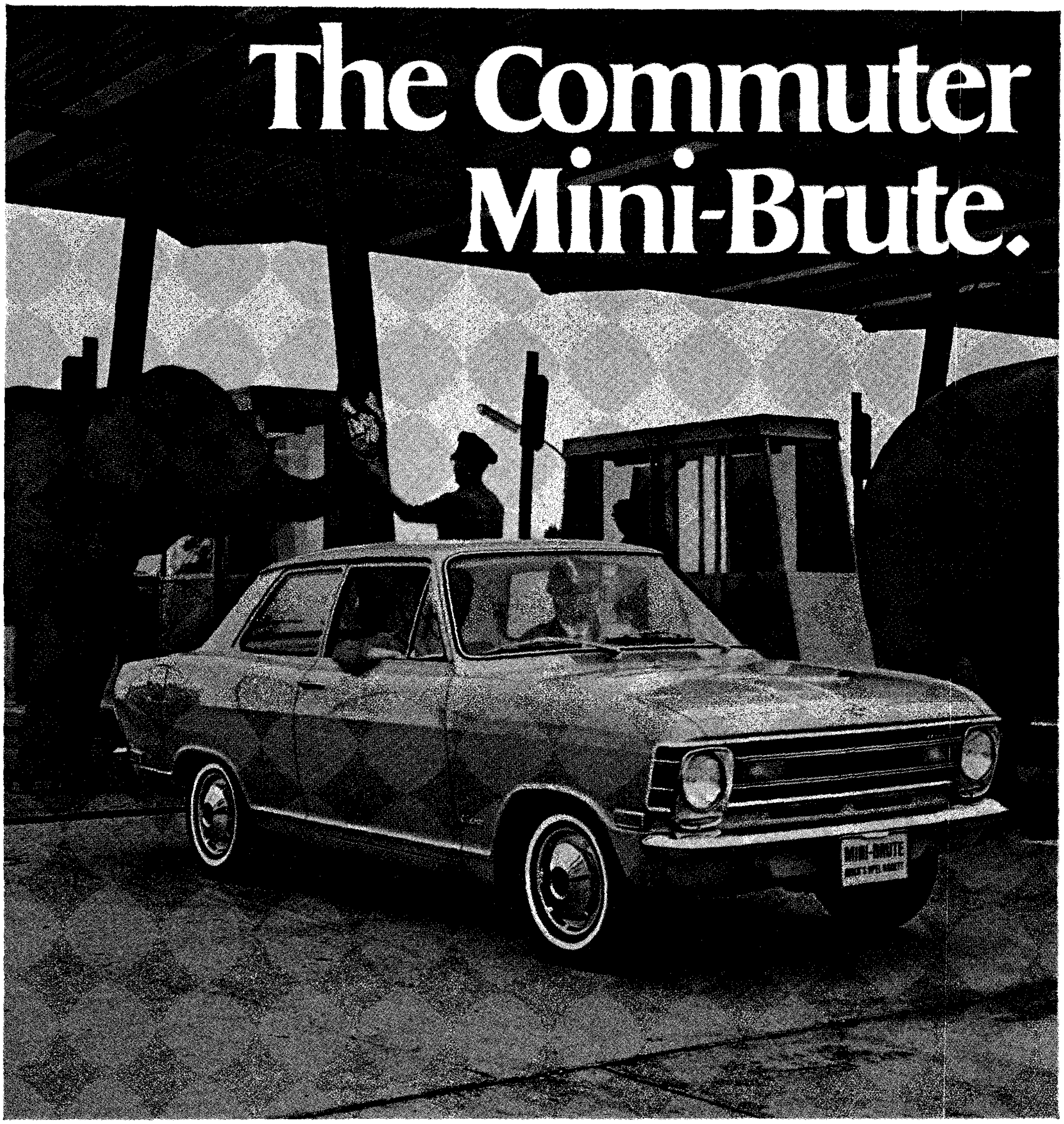

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down to a monthly increase rate of two per cent, as against three per cent a year ago, and the rupiah is now traded at three hundred and eighty to the dollar, as against four hundred and thirty to the dollar a year ago, the prices of almost all commodities, including rice, although lower and more stable than last year, are still too high for the average wage earner, who has to hold two or more jobs to make ends meet. In some ways, though, the economic outlook has brightened considerably in the last year. The 1968 rice harvest was half a million tons over the government's target, and this year's harvest is expected to be as good. As for exports, they were up thirteen per cent in the first quarter of 1969—with a forty-two-per-cent drop in imports compared to the corresponding quarter in 1968. Rice, the "price leader" in commodities, has stabilized at a price thirty per cent below last year's.

This is the first year of the government's carefully conceived Five-Year Development Program, the basic aim of which is to double the nation's over-all rate of economic growth, from three to six per cent. Food production is still regarded as the key to both recovery and growth, particularly on the over-crowded and underproductive island of Java. It is hoped that as the production of rice and other crops rises, largely through more intensive use of labor—giving work to some of the unemployed—instead of through increased mechanization, the general increase in purchasing power plus the alternative use of money saved on food imports will make it possible to start developing new industries. Once clothing production has been stimulated and basic transportation and communication facilities have been repaired, the stress will be placed on the development of those industries that will benefit both agriculture and a public-housing program. Later, the construction and mining industries will receive attention, under a program whereby Indonesia's tremendous wealth of undeveloped resources will be tapped. Initially, Suharto has emphasized, a special effort is being made to improve the physical condition of the former foreign holdings, including the rubber, palm-oil, and copra plantations and the tin mines, all of which were allowed to run down through long neglect or abuse. Suharto last month ordered the corporations that were still being run by the state to "account for every rupiah spent." He also emphatically announced his intention of turning over all non-essential and unprofitable state-owned cor-

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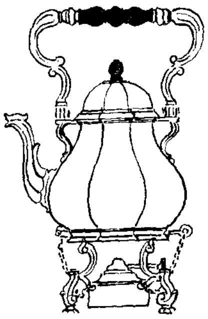

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One of the more encouraging current signs is a return of foreign investors to Indonesia. More than eighty European and American firms have so far agreed to consider putting about four hundred million dollars into a variety of projects, mostly mineral developments, and have begun preliminary research and exploration. One of the largest projects is an exploratory investment in copper mining in West Irian by the American Freeport Sulphur Company. Nickel deposits in West Irian are to be developed by an American-Canadian-Dutch consortium. It appeared, about a year ago, that the old habit of allowing foreign investors in through the back door in return for large payments to the proper officials had been broken, and the fresh climate of opportunity thus created brought scores of interested corporations to Djakarta. Such investment incentives as two- to five-year tax holidays and the right to repatriate profits were offered, but some features of the new foreign-capital-investment law remained less encouraging. Nationalization, for example, was possible "in the interests of the state," and permits for investment projects were good for only thirty years, though they could be renewed.

RECENTLY, Suharto, in stressing his aims of "stabilization, development, and reconstruction," let it be known that the word "revolution," because of its "Marxist connotations," was no longer to be applied to the Indonesian situation. And commendable as the objectives set forth in the Five-Year Plan are—they have won the plaudits not only of the International Monetary Fund but also of the World Bank, which has contributed modestly to Indonesian recovery—they scarcely provide the sort of dynamic impetus toward those aims that many of the regime's critics feel is still needed. As a result of making constant trips around the country in order to identify himself more with the people, Suharto now seems to have become aware that he has given his people more the impression of a quiet helmsman holding the rudder steady than that of a dashing hoister of new sails. Though he has gained enough confidence to act like a President, his leadership continues to be more practical than passionate, and the Indonesians, having grown used to the flamboyant Sukarno, remain uncertain about the New Order and unsatisfied with what it has done for them. In recent months, too, corruption has again become an issue, and the government has been widely criticized for its slowness in curbing it. Though Suharto has seemingly become aware of the national uneasiness and discontent, he has approached the problem negatively—perhaps too much in the Javanese style.

Although Indonesia's immediate future must depend on such mundane matters as rice production and its distribution more than on anything else, it seems probable that neither the interests of political parties nor those of various pressure groups can be subordinated to economic goals indefinitely. Suharto's compromise of "refreshing" Parliament and the M.P.R.S. and of resuscitating and "reforming" the older parties instead of allowing the newer ones to undertake a real political housecleaning has created artificial tranquillity amidst which various stirrings of opposition can be heard with increasing frequency. These come from the remnants of the old guard, including some military men and the left-wing groups that are still active throughout the islands, and especially in Java; from followers of General Nasution, who has become increasingly critical of certain aspects of the New Order, and whose latent ambition to be President has been subtly expressed in a few recent speeches; and, above all, from the student groups, which, in spite of the collapse of KAMI, are more and more discontented with the lack of constructive political activity and lately have been harassed by the military for voicing criticism of the New Order. There seems little doubt that one of the chief failures of the Suharto regime so far has been its inability to give the so-called Generation of 1966 a sense of useful participation in the new scheme of things. These young people feel their alienation all the more keenly because they gave the Suharto regime such strong early support. There appears to be some danger that their generation will eventually be polarized into new extremes of right and left. Then there might be a joint attack on the regime from the two extremes, and if this was exacerbated by more inflation and general government impotence, Indonesia's position would be akin to that of Germany's Weimar Republic at the end of the First World War.

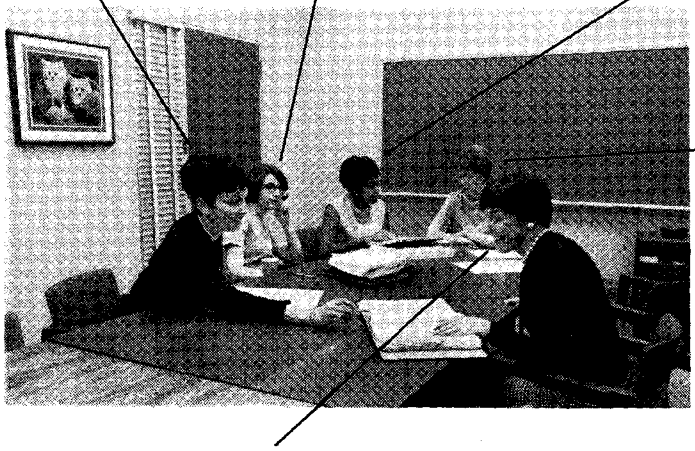
As the New Order has grown, and civilian government agencies have as-

Ginny: Met her husband the same spring morning two years ago that Kodak hired him and her for an occupation which turns out a product that looks insufferably dull. Between first encounter and fuller understanding it often arouses strong emotions, however. This product does many things. For example, it ties the summer weekend plans of a factory worker in Rochester, N. Y. less to his boss's mood and more to the mood of the housewives of California about the need for film to snapshoot their babies. A big enterprise used to run itself by vast armies of clerks copying things from one piece of paper to another. They have now found better uses for their time, while computers whine back and forth to each other across the continent. What animates this hardware is now widely known as software, since a computer is only a collection of circuits and lacks motivations of its own. Ginny plays shepherdess for two large systems of software. She links to the outside world the programmers (including her husband) who build and rebuild those programs. This is her first job out of college. At Rosary Hill in Buffalo she majored in psychology.

Marianne: Only member of the team who actually *studied* data-processing before coming to work. Graduate of the community college, where proper respect is paid to human language as one form of spirit-tonic and to the languages by which humans address machines as a subject also worth knowing. As "3rd generation" computers try to take over the burden from "2nd generation" computers, there is a corresponding succession of language. For "2nd generation" hardware, Kodak has been getting along better in its own private computer languages than in the generally available ones most other companies use. For "3rd generation" software Marianne is the team's specialist. Since many man-machine communication gaps turn up, she walks miles up and down the corridors dispensing aid to an average of 10 programmers a day, 200 a year. Since data is being processed around the clock, a girl in Marianne's line of work has to keep as alert to her phone at home as any obstetrician.

Ann: Biology major from Heidelberg College. First brushed up against a computer in a physics class. The computer was actually a hundred miles away in Detroit and was represented at Heidelberg by what was obviously nothing more than an electric typewriter. It was a time-sharing computer. That means it computes so fast that many people at many "typewriters" in many places are giving it problems at what seems like the same time, wholly unaware of each other. On the computer's time scale, it's a long, long time between a touch on the "4" key by a girl in a college class and a touch on some other key by a guy in a steel mill in Indiana—plenty of time to set aside the girl's problem and take up the steel mill's problem while waiting for the girl's finger to get to the "7" key. Elated at making this typewriter solve the problem 4 + 7 = ?, the girl goes on to her degree in biology and learns how well Kodak pays people prepared to go on from mere elation to a meaningful relation with computers. She has just taken over the team's responsibility for a system that guides the arrangement of data for feeding computers. They must be fed before they will converse.

All-girl software team



Betsy, the boss lady: Majored at Oberlin in government and international politics. Then came the question of what, exactly, to do for a career. Heard of somewhat relevant openings in the Navy. Interviewed. Navy seemed to be making a practice of checking all comers for computer talents, regardless of what other talents they thought they had. When Betsy hit the test, the light went on and the bell rang. That being the case and Rochester being a tolerable place to live, Betsy reported the Navy's findings to Kodak. This was way back in 1960, when we hadn't yet wised up to the fact that ladies with math degrees don't necessarily like computers, and computers don't necessarily need ladies with math degrees to tell them what to do. Betsy was the first gal for whom we changed our mind. Now her major problem is how to go about unloading all the software administration problems on the other ladies of the team.

Sarah: Abandon preconceptions, ye who enter here. Sarah did. Some people who have majored in business and economics at a college as good as Grinnell might have resisted the suggestion of an invigorating dip in the steno training pool upon joining Kodak. Sarah took it. Emerging, she was made private secretary to the company's senior economist. Did her career then settle down to economics? No, she proved such an excellent secretary that she was asked to train newcomers for Secretarial Services. Next, instead of supervising neophytes, she found herself supervising experienced clerks in wage and salary administration. In college she had been advised to think critically, so she thought critically about clerks in today's world and asked to be admitted to data-processing. She was. More training. Again the role switch from pupil to teacher—this time on computer work. Then admittance to a higher view of the interplay between hardware and software with a stint at data-processing for production control of our apparatus division. Early this year she joined her present colleagues to work on programs that process other people's programs. She knows exactly what that means, even if you, gentle reader, do not.

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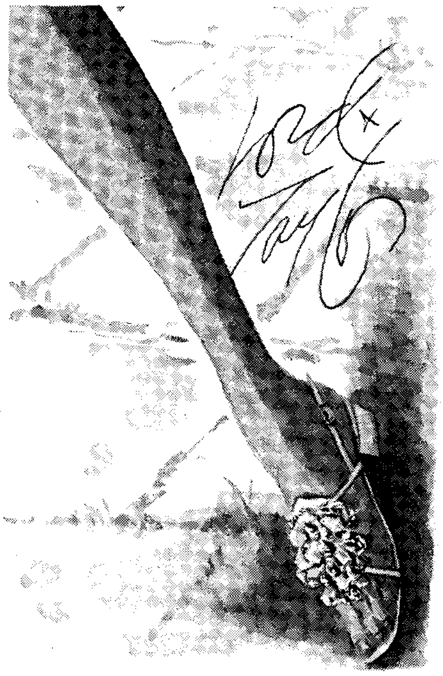

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sumed a stronger role, Suharto has given more of his personal attention to disentangling the military bureaucracy and reducing its spheres of power. He has spoken recently, for example, of reducing the influence of the military in commercial spheres—though not much has been done about this—and he has ordered all military men not performing military duties to get out of uniform. He has eliminated or curtailed the non-military functions of his service chiefs except where special circumstances exist, as in East Java, and has taken important new steps to clean up the remnants of Sukarnoism in those services that have been reluctant to cleanse themselves—most notably the police. The effect of this slow establishment of orderly procedures has been manifest in many ways. Among other things, there has been an improvement in communication between Suharto's government and foreign embassies—particularly the American Embassy, which for a time after Suharto's assumption of power was cut off from real contact with him by his private military staff, which has now been abolished.

CHERRY
BITTERS

Unless the larger problems of political reconciliation are also confronted, along with those of improving the economy and instituting social justice, and unless new social and political elements, particularly those involving young people, are given fuller outlets for their energies, the seeming lassitude that still permeates post-Sukarno Indonesia could very well be transformed into fresh conflict before the 1971 elections. It is one thing to want to avoid a resurgence of the old political styles and formulas; it is quite another to seek to contain political activity in the interests of balanced budgets and financial solvency. Indonesia's potential role as the chief stabilizing force in Southeast Asia—a role that is theoretically justified by its large population and its great undeveloped wealth—will depend not only on the nation's production and prosperity but on its ability to assume positive leadership. This ability can be developed only through significant internal political development, which must closely accompany economic rejuvenation. Then, there must be thoroughgoing participation in the regional activities that are getting under way in Southeast Asia. The country has already begun—though with some hesitation about making firm promises, especially military ones—to reënter the Southeast Asian community through organizations like the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN), which also includes Singapore, Thailand, Malaysia, and the Philippines. It has reëntered the United Nations and its affiliated organizations. It has shown that it is no longer afraid to speak out against what other nations do or fail to do, expressing criticism of United States actions in Vietnam and of Soviet actions in Czechoslovakia. If, after the Vietnam war is ended, there is to be a "third force" in Asia, and if, as many intelligent political moderates in the area hope, such a force is to remain both non-aligned and essentially Socialist in orientation, what is currently happening in Indonesia is, in all probability, more important than what is happening in Vietnam, where the political situation is likely to remain unresolved for some time to come.

In 1969, there seem to be two alternatives for Indonesia. One is increasingly strong military rule, which, if something should happen to Suharto, could pose a real danger of an Army dictatorship—a situation in which the chances of a Communist resurgence would be greatly increased. The other alternative is for some enlightened system of authoritarian government to continue indefinitely, gradually approaching closer and closer to a normal parliamentary form. The importance of foreign aid in encouraging the modernist elements in Indonesian society—the economic experts and those looking ahead to political programs that will be longer on meaning than on mystique—cannot be overestimated. The greater the amount of aid that can be devoted to specific projects for generating and improving employment opportunities, above all in the agricultural sector during the initial recovery phase, the more the position of the modernists will be strengthened. This, in turn, will attract more aid from abroad, and help to establish a healthy relationship with other nations—particularly with the United States, which will be seeking to reduce its military commitments in Southeast Asia without abandoning its friends. This is the primary challenge that the New Order of Suharto faces today, and it is not an exaggeration to say that much of the future of Southeast Asia depends on how the challenge is met. —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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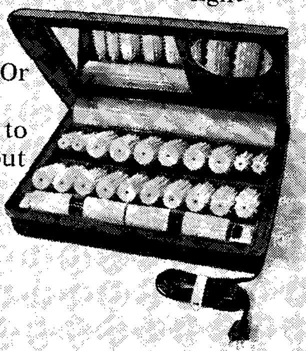

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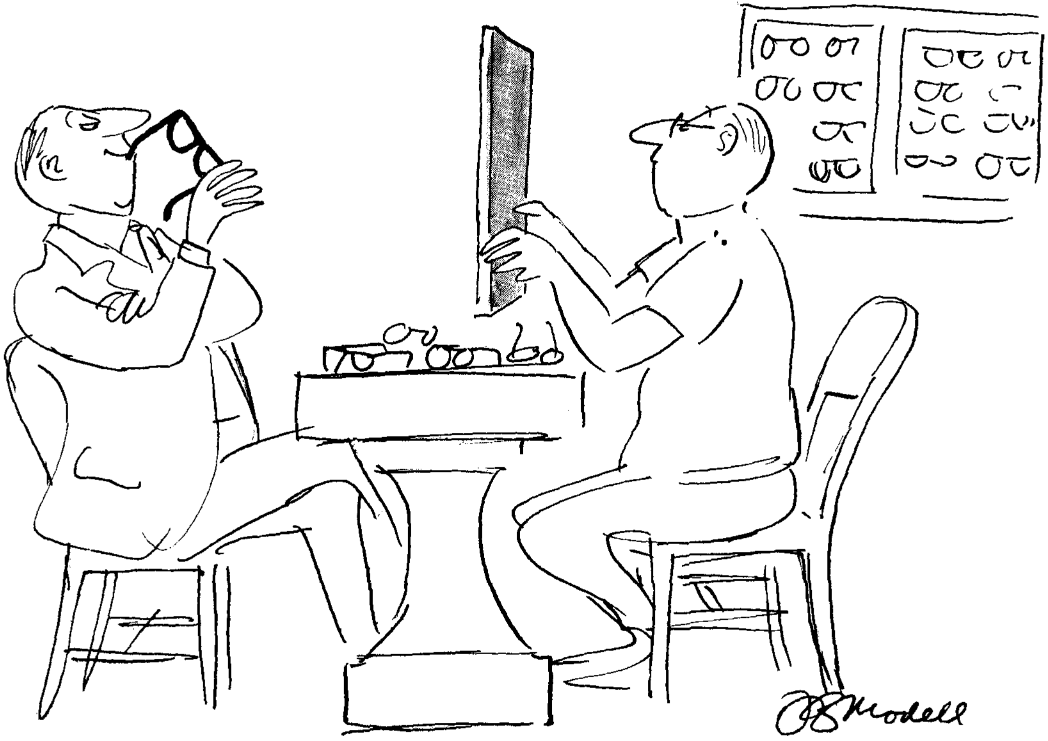
THE THEATRE

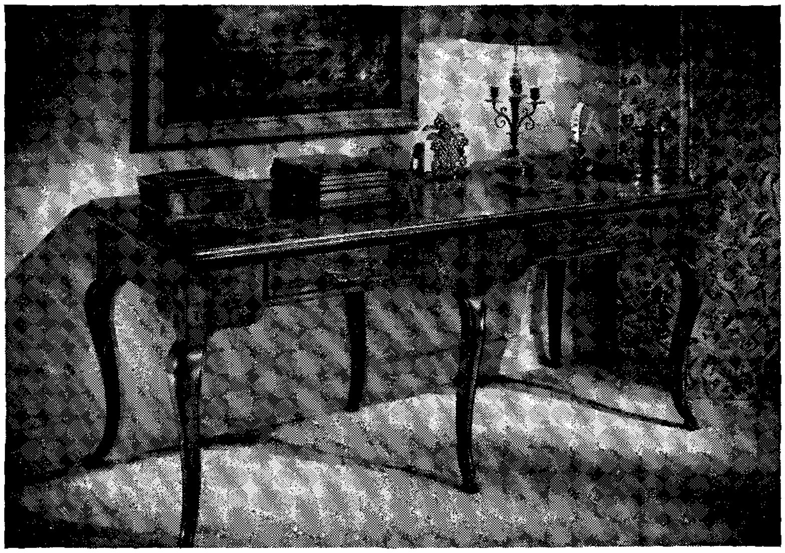
OFF BROADWAY

ONE of the treats in town right now is the funny and touching performance of a portly young actor named Oliver Clark in William Meyers' "Spiro Who?," at the Gate. The evening gets off to a rickety start, but once Mr. Clark, who has been sitting with his back to the audience, swivels around and faces us, everything looks up. The play (which, by the way, has nothing to do with its snide, unpromising title) is an untidy affair—actually, it is three plays within a play, but I see no reason to go into all that—about a trio of college roommates who are about to graduate and who at first are so paralyzed with concern about their futures that they are literally unable to rise from their chairs. Neil (James J. Sloyan) is a radical and campus activist who wants to become a playwright. Stuart (Ryan Listman) is a mother-ridden homosexual who wants not to have to go to law school and end up in his father's office. And then there is Chris (Mr. Clark), who just wants to be a success but can't figure out at what. Chris is a liberal—one of those latter-day liberals who used to be called stuffed shirts and served as the patsies in the jokes of other days. He beams with good will and a kind of defensive innocence as he fends off the cracks of his pals, and he is terribly funny in a scene with his father, who queries him, man to man, about his sex life, thereby plunging him into a state of collapse. Because Mr. Clark is not an entertainer but an actor, he is subtle and human as well as comical, never allowing the character to become the cliché square that it could have been in less skillful hands. Mr. Clark is a find, and I hope the theatre can hang on to him. Henry Calvert does well as the businessman father, eager for his son to get ahead (it's-not-what-you-know-but-who-you-know), and eager, too, to borrow a little marihuana for the country-club dance. ("Mom, a pothead!" shouts Mr. Clark in agonized disbelief.) Mr. Sloyan is good in the leading role of the blocked dramatist, in love with a Wellesley girl but unable to fit love and marriage into his plans. Mr. Listman is blithe and appealing, never allowing himself to become pathetic, as the homosexual who doesn't want just to be someone for his roommates "to feel liberal about," and Anne Shropshire is plausible as his overbearing, awful mother in Pucci pajamas.

"Spiro Who?" is certainly disorderly, and some of it is tiresome, but Mr. Meyers can write parts and lines and scenes, and he can write comedy—the play is a heartening rebuttal to those who insist that comedy (other than the black kind) is on its way out. According to a program note, Mr. Meyers himself graduated from college in 1960, so he has all but slipped out of the generation he is writing about; nevertheless, he brings it close. The evening begins and ends with an avalanche of topical slides projected onto a honeycomb of screens at the back of the stage (setting by Eldon Elder), and is accompanied by recordings of effective, up-to-date folk songs, composed and sung by Phil Ochs. Bernard Barrow is the director.

"THE YEAR BOSTON WON THE PENNANT," the final production of the stock company at the little Forum Theatre, in Lincoln Center, is the first produced play by John Ford Noonan. I found much of it extremely puzzling, and I am afraid that I cannot be as enlightening about it as I'd like to be, because I do think it has something—a quality or tone of its own, along with echoes of Brecht and Pinter and Cassavetes (to say nothing, of course, of Douglass Wallop). First, however, a warning to those who have dropped out of the Age of the Put-On: there is nothing in it for baseball fans, even though its hero is a baseball player. He is Marcus Sykowski, a former star pitcher for the Red Sox, whose mysterious loss of an arm—the wound is fresh—has made him a displaced person. The play has fourteen scenes, perhaps consecutive, perhaps not, each of them with a mocking title that is projected onto an upstage screen, and each of them with a neo-Gothic atmosphere of grotesquerie. Through it all is the thread of a fantasy about Sykowski, on the run from some undefined menace (the menace is personified by a pursuing gunman wearing dark glasses and a raincoat), and hoping somehow to pick up enough money to buy an artificial arm and get back into the game. His every encounter (and there are many of them) turns peculiar—full of false laughter or sudden, arbitrary pain or





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inexplicable anger or betrayal. There is much talk of revolution, and there are shouts of "No more war!" from an offstage crowd. Marcus becomes almost helpless with confusion (as which of us did not?). The show does not get much help in the way of performance, except from Roy R. Scheider, in the leading role, who acts with vitality and intelligence, and manages from time to time to engage our sympathy, and from Richard Woods, as a flamboyant, trashy theatrical manager. I think it only fair to tell you that instruction is available. There is a program squib that begins " 'The Year Boston Won the Pennant' . . . is an odyssey which explores American Society through one of its most popular myths—baseball." That is where I stopped reading. *Myth*? Baseball is in enough trouble.

THE opening-night tickets for last week's adaptation of the Marquis de Sade's "Philosophy in the Boudoir," at the Gramercy Arts, arrived with a pair of satin-covered masks, one red and one pink—an exact clue to the winsome hypocrisy of the entire enterprise. As you may remember, "De Sade Illustrated," another version of the same under-the-counter classic, is also around, and although it is very dirty, it is so slapdash and so full of itself that it is somehow not as offensive as it might be. The new production, with its bargain-basement affectation of performance, which has nothing whatever to do with style, is hateful. It is relentlessly complacent and relentlessly dogmatic; time after time, the action comes to a stop and we are treated to a vicious and numbing chalk-talk from the writings of the founder. As for the action—well, near the end there is an unbearable scene in which an old woman is raped by a syphilitic (behind a diaphanous curtain) and then carried downstage and tortured. Two adaptations of "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir" are too many. It could be argued that one is too many. De Sade is no joke. He is almost as bad as censorship, but not quite.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Q: Whatever happened to all that talk about making all holidays fall on Mondays? . . .
A: It starts in 1971. But you'll beautiful women in the world? Pregnant women. They have a half hour every morning, it would increase my height.
—*Hy Gardner in the Washington News.*

Next question.

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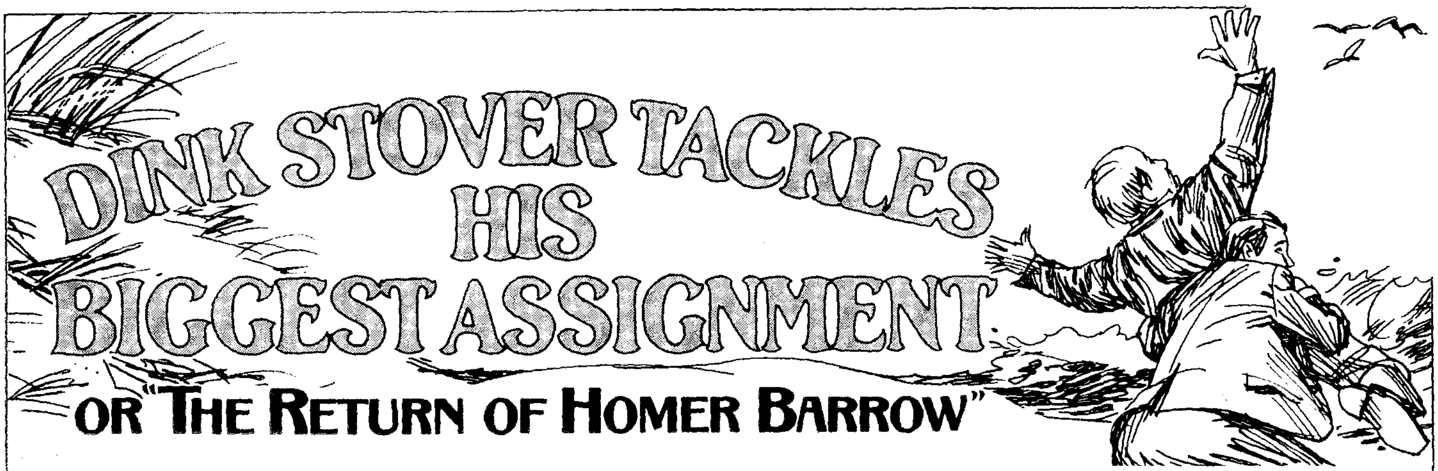


DINK STOVER TACKLES HIS BIGGEST ASSIGNMENT

OR "THE RETURN OF HOMER BARROW"

In which Dink, refusing to let Amalgamated, Inc.'s no-longer-jolly convention end on a note of defeat, uses his athletic prowess to bring matters down to earth.

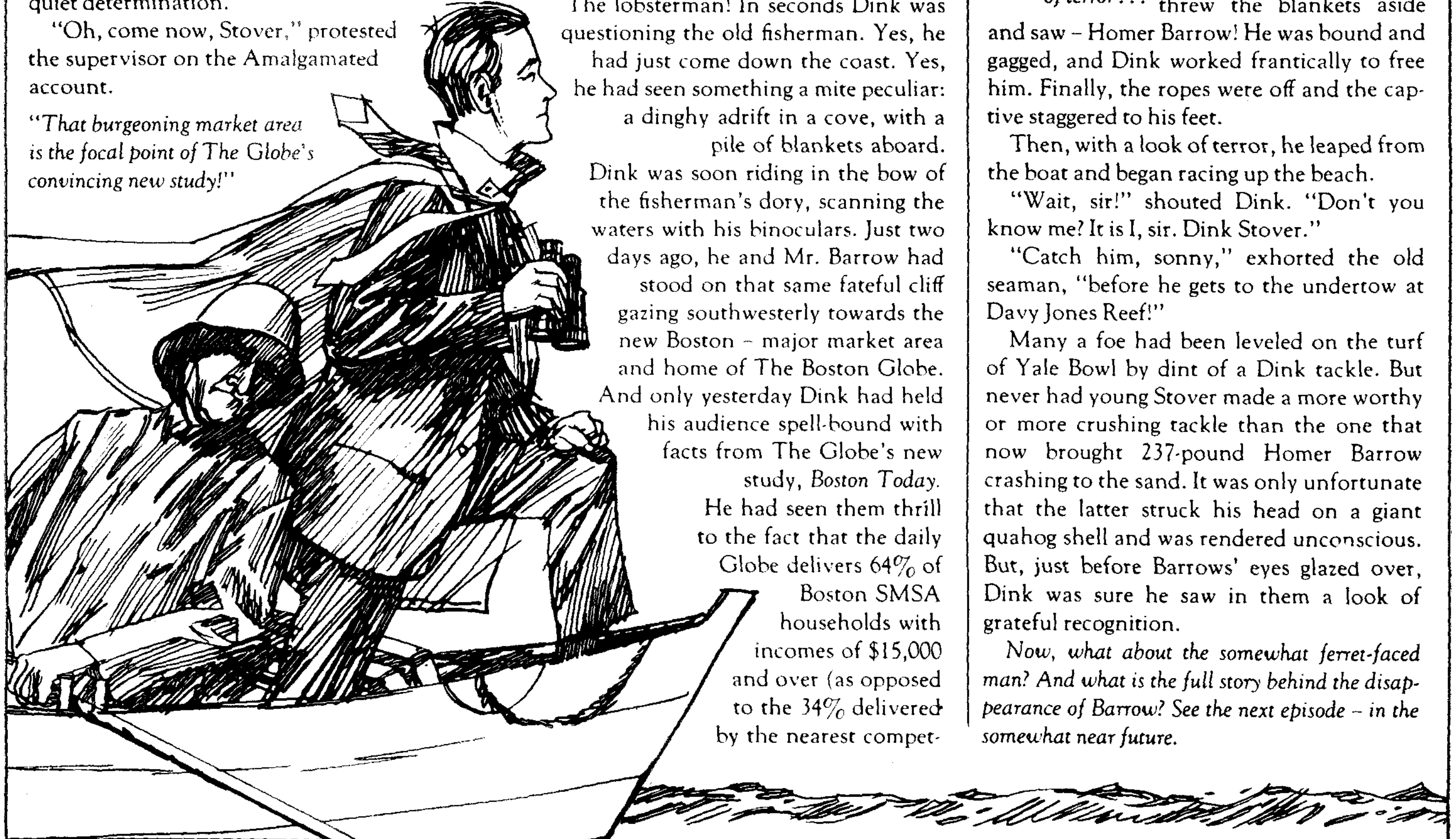
It is the third and final day of the sales meeting. Amalgamated's chairman, Homer Barrow, is still missing – having disappeared over a cliff in pursuit of his croquet ball. Faithful readers will recall that the show did go on – Dink, after much soul searching, went ahead with his media presentation. (It was, not surprisingly, the supreme moment of the convention.) But dark clouds have blotted the sunshine of frivolity, so the conventioneers are now disbanding, leaving Frolicdale-by-the-Sea. Always among the clouds lurks the sinister shadow of "The Ferret." Read on:

"Hurry up, Stover!" came the shout from the luggage-laden station wagon. "We've got to make connections for New York."

Dink walked down the front steps of the inn. "You chaps had best go along without me," said the young Media Director, with quiet determination.

"Oh, come now, Stover," protested the supervisor on the Amalgamated account.

"That burgeoning market area is the focal point of The Globe's convincing new study!"



"You know we've searched everywhere for 'Big Wheel' (using the familiar moniker in a way that account men, as Dink had so often observed, are wont to do). Let's get back to the shop and start implementing Amalgamated's new, expanded schedule. The big man would have wanted it that way."

"I insist," asserted Dink, "on one last go at finding him." With that he strode briskly toward the cliff behind the croquet grounds.

It was here that Homer Barrow had last been seen, plunging down the path to the ocean. Dink looked over the edge. Had "ol' devil sea" (Dink had recently taken Mary Jane Hightower to a Eugene O'Neill revival) claimed another victim? Or was it all the work of the mysterious ferret-faced man? The whispering surf would never tell, nor the keening gulls, nor the creaking dock, nor that lobsterman put-putting into the slip.

The lobsterman! In seconds Dink was questioning the old fisherman. Yes, he had just come down the coast. Yes, he had seen something a mite peculiar: a dinghy adrift in a cove, with a pile of blankets aboard.

Dink was soon riding in the bow of the fisherman's dory, scanning the waters with his binoculars. Just two days ago, he and Mr. Barrow had stood on that same fateful cliff gazing southwesterly towards the new Boston – major market area and home of The Boston Globe. And only yesterday Dink had held his audience spell-bound with facts from The Globe's new study, *Boston Today.* He had seen them thrill to the fact that the daily Globe delivers 64% of Boston SMSA households with incomes of $15,000 and over (as opposed to the 34% delivered by the nearest competitor). And to the fact that 61% of all adults in SMSA households where members took a vacation trip by air last year are Globe readers.

Dink stood in the bow, gazing toward the burgeoning market area which is the focal point of The Globe's convincing new study.

"That burgeoning market area is the focal point of The Globe's convincing new study," said Dink.

"Set down, sonny," said the lobsterman.

Somewhat abashed, Dink sat down. Swinging his glasses along the shore, he shouted, "There's the dinghy! And – look – the blankets are moving!"

. . . with a look of terror . . .

Quickly they came alongside the smaller boat and towed her the few feet to shore. Dink feverishly threw the blankets aside and saw – Homer Barrow! He was bound and gagged, and Dink worked frantically to free him. Finally, the ropes were off and the captive staggered to his feet.

Then, with a look of terror, he leaped from the boat and began racing up the beach.

"Wait, sir!" shouted Dink. "Don't you know me? It is I, sir. Dink Stover."

"Catch him, sonny," exhorted the old seaman, "before he gets to the undertow at Davy Jones Reef!"

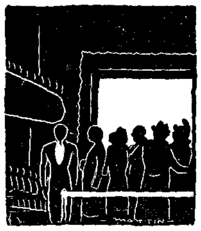
Many a foe had been leveled on the turf of Yale Bowl by dint of a Dink tackle. But never had young Stover made a more worthy or more crushing tackle than the one that now brought 237-pound Homer Barrow crashing to the sand. It was only unfortunate that the latter struck his head on a giant quahog shell and was rendered unconscious. But, just before Barrows' eyes glazed over, Dink was sure he saw in them a look of grateful recognition.

Now, what about the somewhat ferret-faced man? And what is the full story behind the disappearance of Barrow? See the next episode – in the somewhat near future.

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

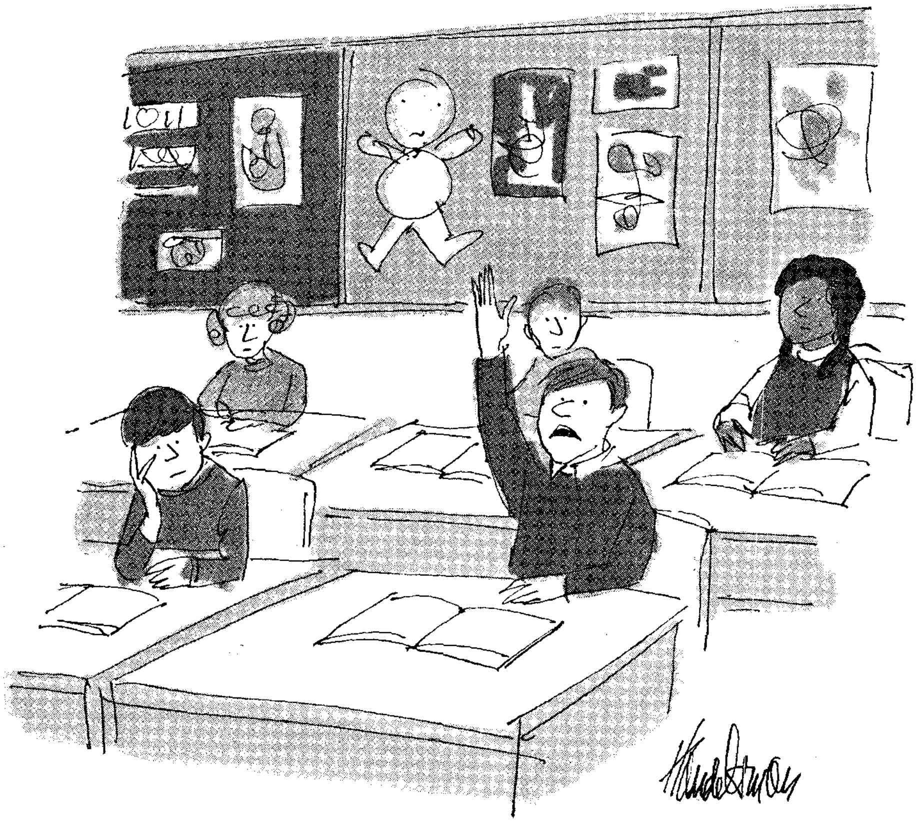
Life, Love, Death, Etc.



THE strongest case that could be made for "Midnight Cowboy" would have to depend on the argument that the blunt and flashy style of the film is a reasonable expression of the outlook of Joe Buck, the hero, like the ingenuous tone of James Leo Herlihy's book, on which the film is based. The director, John Schlesinger, relies a lot on closeups, for example—perhaps to signify the intense, vivid impressions of the naïve nineteen- or twenty-year-old, under the influence of movies and television, and, also, to suggest the dimensions of the boy's fantasy, which has to do with cashing in on his Southwestern virility as the savior of New York's sex-starved women. But the point of view is only occasionally identifiable as Joe Buck's, and the closeups make all the actors seem larger than Times Square—contrary to the obvious deflating effect of big-city life, at least on Joe Buck and his pal Ratso. This isn't to say that there was no reason at all to use closeups in filming "Midnight Cowboy"—just that it's hard to tell what Schlesinger is getting at. Probably the best thing about the book, except for the title, was Herlihy's tenderness toward Joe Buck—his confidence that the thinness of Buck's brave-cowboy disguise would evoke a similar protective feeling in the reader. Again, tenderness isn't the only possible attitude toward Buck, but Schlesinger crushes him with sophisticated condescension. Buck's fantasy collapses quickly, but the camera hangs in there. Intentionally or not, Schlesinger operates like a muckraker going after an unusually cagey malefactor. Rather than appeal to a universal loneliness, or use the book as the framework for a disquisition on New York City lowlife—which he makes some pretense of doing—Schlesinger plays it for horselaughs. "Get a load of this hick," he says (or the British equivalent, since Schlesinger is an Englishman), coming in for a big closeup of Buck's big baby face. And "Take a look at *this* freak," closing in on an evangelist's gyrating eyeballs for a scene whose frenzy can be capped only by a shot of a flashing, electrified statue of Christ attached to the bathroom door. And the closeup de résistance: it's Dustin Hoffman, dirty, unshaven, greasy-haired, tubercular, lame, and talking in the heaviest nasal New York whine you ever heard. Like Hoffman as Ratso, Jon Voight, as Buck, is a visual success in his part, and both actors give the impression that they have more than appearances to offer, but they are restricted in most scenes to broad gestures—Voight mainly to pop-eyed reactions.

Whatever subtlety there may have been in the performances and whatever coherence in the script have been wiped out by feverish cutting, ear-splitting sound, and gross, drawn-out sight gags. The elements in Buck's past that account for his present state of body and mind are distorted and squeezed into chaotic, echo-ridden flashbacks—barely intelligible even to someone who is familiar with the book, as Schlesinger apparently assumed his audiences would be. O.K. The point of the last scene, in the book, is that no one but Buck and the driver of the Miami-bound bus is aware that Ratso has died in his seat. The dramatic weight of the scene, of Buck's final gesture—putting his arm around Ratso's shoulder as the bus heads on—depends on the ignorance of the other passengers. In the movie, the passengers know what has happened, and the impact of Buck's discovery of friendship and of his simultaneous isolation is lost when Schlesinger shifts the focus away from Buck and Ratso to show the passengers stupidly gaping, and then for a smug shot of an old lady powdering her nose.

AS a set of conditions designed to generate special interest in the outcome of an automobile race, the plot of "Winning," directed with skill by James Goldstone (script credit is given to Howard Rodman), is functional. A professional driver marries a divorcée with a sixteen-year-old son, neglects her to work on his machine, and discovers her in an Indianapolis motel bed with his rival as the day of the "500" approaches. Fortunately, the race itself is the main thing, and the distribution of the hundred and twenty-three minutes of film time between track scenes and domestic interludes is just right. For the audience, the tolerability of the driver's private life is considerably increased by the fact that the man and his wife are played by Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, and by the well-calculated brevity of the scenes involving the rival, Robert Wagner. The plot is remarkable for being a love story in which the partners are both clearly over twenty-nine. True, the obvious intelligence and emotional maturity of Miss Woodward make her precipitate rush into adultery unlikely; the psycho-



"Miss Peterson, may I go home? I can't assimilate any more data today."

logical shorthand on which the plot turns (neglect→adultery) could probably have been more plausibly interpreted by Ann-Margret or Carroll Baker. Miss Woodward, however, does as well as anyone could with the ludicrous dialogue that is inevitably attached to such a situation, in real life as well as in the movies, and her characterization of a defensive woman resolutely assuming guilt is a fine one, supported by a disregard for flattering camera angles, so that her appearance at any moment reflects what is supposed to be going on in her mind, as a woman's looks so often do. Mr. Newman, who is not susceptible to unflattering angles, has less opportunity to develop a character, but he is very good within the limits imposed by the part of an impassive sports hero, which is to say that he successfully conveys the discomfort of being strong and silent. The destined reunion of the two occurs at such a reasonable pace that it almost seems fortuitous.

But the race, as I was saying, is the main thing. Even these days, when story lines by the hundred are sacrificed to stretches of spectacular action, many directors are loath to abandon human interest altogether—an attitude that leads to nervous interruptions of the natural flow of races and chases and sexual activities with closeups of the hero's face and flashbacks to incidents that have made him what he is and put him where he is. These inserts usually destroy the illusion that an actual event is being shown. In "Winning," the presentation of the Indianapolis Memorial Day race is nearly perfect. Although a couple of analogies between driving and living are offered in retrospect—they have to do with pushing too hard and with the proposition that a winner can be a loser off the track—the race is photographed for its own dramatic and visual values. Most of the footage must be film of an actual race—wide overviews of the track, shots of the spectators and the pre-race parade, and meticulously timed sequences showing the cars in motion. Closeups are generally restricted to pit stops and, naturally, to victory scenes featuring Newman and Wagner.

"POPI" is valuable for the participation of Alan Arkin, the least deserving non-winner of an Academy Award this year, and for a relatively fresh plot, concerning the elaborate effort of a Puerto Rican father to rescue his motherless sons from the dangers of New York slum life by having them pass as Cuban refugees and be adopted

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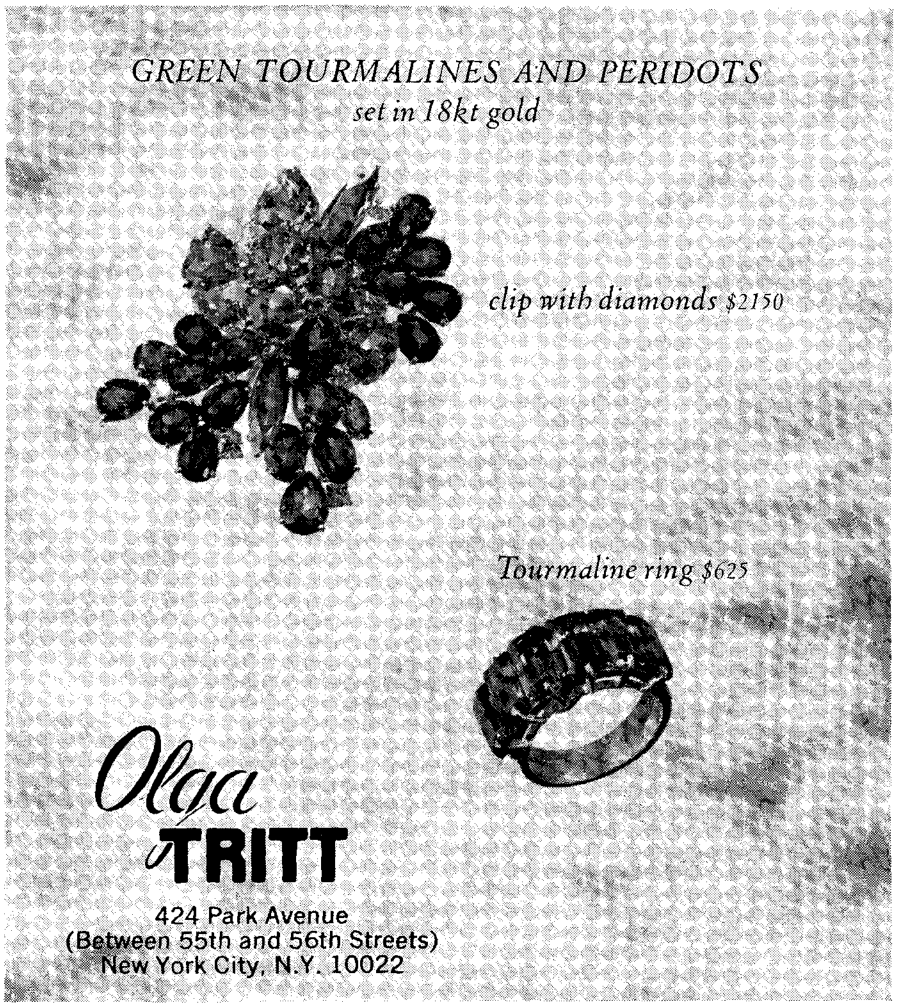
by a millionaire. The writers (Tina and Lester Pine) don't realize the best possibilities of their idea—the scheme is conventionally thwarted by the love of the children for their father and for East Harlem—but Arkin's role as the selfless father is rich and well written, and the writers and Arthur Hiller, the director, were shrewd enough to delay getting the plot going for the sake of an extended buildup in Spanish Harlem settings. For although the main action of the picture is concentrated in the second half, the picture loses its momentum when the scene changes to Miami, and the development of the story is too predictable—except, perhaps, for fans of television situation comedy, who may be exhilarated by the interminable suspense sequence, delighted by the machinations in hospital corridors, and satisfied by the sentimental return to the slums.

Miguel Alejandro and Rubén Figueroa, who play the two boys, are a pleasure to watch and are not bad actors, but the best scenes are centered on Arkin, with his tense, reserved expression: as a hospital orderly wrestling with a sheet-wrapped corpse; as a janitor wading through a flooded basement on Central Park West; as a busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet in the Hilton who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs; barking to ward off prowlers from his multiple-locked tenement-apartment door; carrying an umbrella into the bathroom on a rainy morning; attacking and defending his children; doing anything.

JUST as the hunger for a solid plot is likely to be dissipated by a sampling of the available entrées, the idea that a story line and dialogue are impurities in filmdom may have trouble standing the test of the latest camera exercises of Claude Lelouch, the French filmmaker who stormed the Paris Theatre three years ago with "A Man and a Woman." This time, Lelouch's subject is "Life, Love, Death," and his approach is as abstract as the title suggests. A love affair between two workers in a Simca factory comes to an end when the man is arrested, tried, and executed for murdering prostitutes. The liver-lover-dier is played by a Moroccan actor named Amidou, whose gaze is the blankest of all the blank gazes that have substantially extended the running time of movies lately, and whose deepest emotion is expressed by an increase in the rate and volume of his breathing. Some faint moans escape him as he is led to the guillotine. As for the rest of the cast,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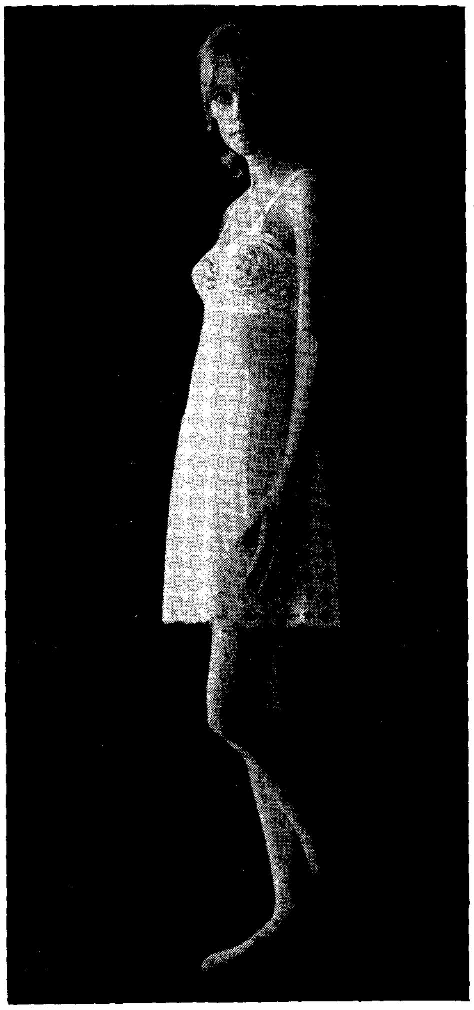

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the wife and the mistress stick to troubled frowns, and the detectives, who have most of the lines, communicate with extravagant terseness, looking like models in suit and shirt ads or in glamorous automobile commercials, which the film, like "A Man and a Woman," resembles.

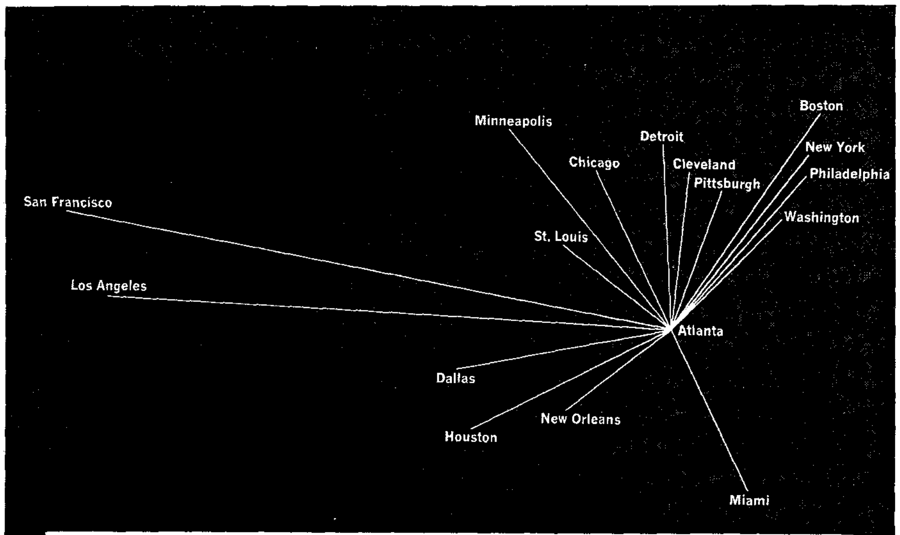
I am inclined to resist the passing thought that Lelouch is trying to relay a message about the repression of human feelings by machines and mechanical processes; after all, the relationship between his camera and other machinery, particularly cars, is very amicable. The scene in which the wife punches out holes for the eyes and mouth in a doll's head is probably just an observation of an interesting aspect of factory work, and not some sort of echo of her husband's violent impulses. The bullfight footage provides changes of both pace and scene, and includes a pleasing shot of a spot of blood on the matador's pink sock. The film's apparent protest against capital punishment and the French judicial system has a whimsical quality, though the scenes of imprisonment and execution are filmed in grainy brown-and-white and blue-and-white, which distinguishes them from the smoother, more colorful outside world of lovemaking, driving, and pornicide. The flatness of the script is accented by Lelouch's camerawork, which seems intended to undermine the optical illusion of three dimensions. Using long shots with a blurred head or shoulder in the foreground, shots in which a shadowed foreground in sharp focus is seen against a bleached background, steep upward and downward camera angles, and (the Lelouch special) frequent windshield and rearview-mirror shots, he constantly draws attention to his technical facility—more attention, after a while, than it can justify. There is a dissociation of sounds and images through much of "Life, Love, Death" which would be interesting if the film were.

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

Downe Communications, Inc.—a vigorous synergistic complex growing on increasingly stable financial soil. Downe slipped into the communications field three years ago through the soft underbelly of the supplement field. It was Family Weekly—in debt and losing more. It took a few months to turn it around, but by the end of the year, Family Weekly scrambled past Parade and This Week (which will undoubtedly have a transplant as soon as Crowell-Collier's Dr. Hagel pauses long enough between acquisitions).—*Magazine Industry Newsletter.*

Or between metaphors.



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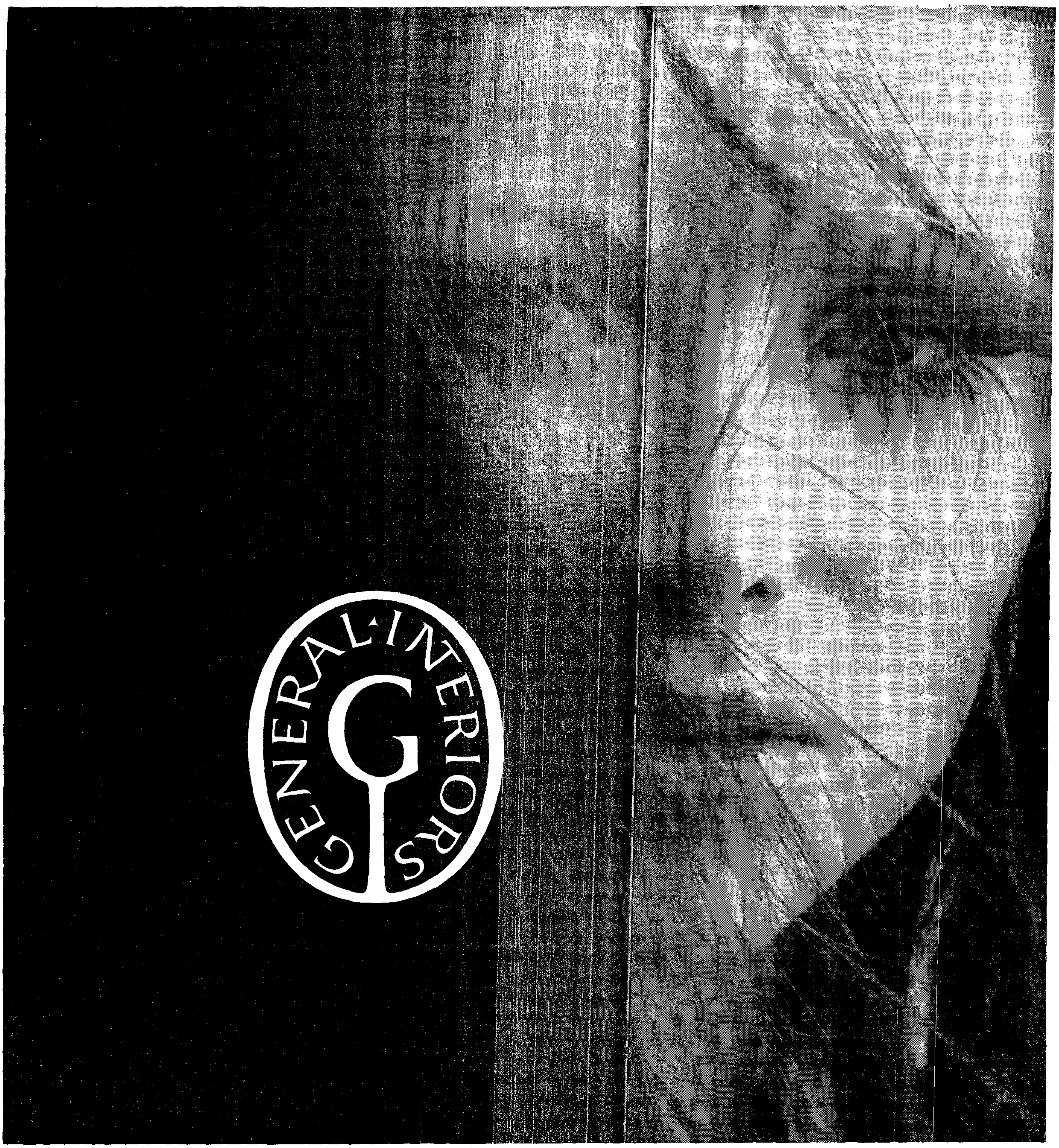

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U.S. JOURNAL: DENVER

DOING THE RIGHT THING ISN'T ALWAYS EASY

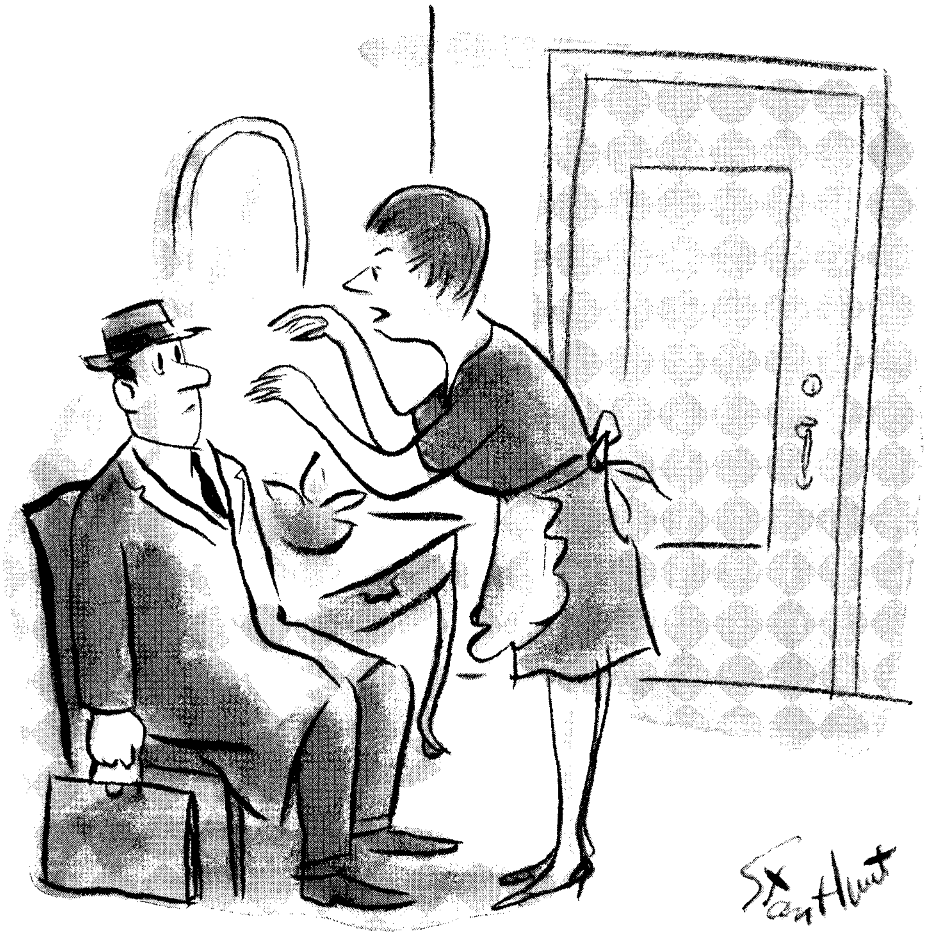
James Perrill and Frank Southworth Said the Issue Was Forced Busing

WHEN Martin Luther King was assassinated, the Denver Board of Education resolved to integrate the schools. The vote was five to two. The supporters included the only Negro board member, who had offered the resolution; Edgar Benton, a lawyer in his early forties, who had been the city's most articulate advocate of school integration for a half-dozen years; two relatively conservative board members whose views on integration had changed during their tenure; and a state senator named Allegra Saunders, who sometimes seemed to interpret majority rule to mean that she was obligated to go along with the majority, wherever it happened to be going. In the Denver public schools, the twenty per cent of the students who belong to the Spanish-surname population usually referred to as Hispanos have, as a group, the lowest academic achievement and the highest dropout rate. But it is the black children—about fifteen per cent—whose schooling is most restricted by *de-facto* segregation and whose parents have been the most insistent about the need for change. As a first step toward integration, the school board eventually resolved, by the same five-to-two margin, to adjust the ratio of black to white in the schools of one area next fall by changing some attendance boundaries and transporting some children by bus—devices that are familiar to the white citizens of many Northern cities under the name of Destroying Neighborhood Schools by Forced Busing.

The school board held public hearings on the resolutions. Most of the people who testified—many of them members of an integrationist coalition that had been formed after King's death—expressed approval of the integration plan or criticized it for being too mild. They became known in Denver as A Vocal Minority—the assumption being that most people (at least, most white people) would express a contrary opinion if they happened to be the kind of people who testified at school-board hearings. There was a lot of talk in Denver about how the school board had been pressured by A Vocal Minority into acting contrary to the desires of The Silent Majority. This spring, about a year after King's death, a simple remedy presented itself to The Silent Majority. The seats held by Ed Benton and Allegra Saunders came up for election. Two conservative Republicans named James Perrill and Frank Southworth announced that, in the interests of giving the citizens a clear choice, they were running for the school board as a team committed to combining with the board's two dissenters to form a majority that would rescind the integration resolutions. The integrationists organized behind Benton and Monte Pascoe, a young lawyer with similarly strong views about the necessity of integration, and the Democratic Party officially endorsed the ticket—an endorsement that failed to prevent five more Democrats from running as independents. The clear choice Perrill and Southworth had in mind concerned forced busing. Their campaign advertising started with billboards proclaiming them to be FOR neighborhood schools and AGAINST mandatory busing—a position that also served to sum up the educational philosophy of most of the independent candidates—and it ended with a newspaper advertisement that asked, "Why, Mr. Benton, are you for Forced Busing which will Destroy the Neighborhood Schools?" In their public appearances, Perrill and Southworth managed to elaborate on that limited theme with a kind of creative redundancy. Mandatory busing and forced busing combined to become mandatory forced busing. They also mentioned crosstown busing, massive busing, and massive crosstown busing. By the end of the campaign, Southworth was talking about "forced mandatory crosstown busing on a massive scale."

All the Candidates Except Benton and Pascoe Said the Issue Was Not Integration

ALL the candidates said that they personally believed in integration—the general rule in such campaigns being that a nominal commitment to integration is expected from everyone involved except the voters. Perrill said integration would come about when the economic status of Negroes improved and when some changes were made in men's minds—the kind of changes that could not be dictated by laws or resolutions. He and



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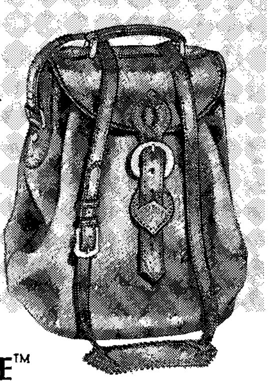

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Southworth said that voluntary busing would be fine—another rule being that any time white people are expected to associate with black people they ought to have a choice in the matter. All of the candidates who were running against forced busing said they were distressed at the implication that they harbored ill feelings against other men on the basis of race, creed, or color. The implication seemed particularly galling to Nathan Singer, the most entertaining of the independent anti-busing candidates, an aeronautical engineer who read intently from set speeches that included dramatic proclamations and an occasional rhyme ("Be aware, vote with care," or "Some may choose not to accuse, but I shall"). At one of the many P.-T.A. meetings addressed by all the candidates, Singer offered as a proof of his tolerance the fact that Sammy Davis, Jr., belongs to his fraternity. "And anyone who wants to check that," he told the McMeen Elementary School P.-T.A., "can call the national headquarters of Tau Delta Phi, in Chicago."

Benton and Pascoe Said the Issue Was Not Forced Busing

THE Benton-Pascoe campaign recognized that there were genuine concerns about the inconveniences or educational disadvantages that busing might bring, and about whether or not busing was really the best way to provide equality of education, and about integration itself. Benton-Pascoe advertisements did not attempt to explain the board's intricate plans for integration, but in answering questions in smaller groups the candidates explained that the racial composition of each school would reflect the entire school district's population, so that white children would be bused to schools that would become predominantly white and black children would be bused to schools with a substantial black minority. By the end of the campaign, though, a lot of the Benton-Pascoe canvassers came to believe that most of the questions people raised about the problems inherent in busing were not meant to be answered. Benton repeatedly pointed out that the Denver school board had, for one administrative reason or another, employed forced busing in the schools to some degree for at least forty years—a process that had involved hundreds of thousands of schoolchildren without provoking any citywide controversies about the length of the ride or the provisions made for taking care of a sick child. (Nine thousand children are now bused—about half as many as would have to be bused in the final stage of integration. As it happens, Destroying Neighborhood Schools is an old habit of the Denver school board, which used to manipulate boundaries to avoid having to send white children to predominantly black schools; in fact, some of the children in the area most bitterly opposed to the proposed destruction of neighborhood schools would actually be transferred to schools closer to their homes.) Late one night, a few people were at Pascoe's house talking over the evening's meetings when the phone rang. The caller shouted an obscenity at Pascoe and called him a nigger-lover. Pascoe smiled when he repeated the conversation to his guests. "I've probably met that guy at some meeting," he said. "And he's told me he's all for integration, but what about the effect busing will have on after-school activities or parent participation?"

Benton and Pascoe Said the Issue Was Doing the Right Thing

WHAT else could they say? Candidates normally try to appeal to the voter's self-interest, and Benton and Pascoe could hardly argue that sending children to school out of the neighborhood on a bus was a convenience that every taxpayer had been looking forward to. White people opposed to busing didn't have to be racists but merely people who didn't feel a strong enough commitment to integration to make any personal sacrifices for it. As a minor theme, the Benton-Pascoe campaign linked the integration plan to the future health of the city. Compared to other cities of similar size, Denver still has a small Negro population, and a relatively high percentage of it is middle-class; by chance, the expansion of the Negro neighborhood has been toward solid neighborhoods that have houses desirable to whites. Benton and Pascoe argued that Denver still had time to prevent the inner-city decay and separated societies that are found in Eastern cities—the first step being the school board's plan to prevent East High School and Smiley Junior High School, the most important schools on the edge of the Negro neighborhood, from becoming all black. But nobody in the Benton-Pascoe campaign really believed that the white people who live in, say, the outlying middle-class residential districts of southeast Denver actually consider their future linked to the state of the inner city or that they feel any urgency about preventing the creation of separate societies. When Pascoe visited a high school in the area, the complaint expressed about the Negroes who had come to the school by bus under a small experimental program was that only two of them had joined the Pep Club.

The appeal to white people that Benton and Pascoe were left with was an appeal to do what is right in reversing the inequalities existing in Denver schools. "Doing the Right Thing Isn't Always Easy," their brochure said. "But Doing the Right Thing Is Always Worth Doing." The issue, Benton said in one speech, was whether "there is enough humanity and enough charity among the majority to hold out a helping hand to these children, not to say, 'We believe in holding out a helping hand, but there are many reasons why we can't do it.' "

People in Park Hill Said the Issue Was Park Hill

A FEW years ago, the customary housing pattern of Negro expansion and white panic selling may have been reversed in the southern part of an area called Park Hill—an attractive, convenient area that was once considered the place to live in Denver—mainly because of the efforts of a neighborhood organization called the Park Hill Action Committee. The houses that come up for sale in Park Hill now are bought by white people as well as black people—young people of the type who prefer a solid old house to life in the subdivisions, or liberals who welcome the opportunity to live in an integrated neighborhood, or just people looking for a good buy. East High School and Smiley Junior High School, which would both be given large white majorities by the integration plan, serve Park Hill. Without the plan, East, which is about forty per cent black, and Smiley, which is about seventy-two per cent black, represent the most serious threat to Park Hill's future as an integrated neighborhood. A number of Park Hill people—black and white—considered the Benton-Pascoe campaign the culmination of a nine-year fight. The campaign presented a rare opportunity, one resident observed during a huge Park Hill fund-raising party for Benton and Pascoe. People could work for their beliefs and their property values at the same time.

Most of the Candidates Said the Issue Was That the Board Had Forced Its Will on the People.

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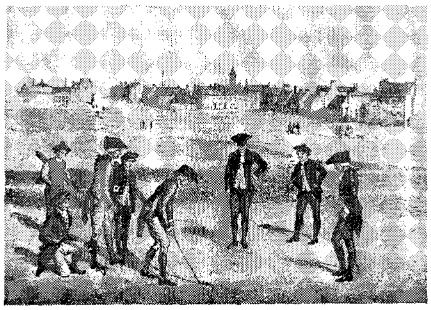

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any plan for purposeful integration has of being put into effect. There had been no clear-cut integration vote in Denver, but the results in the previous school-board election and the defeat of a school-bond issue a few years ago were both interpreted as being caused partly by anti-integration sentiment. People who serve on a school board in a city like Denver—seeing ghetto schools at first hand, studying the difference in achievement between the average Hispano child and the average Anglo child, reading reports about a national crisis in race, feeling themselves responsible for the future, listening to A Vocal Minority—are bound to take some actions that are difficult to explain to The Silent Majority. The school-board election became partly an argument about the extent to which public officials should represent their constituents—whether, a Denver *Post* article said, the public preferred school-board members who lead or "school-board members who, in effect, follow the wishes and feelings—including prejudices—of the voters who elected them." Perrill often said that "power comes from people, not from ideas," and that the integration resolutions had to be rescinded in order to clear the air and restore the confidence of the people in the board. All the anti-busing candidates emphasized that the people had not been given a choice—that forced busing for forced integration had been forced on them.

In Denver, both school integration and the preservation of neighborhood schools have been white-collar movements; with little heavy industry, Denver has a relatively small working-class population. But the Benton-Pascoe campaign—in its formulation of the issue as something approaching noblesse oblige, and in the backgrounds of its candidates and its staff—had a kind of Ivy League tone. When one independent candidate, a truck driver named Robert Crider, finally lost his temper, near the end of the campaign, the first thing he thought to say was that the problem on the school board for the past eight years had been that Ed Benton thought he knew more than anyone else.

Some Negro Leaders Said the Issue Was Basic Sympathy

BLACK separatists were said to be treating the election as merely the final frivolous delay before serious talk began on who was to control the schools of each neighborhood. But even the integrationist Negroes who supported Benton and Pascoe seemed reluctant to go into details about a program whose premise is that the way to improve the performance of black children is to expose them to white children. About a week before the election, the most influential Negro adviser to Benton and Pascoe suggested that campaigning in the Negro areas should concentrate not on the complicated arguments about busing but on the fact that Benton and Pascoe would be basically sympathetic to minorities. During the last weekend of the campaign, the handbills passed out in the Negro neighborhoods contained a simple statement of why Negroes should vote for Benton and Pascoe: "They're for us."

The Hispanos Didn't Say Much of Anything

IN Denver, Hispanos are noted for being politically silent. They vote Democratic, but they often don't vote. The most visible and by far the most militant Hispano leader, Rudolfo (Corky) Gonzales, is a separatist who believes that Negro pressure for integration is just a manifestation of the black man's inferiority complex; the few conservative leaders who exist to form a link with the Anglo community would probably agree. In between, there is no equivalent of the usual Negro integration organization—and little organization of any kind. The Hispanos, many of them migrants from the isolated farming villages of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado, are generally worse off economically than Negroes in Denver. But those Hispanos who think about such matters tend to believe that neither the causes nor the cures for the Hispanos' plight have much in common with those usually associated with the problems of the black community. Most Hispanos don't appear to be concerned with such issues one way or the other. The only approach that the Benton-Pascoe forces could think of to make to them was an appeal to party loyalty. One Benton-Pascoe brochure had on the back page a long explanation of busing under the headline "TODAY'S SCHOOL IS A WORKING MODEL OF TOMORROW'S SOCIETY." In the version distributed in Hispano neighborhoods, the equivalent space was taken up with block letters saying "ENDORSED BY THE DENVER DEMOCRATIC PARTY."

Benton Said the Issue Was Educating the Public

FROM the start, Benton and Pascoe knew they would probably lose, but everyone in their campaign seemed surprised at the magnitude of the defeat. Soon after the polls closed, it became obvious to the people who had gathered in Benton-Pascoe headquarters that Southworth and Perrill would win by a margin of at least two to one. A heavy Perrill-Southworth vote was expected in outlying white neighborhoods, but it also came in some white areas closer to the center of town. One Benton-Pascoe worker pointed out an area in the East High district and said that in that neighborhood it was logical to expect even pure bigots—at least, bigots with some foresight—to vote for Benton and Pascoe on grounds of self-interest; the integration plan would mean increasing the white enrollment of their children's school and, probably, increasing the value of their property. "That precinct went two to one against us," the worker said. "Reason has nothing to do with this." In a speech at the party for campaign workers that night, the Benton-Pascoe campaign manager said that Ed Benton and Monte Pascoe had had the courage to step out in front of the community and try to lead. Benton was asked by a local radio station what the results indicated. They indicated, he said, that it was difficult to present complicated issues concerning inequality to the public, and that it was difficult to persuade people to change established ways of doing things—ways of doing things that had become convenient for one section of the population and devastating for another. "It's always difficult to educate people," he went on, "whether it's children in the classroom or people in the community."

—Calvin Trillin

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[*From the Toronto Telegram*]

Decorating for Spring

If you plan to use oil paint which you've had for a while, follow this procedure to get the proper mixture for even coverage and best durability. First open the can and pour the surface oil into a clean container.

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•

The indictments against the 41-year-old judge involve one count of assault with intent to murder, two counts of assault with intent to maim, two counts of assault and battery and two counts of openly carrying a concealed weapon.

—*Washington Post*.

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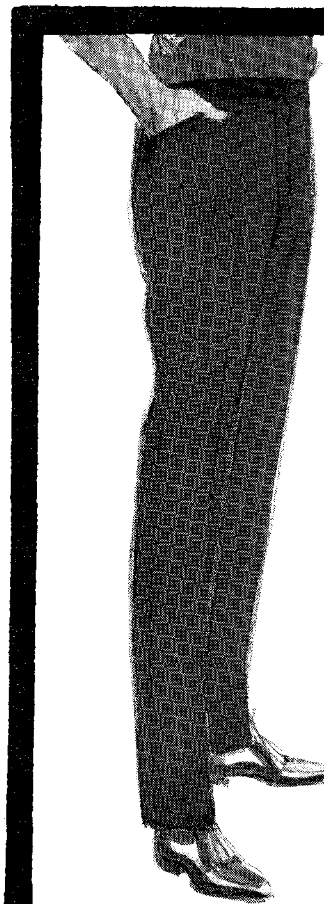

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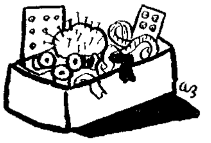
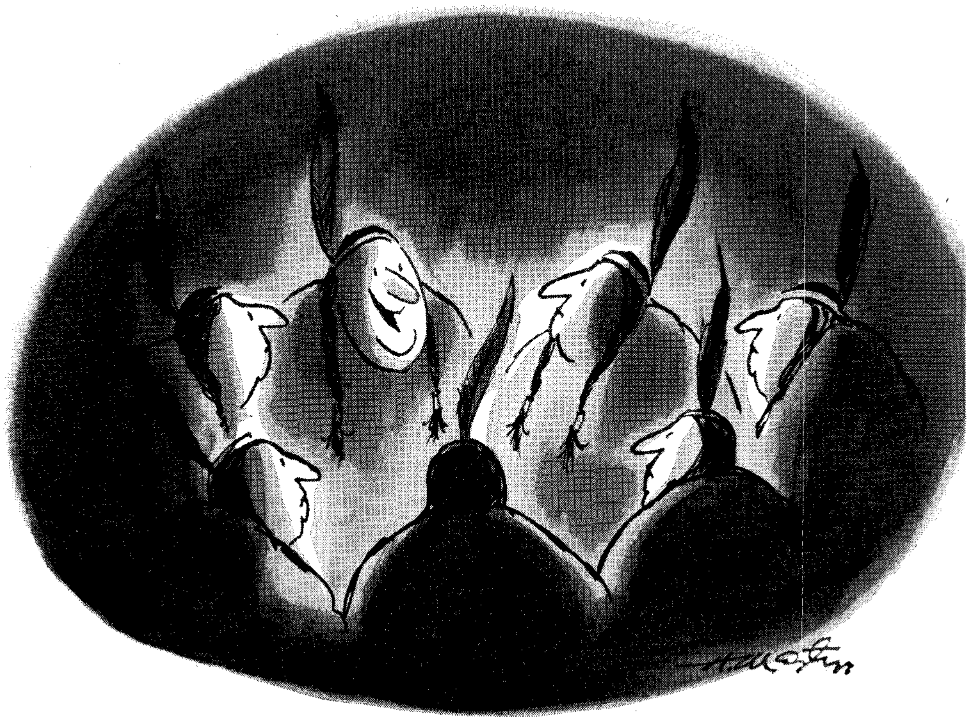
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



AT first, no one could be sure, because so many people were milling about the dance floor at the great big open-air party for some fashion foible that somebody was promoting, but the second time around it was definitely so: the sweet band that was trading places with the rockers and rollers was playing a very old familiar, and the crooner was just barely singing, "I think that I shall never *see*/ A poem lovely as Penelope *Tree*." Everyone knew what he had in mind, because there were Tree sorts of dresses not just on the floor but at the tables, and some of them I had seen in their pristine state—in the shops I had been visiting lately. Well, naturally, I wouldn't want to be under oath that those *Rumanian* dresses I had viewed in Lord & Taylor's fifth-floor sports department were real Tree jobs, or the ones from Kenya, either, but there is enough stuff, even so, in the town to take care of her for years. At that, some of the Rumanian things are embroidered along the collars, cuffs, and yokes with tiny strawberry-pink *trees*, so there we are. These ventures are of white cotton; the Kenya ones are of black cotton, with orange hearts and flowers on the loose three-quarter sleeves. The tab is $40 and $35, respectively. Another thing I liked at L. & T. is Ken Scott's assortment of cardigan dresses in circus-print jersey; another is the stash of Pucci shifts, more dressed up than usual, and V-necked, and of silk crêpe in "structural" prints—long, uneven streaks of purple, green, aquamarine, and white. Their broad pleats look like panels, and their counterparts of silk chiffon, with *plunging* necks, look just as wild—ovals and squares in coral, gray, and black. They're all $200, but magnificent Indian maharani shifts of ruby or emerald wild silk are only $100, because the enormous chain necklaces ending in pendants are embroidery, not real. Lilly Pulitzer's minidresses are also in residence, even with harem skirts; cotton involved with tiger lilies and daisies does the trick. . . . Next stop: the new Hermès Boutique on the fifth floor at Bonwit Teller, for rain-*cum*-travel coats (or coats just for Manhattan, where the weather can commit treason every day) of natural cotton duck lined in red or black wool, or of double café-au-lait cotton poplin with half belts in back. Present, too, and for the sporting life, are hooded coats of plasticized brown cotton (golf balls are the print) and hooded white jackets of the same goods (seascape prints)—good-looking as can be, and expensive; i.e., $325. Practical and workaday-looking are the long jackets of navy flannel and the straight or wraparound skirts of saddle-stitched gray flannel. Sweaters and handsome scarves, yes, and sheaths, too, of scarf silk in a maritime print or an equine print, with fly fronts and drawstring waists. The whole lot is French. Surprised? Downstairs, in the handbag sector—and this *is* a surprise—is luggage planned by Adolfo, hitherto celebrated solely as a hatter and dresser of females. It's of vinyl (for taking to the air) and is marked with A's and fleurs-de-lis—roll bags, huge attaché cases, and sort-of-mailmen's pouches; $30 to $75. . . . Silk scarves are in plenitude at Gucci's, nearby, in stunning floral prints, and involving thirty-two colors for the making of shirt dresses and shirts; $175 for the dresses, $96 for the shirts. . . . The Portmanteau Shop, at 43 East 80th Street, devotes itself to the Tillett hand-screened fabrics, and the result of its devotion is spirited shirt dresses and shirts of sheer shantung in a colossal marine-life print (fauna three to five feet tall). The dresses are $60 short and $90 long, and they could double as negligees; the shirts are $40. The shop has to be on two weeks' notice for these, and on two to four weeks' notice for patchwork (silk, mostly in delicate flower and shell décor) A-line dresses, with scoop necks, plus corded hems three inches above the knees, as well as long skirts; $185 and $240, respectively. . . . T. Jones, now at both 697 Fifth Avenue (55th Street) and 1050 Third Avenue (near 62nd), is likewise concerned with A-line dresses—suave ones of linen, with V, boat, or square necks—and with double-breasted coats, with lapels and turnover or notched collars. The hues are often Jello ones, but royal blue and others are also visible. The dresses, at $75, are pronto, but the coats, at $100, require a fortnight. Always at the ready, and for anywhere and any season: sleeveless dresses that flip out at the hem, and short-sleeved, waist-length box jackets, some with modified sailor collars. Tweedy cottons striped in large raised herringbones or chevrons or pyramids do the deal; the colors are myriad, but the background is always white, and the price is $185. Matching trousers are an extra sixty bucks. . . . Mike is neither a neighborhood pub nor a bowling alley; it is, instead, a well-mannered shop tucked away into 33 East 68th Street, where it is making clothes (sizes 6 to 14) in limited editions of mostly imported yard goods, such as (you'll never guess) shirt dresses in floral navy voile, or floral



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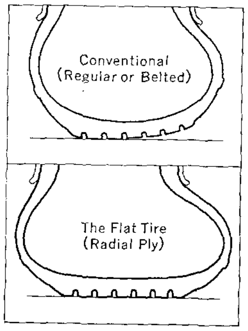

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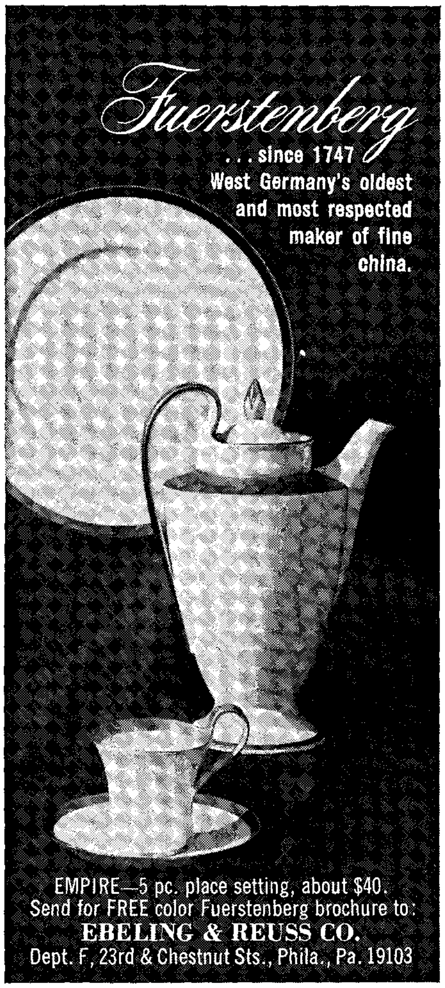

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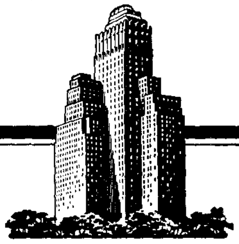
dotted Swiss, or piqué in a coral pattern; $60. Among other things (and there *are* other things in this world besides shirt dresses): shirts of navy handkerchief linen paired with straight cotton trousers in mild red and white checks; trousers of olive surah (the print is cockatoos in frantic hues) paired with long, sleeveless tunics that are slit up to *there* at one side. If your size or fabric is not in stock, a pause of two weeks is indicated. . . . Fred Leighton, for whom the Mexican border has never been south of 177 Macdougal Street (just off Eighth Street), has moved the boundary up to 857 Lexington Avenue (near 65th Street). The shifts that peons (those who aren't already in mariachi bands, that is) wear reappear now in black cotton with embroidered pomegranates garlanded along the bibs and the scalloped hems; $35. Dressier frocks, cinched in at the waist, appear in oyster cotton plus Andalusian embroidery, and the attached vestees are done in oyster bolillo lace, which is rather like heavy Irish crochet; these would do for evening. . . . What Elizabeth Arden's establishment, remembering the days when Miss A. had a racing stable, calls Dailydoubles are short robes that can also pass as dresses. They dwell in the lingerie segment. One is a shift of nylon jersey in horizontal stripes of muted colors and doused with pansies and rosebuds; the other is a shirt gown of acetate jersey in a sorcerer's design (moons, arrowheads, chains, and whatever) in polite ice-cream hues. They're just absolutely great, which is the exact opposite of their price—$16 to $19. The short A-line at-home gowns of pale-blue cotton wear big embroidered daisies in a pattern part helter and part skelter, for about the same amount of loot, and some of Shocking voile wear vast petalled blossoms and, above the knees, brief flounces; $30 in these cases. . . . Bendel's new idea is Shoe Biz Small, for girls who have to be shod in sizes 4 to 6½ AAA to B—round-toed and chunky footwear, primarily from southern Europe. I cite several for-instances: sort of loafers of brown kid with double-buckled straps; Fred Astaire oxfords of beige kid with chocolate trim and lacings, plus wedge heels; moccasins of burgundy patent leather with gold-metal mesh over the vamps and tongues; evening sandals of kid (choose one of half a dozen colors); sandals (for charioteers, I guess) of black, white, or burgundy patent leather with latticework straps to within an inch or so of the knees. The top price is $50, the bottom is $22. . . . Miss



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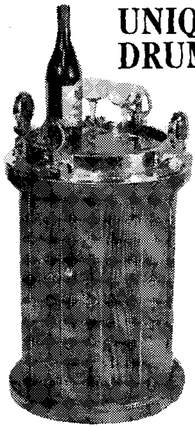

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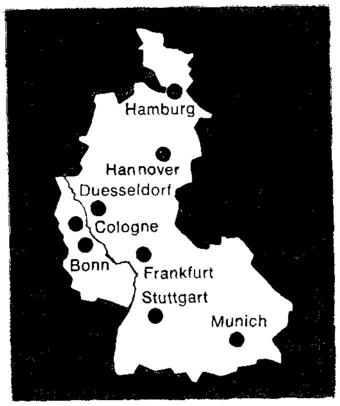

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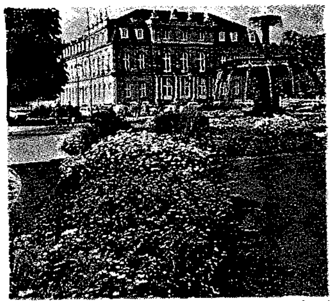

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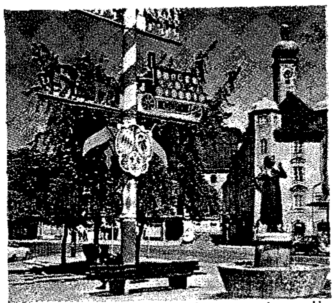

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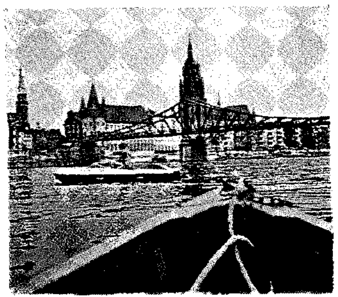

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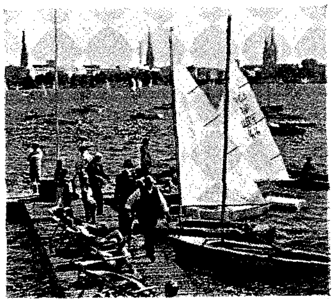

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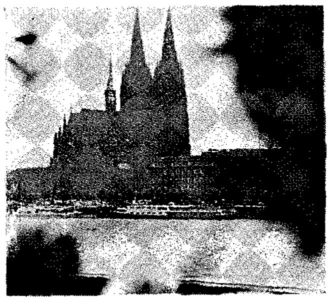

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Abercrombie has had her coming out on the second floor of Abercrombie & Fitch, and is all prepared for a rainy day: slightly fitted coats of white cotton with Dalmatian spots or pastel plaids as decoration, and good enough to wear on the fairest of days, at $65 or $70; shirt coats of blue denim and rain-resistant trousers of bandanna cotton; three-piece jobs (safari jacket, short skirt, long trousers) of café-au-lait cotton poplin, at $100. Sizes run from 4 to 12, and slender women well out of their teens look good in the stuff. . . . Lest any more rain fall upon the just, Jax, at 7 West 57th Street, is providing water-repellent trenchcoats and bell-bottom trousers, all of raspberry or lime cotton poplin. And, for dilatory shoppers, it will be carrying summer clothes in stock right up to Labor Day. . . . Latinas, at 769 Madison Avenue (66th Street), is likewise interested in rainproofing American womanhood—with battle jackets and miniskirts of teal-blue or beige canvas, for $55, and dresses of thin, thin ciré nylon (navy, red, gold), shirred at the waist, for $23. . . . Back in the forties, there was a song about "reet pleats," and that is where the Totally Mr. Mort Boutique in Saks Fifth Avenue has gone: afternoon-into-evening fluttery dresses of aquamarine crêpe that are all crystal, broomstick, and ribbed pleating, done in the most intricate, trompe-l'oeil manner, as well as two-piece pajamas (of the same period or a bit earlier) done in white crêpe, with sunburst pleating all over the long sleeves and the sweeping trousers. . . . Robert Leader, at 146 East 54th Street, is back in those days, too, with wide ruffles around the plunging necks of jump suits in floral voile. The $40 they go for supplies built-in bras and bikini pants. . . . In the back room of Vidal Sassoon's coiffery at 803 Madison Avenue (68th Street) is the David August Shop, whose aim in life is now one-piece play suits in sizes 6 to 12. The long bodices are of flowering voile, and the attached shorts are of navy denim. Matching babushkas are part of the necessary $30. . . . Across the avenue lies Sportique, at No. 816, with wardrobe after wardrobe of separates in horticultural Belgian cotton: bare-midriff bodices, knee pants, long skirts, and tunics. And there are shirt dresses and shirts of verdure-bearing chiffon. Prices end at $45. . . . St. Laurent Rive Gauche, at 855 Madison Avenue (71st Street), likewise goes bare-midriff, but in bathing suits of crocheted red-green-and-blue cotton, for around $50. Bikinis of khaki cotton poplin are $35 or so. —M. M.

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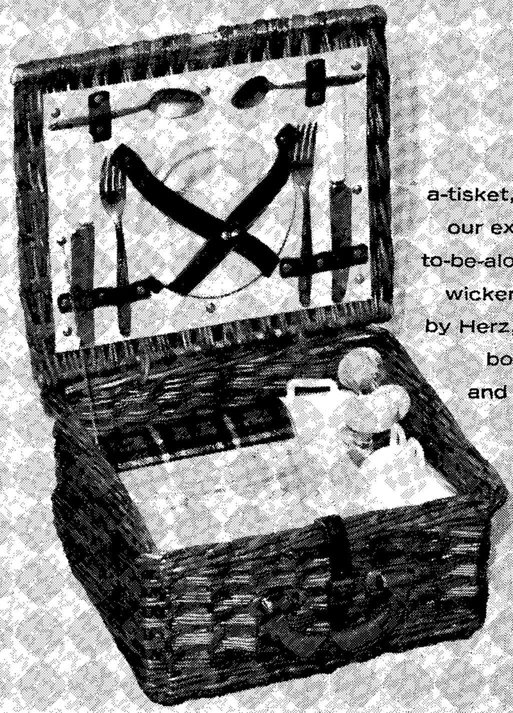

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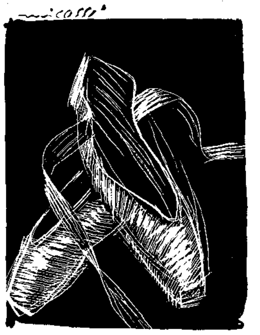
MUSICAL EVENTS

Pure Ballet

JEROME ROBBINS' "Dances at a Gathering," which was officially unveiled by the New York City Ballet in the New York State Theatre last Thursday night, is not only a beautiful ballet; it is my idea of what choreography is all about. Ten soloists dressed in different colors go through a series of patterns to music by Chopin. They do this sometimes very casually and sometimes with great virtuosity and athleticism, although the virtuosity and athleticism are always understated, leaving an impression of ease. All the tiresome symmetrical clichés of classical ballet are avoided; Mr. Robbins' dancers are grouped on the stage much as a painter composes the elements on his canvas, except that here the groups are always in motion, always splitting off and recombining. There is a sort of tension about this unsymmetrical arrangement that does not exist in more formal types of ballet. The stage is wonderfully balanced, but not with exact equality. Moreover, in the dancing itself there are practically no formal repetitions. Everything moves with extraordinary fluency, and within this fluency everything that is slightly grotesque or slightly offbeat stands out with special clearness. The dancers were Allegra Kent, Sara Leland, Kay Mazzo, Patricia McBride, Violette Verdy, Anthony Blum, John Clifford, Robert Maiorano, John Prinz, and Edward Villella. The women were dressed in chiffon tunics, and the men in blouses, tights, and boots. The background was a blue backdrop with simple cloud-effect lighting. The atmosphere was that of a friendly group of young people having a pleasant romp, but if you looked below the surface there were prodigies of craftsmanship being performed. They are too numerous to mention here, but I remember a few particularly—Mr. Villella's brilliant solo, and the point at which John Clifford suddenly raised Allegra Kent from a "split" position and wrapped her around his neck. These feats were performed with humor as well as grace, and they added spice to the performance. Now and then, there was a tribute to the Polish folk idiom that Chopin represented in the simple tunes being played—folded arms, a bit of mazurka-type strutting. But these ethnic elements were merely ornamental. The striking thing about "Dances at a Gathering" is the deft use of abstract space and movement. It is pure ballet, put together with enormous skill, and it was brilliantly danced and totally enchanting in its effect. The music was elegantly played on a piano by Gordon Boelzner.

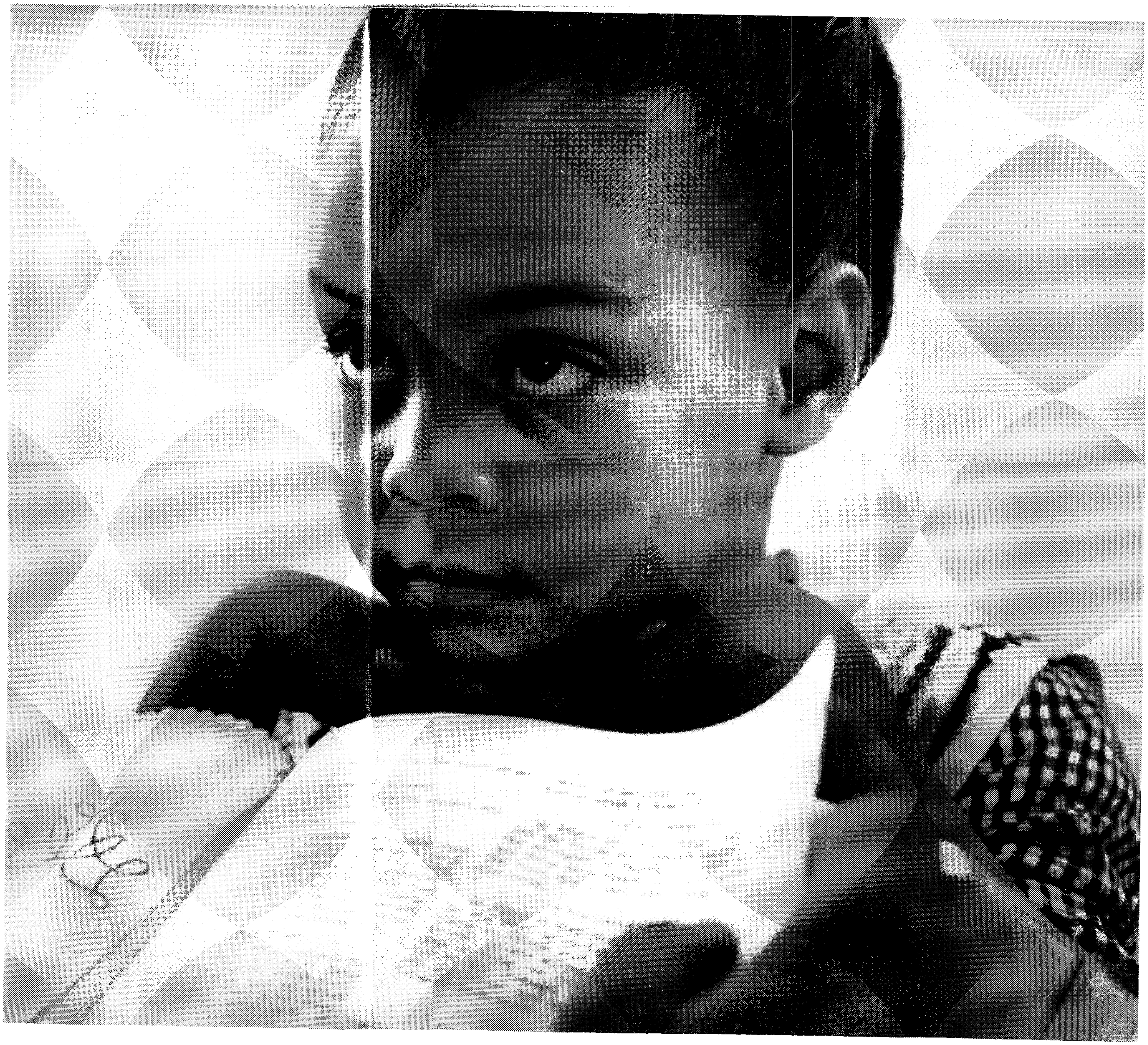


On the previous evening, I also went to the State Theatre, this time to see something called "Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs," choreographed by Mr. Clifford. It was a very different experience—an innocent, kittenish ballet with no special claim to originality, presenting Linda Merrill, Mr. Clifford himself, and some of the company's younger dancers. It proved to be agreeable, but the Leonard Bernstein score, dating from the forties and expressing the sound of the big-band jazz of that period, seemed awfully old-fashioned. Most of the younger dancers in the cast were, I suspect, being born at about the time it was written. Actually, this sort of thing ought nowadays to be accompanied by rock music—something that I have so far heard as a ballet accompaniment only in the work of the Joffrey Ballet. There were other works on the program that evening—"Allegro Brillante," with Melissa Hayden and Frank Ohman, and the "Liebeslieder Walzer," with a large cast, the usual vocal quartet (which sang out of tune some of the time), and Louise Sherman and Robert Irving at the piano. On the whole, it was a rather thin evening.

LAST Friday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House, mainly to see "Pelléas and Mélisande," the Roland Petit ballet that had received such a bad notice in the *Times*. Starting out with a certain wariness because of the *Times* review, I found it fairly charming. There was none of the vulgarity that Petit has so often shown in his past ballet productions. To be sure, there was some dragging of dancers around the floor, and Rudolf Nureyev's *glutei maximi* picked up a good deal of stage dust in the process, but I didn't find it out of line. Margot Fonteyn was the most sprightly of imaginable Mélisandes, and Mr. Nureyev the most ardent and woebegone of imaginable Pelléases. Keith Rosson, as Golaud, was threatening enough, and the corps de ballet, representing trees of the forest, did what it could to strike a resemblance. There was a good deal of deliberately "original" dancing by Mr. Nureyev—distorted leaps and cramped turns—and it did not seem awfully effective. But the ballet has one enormous advantage. Its music is a beautiful score, of post-Wagnerian intensity—the tone poem "Pelléas and Mélisande," written by Arnold Schoenberg before he jumped off the cliff.

I stayed for another ballet I hadn't seen before—Mr. Nureyev's reworking of Act III of Petipa's "Raymonda," to Glazunov's music. The narrative elements of "Raymonda" had been eliminated, which is probably just as well. The single act presented the wedding scene of the hero and heroine, and what one saw was nearly all pure dance. This ballet is grand and lavish—one of those re-creations of the nineteenth-century Russian spectacular dance that the Royal Ballet specializes in. The scenery—the interior of a Byzantine church full of icons—is magnificent. Svetlana Beriosova and Donald MacLeary were the hero and heroine on this occasion, with Deanne Bergsma and Desmond Doyle as the principal Hungarian dancers. Among the numerous lesser female soloists, Monica Mason stood out, though there was much fine work on the part of others. Certainly, this was a splendid exhibition by one of the greatest of ballet companies, and everybody in it danced with formidable technical assurance. But somehow it didn't turn me on. Maybe I was not in the mood.

THE official symphonic season is over, and last Thursday night the Promenades began. The atmosphere was unusually festive. Somebody had managed to add charm to that old bowling alley known as Philharmonic Hall. There was a huge bouquet of flowers at the center of the footlights. A scrim curtain covered the organ slats at the rear of the stage, and lights turned it various shades from purple to yellow. Bright-colored ribbons and hangings added to the effect. This was a Promenade Espagnole, and Andre Kostelanetz (who is a much better conductor than he is usually given credit for being) started things off with the three dances from de Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat," following them with excerpts from the same composer's "La Vida Breve," in which Maralin Niska, looking very pretty in black and



Equitable thinks Ana Morales ought to do better in school.

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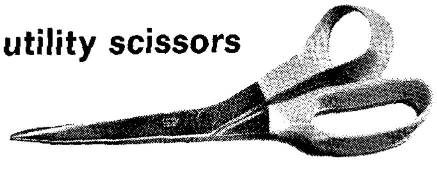

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red, sang the soprano solos, while Ned Styres, a baritone dressed like a bullfighter, showed considerable technical command of flamenco singing. Everybody seemed to be having a good time, but I had to leave after the first half hour to see Mr. Robbins' ballet across the way, and since the ballet lasted a full hour, I never got back.

LAST Monday evening, I attended a concert performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" at Town Hall given by the Opera Orchestra of New York with a group of personable and talented young singers from the Metropolitan Opera Studio. At first, I was horrified to see the stage sprouting a forest of microphones, but I soon learned that these were not for amplification; they were there because a tape recording of the performance was being made. It was much to the credit of the conductor—a pretty woman with a beautiful figure named Eve Queler—that the performance was exceedingly smooth, and quite enjoyable from the musical point of view, even though the orchestra (a semi-amateur one) had its rough moments. Miss Queler seemed to me to be addicted to large gestures, but this was obviously because she was dealing with singers who had their backs to her and with an orchestra that was not responsive to subtle motions of the baton. She is certainly a gifted young maestro.

The opera was done without recitatives, which is no loss in a concert performance. The young singers all showed the results of admirable training. The Italian enunciation was good, and the voices were all well produced. The most striking of the singers was Dan Merriman, who sang the role of Leporello, though there were several who came in as close seconds—Lou Ann Lee, a pretty blonde, who did Donna Anna, and who has a voice of considerable power and agility; Gary Glaze, a tenor, who managed Don Ottavio's *fioritura* with ease; and Paul Straney, who did some justice to Don Giovanni's role. Fredreika Wisehart had a little difficulty with the role of Donna Elvira, but this was because it is by far the most difficult one in the opera, making terrific demands on agility. On the whole, she managed it acceptably. Deborah Truxal, the Zerlina, did not present the slyness that must be a part of the character, even in a concert performance. She was a bit on the innocent side. Richard Christopher was a decent Masetto, and Franklin Summers disclosed a huge, cavernous voice as the Commendatore. Altogether, the evening was an agreeable demonstration of youth on the way toward distinguished artistry.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

MAY 18TH: A baffling day, in which much of the music I heard was obstructed by being mixed with other mediums, by laziness and poor planning, or by mechanical difficulties. At best, music is the most elusive art. It resides only in the ear—you can't touch it or smell it or look at it. Yet most people attending a musical performance unwittingly and perversely try to listen by watching, as if the notes coming from a horn might suddenly crystallize into comforting schools of half notes and eighth notes. (I recently heard two people discussing a concert they had gone to. There was a full rundown on the clothes, hairdos, and male and female composition of the orchestra as well as of the audience. The music wasn't mentioned.) Since the eyes and the ears tend to compete endlessly anyway, visual concentration overrules the ear, and that is what happened to this listener this morning when "Camera Three" offered a twenty-six-minute film about Jeremy Steig, the extraordinary twenty-six-year-old flutist and painter.

The film, called "Jeremy" (it was made not for television but for the movie houses, where it will eventually appear), was produced, directed, and edited by the equally young Joel Freedman, who also happens to be a cellist. It was put together over the past year and a half, and it is an attempt, in conservative *cinéma vérité*, to be a fly on the wall in Steig's life. The results are more distracting than illuminating. Steig dances and plays by himself on a beach, horses around in the water with David Amram, plays a duet with Amram (with Steig reflected—oh, my!—in the bell of Amram's French horn), plays a duet with Freedman, paints one of his marvellous satyr-choked murals while Freedman plays, and plays with his own group, the Satyrs (Adrian Guillery, Warren Bernhardt, Eddie Gomez, Bob McDonald). In many of the sequences, Steig is bare-chested and in underpants or bathing trunks—an excellent instance of naturalness giving the impression of affectation. There are, when one shuts one's eyes, ghostly patches of music. Steig and Gomez play a little blues, and there are the duets, some of them only bars long, a broken-off free improvisation by the Satyrs,

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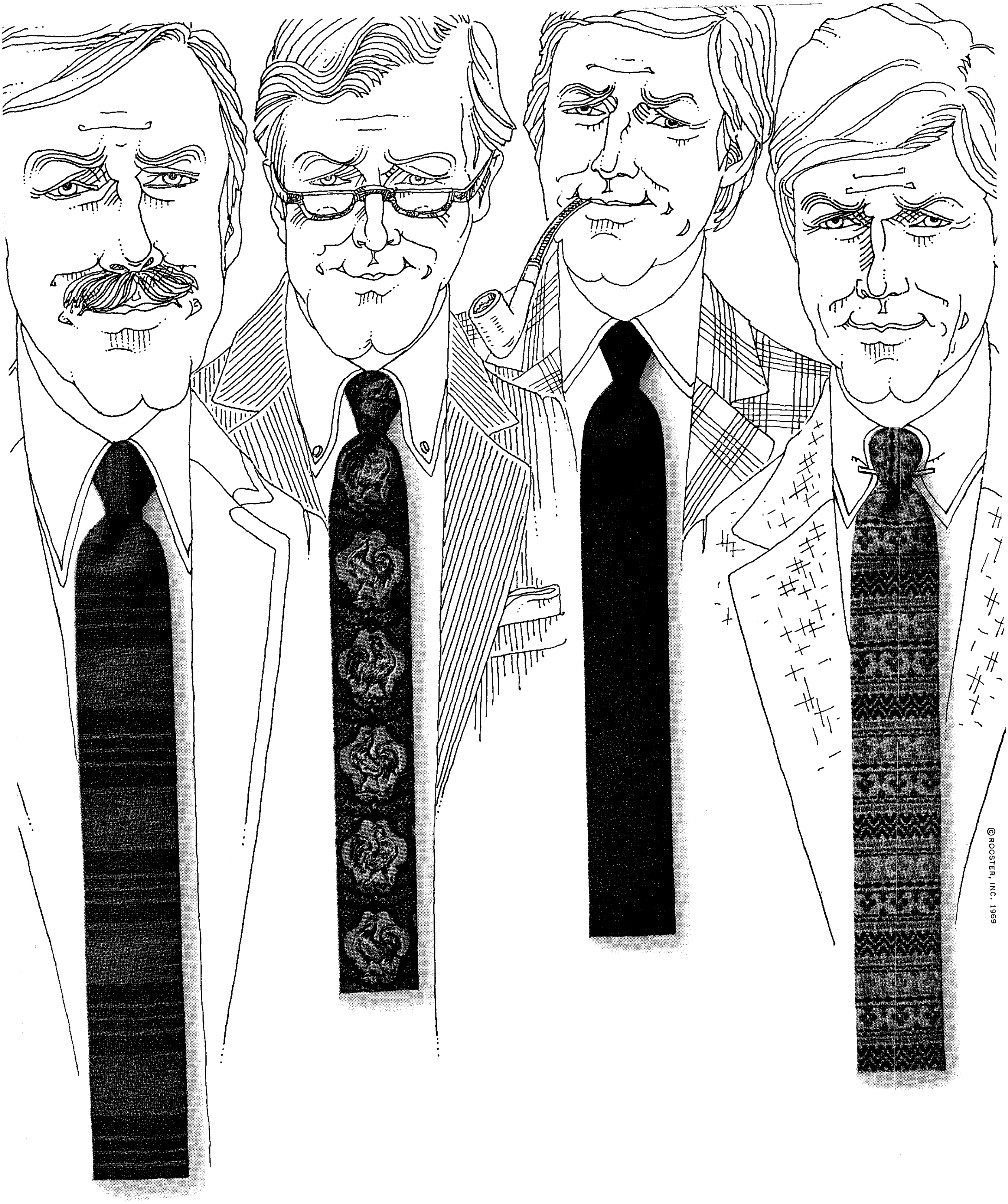

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and bits and pieces of Steig playing *a cappella.* How fine it would have been to have one sustained number, in which the camera was focussed blindly on a bare wall while Steig, who is the most adventurous jazz flutist alive, was given a chance to stretch out on his instrument and show why the film was made at all.

THIS afternoon, the Duke Ellington Society, an international group of Ellington venerators, gave its eighth annual concert built around a prominent Ellington alumnus. The celebrant today was the cornettist and violinist Ray Nance, who spent twenty-odd years with the band. Nance resembles many of the musicians who have passed through Ellington's hands, and as such he is a key to the Master's methods. Ellington has perfected a genuinely organic ensemble, and he tends to hire not dominating stars but soloists who possess highly specialized, sometimes freakish talents; to wit, Cootie Williams' plunger-mute work, Rex Stewart's choked half-valvings, Lawrence Brown's courtly tone, Barney Bigard's pouring attack, Sonny Greer's rattling, ringing sound, and Shorty Baker's evening-meadow tone. These attributes inspire Ellington's compositions, and the compositions flatter and provoke the soloists. Ellington was probably first attracted to Nance because of the feminine-emotion quality in his playing. (Women loom large in Ellington's life and music.) Nance has a soft, pleading tone and a wagging vibrato. He uses short phrases that are apt to jump from a whisper to a shout, and his occasional growls have a sweet rather than a dirty sound. His solos are often strikingly illogical, thus compounding their feminine sound, and at the same time they have an urgent querulousness that makes them highly affecting. One still associates Nance with the careful orchestral bouquets that Ellington arranged around him, and hearing him in this afternoon's hit-or-miss, jam-session surroundings was largely fruitless. On hand in a rag-bag group were Brew Moore (tenor saxophone), Tiny Grimes and Tommy Lucas (guitars), Walter Davis (piano), Carl Pruitt (bass), and Steve Little (drums). There were too many numbers (seventeen), and most of them were taken up by the sidemen while Nance, who is a good clown, hopped around the stage, danced, shouted encouragement, and, almost incidentally, played brief solos. But he did come to the fore a few times: in a slow, eloquent

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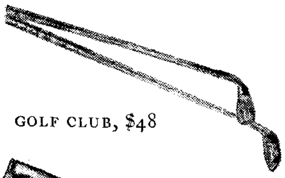
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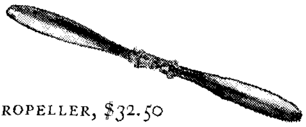
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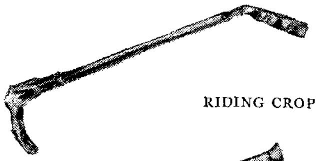
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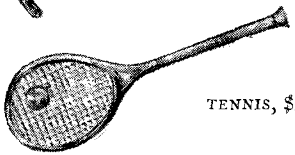
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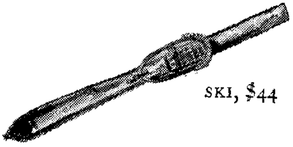
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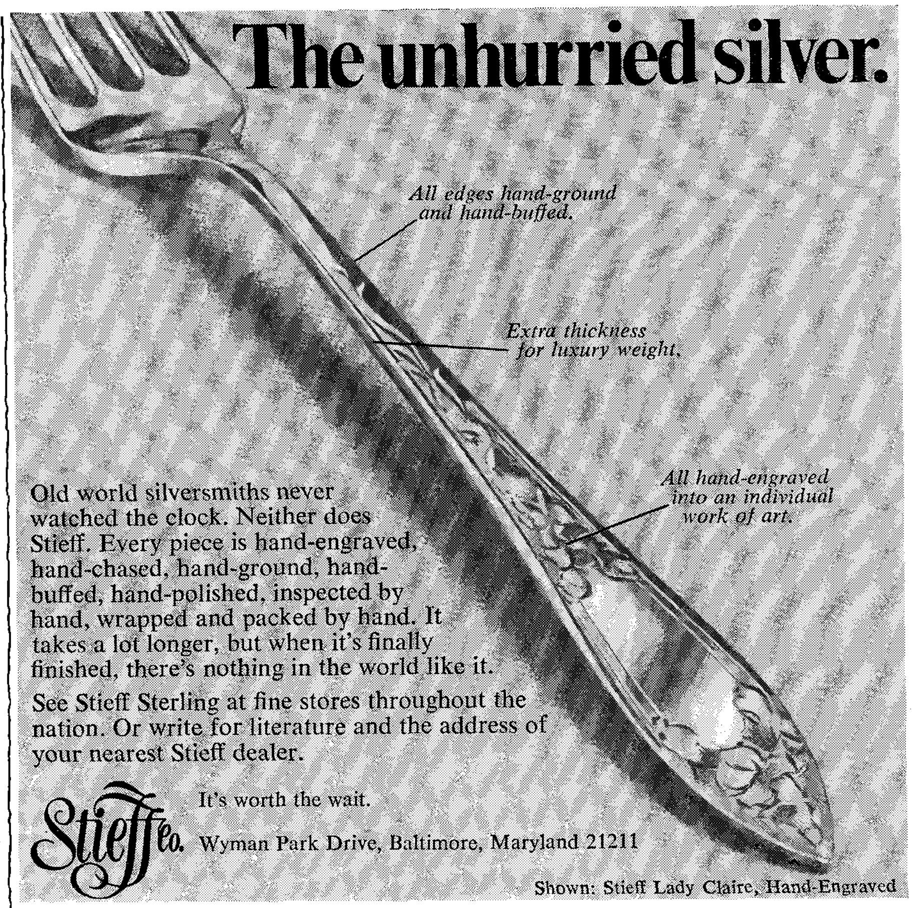
"Take the A Train," played on violin; in three fine, quiet cornet choruses in "Jack the Bear;" and in a short solo in "In a Mellowtone." The Ellington band would be the better for having Nance now, and vice versa, but, for one reason or another, it appears that they shall not meet again.

LAST spring, Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short gave a highly acclaimed recital at Town Hall, and they joined forces there again tonight. Aside from the fact that both singers are dedicated to the notion that song lyrics should have meaning and charm and be intelligible, it is odd that they have been lumped together, for they are wholly dissimilar. Neither is a jazz singer in the strict sense, but Short comes close. He admires Art Tatum (he accompanies himself) and Ivie Anderson. His playing has the jazzy quality of the amateur pianists one heard at parties twenty years ago, and so has his singing, which is hoarse and declamatory and strutting. In the main, though, he is an appealing "personality" singer, a delighted singer. Miss Mercer, who is older, came up through the English musical theatre as a dancer and singer, and she became celebrated at Bricktop's in Paris before coming to this country in 1941. Her voice has slowed to a walk, but she remains a singers' singer. Her phrasing, done in recitative with little flags of melody appended, is exquisite; her diction matches that of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey; and, like Miss Holiday, she has an uncanny way of enveloping each tune in its appropriate mood. She rocks her lullabies, her timing invariably gets laughs in her funny songs, she is tender but never sentimental, and her occasional wryness is delivered in a sly, genteel side-of-the-mouth manner. All is stamped by her queenly bearing—open, serene, her pretty face tilted slightly back, her hands coupled loosely in her lap (she performs seated), her back slat-straight.

Short's voice got out of hand dynamically and tonally in the first part of his program (the microphone was no help), but he recaptured it in the second part, which was devoted to Vernon Duke ("Speaking of Love," "I Can't Get Started," "What Is There to Say?"). Miss Mercer was in admirable form. Nothing went wrong, and she was at her regal best in "These Foolish Things," "Love Is Blue" (sung in French), and Bart Howard's "My Love Is a Wanderer." It was a gentle, civilized, skilled evening.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT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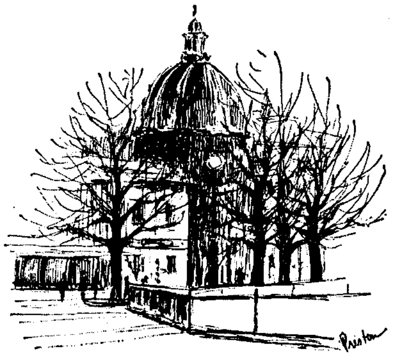

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THE RACE TRACK

The Prince at Belmont

MAJESTIC PRINCE may run for the Belmont Stakes after all. As everybody knows, Frank McMahon, who owns him, and Johnny Longden, who trains him, decided the morning after the Preakness that the Prince was a very tired horse (the Preakness was the hardest race he'd ever run) and that he would return to California for a rest. Two days later, Mr. McMahon announced that his colt was going to Belmont Park, and not just for the ride. From all accounts, Longden, who was at Hollywood Park by that time, made no secret of his surprise. He got to Belmont as quickly as he could and took over the training of Majestic Prince, riding him in his workouts in preparation for the third—and most demanding—of the classics for three-year-olds, at Belmont on June 7th. I don't suppose we'll ever know how much pressure was put on Mr. McMahon to change his plans for his colt, but there must have been a good deal. The Hollywood Derby, with its purse in six figures, would have been pie for Majestic Prince. For one thing, the distance is a mile and a quarter, or two furlongs shorter than the Belmont Stakes; for another, his opposition would have been very moderate indeed. Longden thought at first that Majestic Prince had lost a hundred pounds and was a bit below par, and he should know better than anyone else. Actually, though, the colt has lost only forty pounds since he won the Santa Anita Derby last March. I saw him at Belmont the other morning, and to me he looked none the worse for his race in the Preakness, but then I may be prejudiced, for I think he's the handsomest three-year-old I've seen in ages. Like all horses, he has a sweet tooth. He dotes on peppermint candy. His is a special kind: lozenges about the size of a quarter, of gold and black candy—the McMahon stable colors, of course.

By the way, Top Knight, who ran fifth in the Kentucky Derby and fourth in the Preakness, is out of the Belmont Stakes. It seems his right forefoot is bruised. But his stable expects to get him back to the races for the Saranac Handicap on June 28th, the closing day at Belmont.

THOUGH only six runners showed up at Aqueduct last Saturday for the Top Flight Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a furlong, it was as lively as any race at the meeting. The Rokeby Stable's Amerigo Lady won it by a short nose from Hobeau Farm's Harem Lady. Lazy F Ranch's Treacherous was third. King Ranch's Heartland, who had won her last three starts and was the top weight in the race, tired in the last furlong and finished fifth. Curious the difference a few pounds make. The last time they met, in the Distaff Handicap, at seven furlongs, Heartland, carrying two and three-quarters pounds less than Amerigo Lady, beat her by a length. This time, Amerigo Lady had a two-pound advantage. Earlier in the week, the peripatetic Terrible Tiger, who in the past few months has raced at Golden Gate Fields in California, at Sportsman's Park in Chicago, and at Pimlico in Baltimore as well as at the Big A, ran his winning streak to five straight in the Roseben Handicap. He may go in the Metropolitan.

THE holiday weekend will be a big one in racing. The Metropolitan Handicap will be run at Aqueduct on Memorial Day (my fancy is Vitriolic) and the Mother Goose Stakes on Saturday. (There's no Dark Mirage in this season's collection of three-year-old fillies.) Garden State Park will close on Memorial Day with the running of the Jersey Derby. There will be openings, too. Delaware Park will begin its long meeting on the thirtieth, and Monmouth Park the following afternoon. On Saturday, at Liberty Bell Park, Philadelphia will have flat racing, with mutuels, for the first time. To be sure, Philadelphia has had hunt-club meetings for years and years (at Rose Tree, for one), with Moonlight Charlies making book, but this will be different—all open and aboveboard, and perhaps not so much fun.

HEIGH-HO! Belmont Park opens on June 2nd. Colonel Martingale has dusted off one of the benches in the walking ring. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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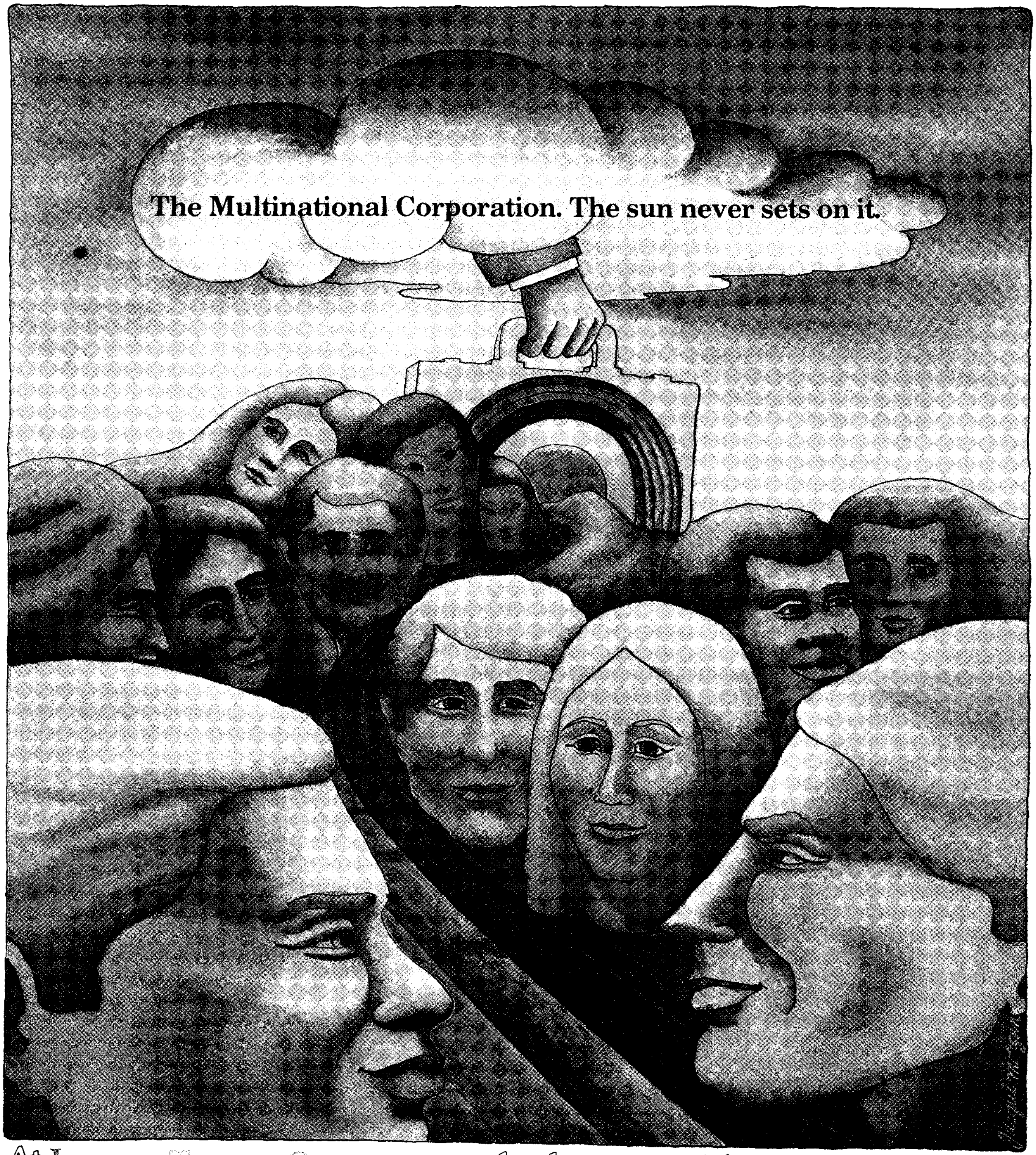
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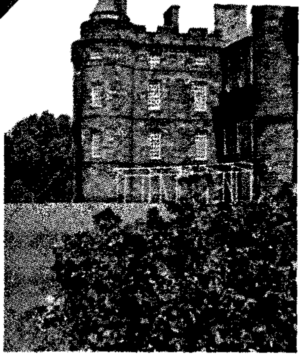

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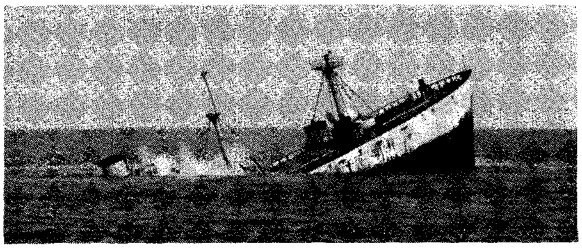

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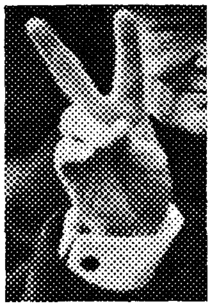

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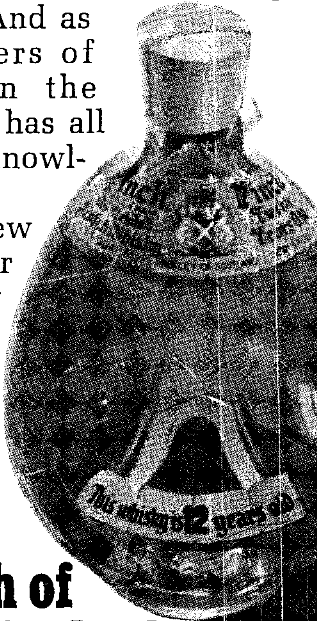

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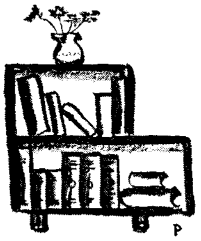
BOOKS

The Aftermath of Mencken



IN the spring of 1912, just before graduating from prep school, I somehow happened to pick up a copy of the *Smart Set*, a trashy-looking monthly, and was astonished to find audacious and extremely amusing critical articles by men named Mencken and Nathan, of whom I had never heard. I continued to read the *Smart Set* through college, at first with a slight feeling of guilt, for it was making fun of everything respectable in current American drama and literature. But the "American Renascence" had already begun, and I was already dissatisfied with the traditional critics. I had never paid any attention to William Dean Howells in *Harper's*, and the *Nation* was dominated by Paul Elmer More, who seemed to be opposed on principle to any contemporary of talent, whether American or English. When, at college, I discovered a book by W. C. Brownell called "American Prose Masters," it was with a hope (because that was a time when we wanted American literature taken seriously; as was said of Noah, we prayed for rain and were deluged), a hope which was followed by disappointment. Brownell disapproved of Poe, and though it was he who, as an adviser to Scribners, had had them bring out the New York Edition of Henry James, he did not seem really much to believe in him. He had, as I learned afterward, rejected Van Wyck Brooks's "America's Coming-of-Age," which was eventually to become a landmark, on the ground that it was still "too early" to call attention to the weaknesses of our supposed classics. But Mencken, quite outside the New England tradition, to which he was sometimes unfair, was not constrained by its inhibitions and was honestly attempting to sift out what was valuable from the rubbish of our own very second-rate period—from the eighties to the early nineteen-hundreds—and as he became more self-confident in his heresies he steadily became more impressive. I was led to reread "Huckleberry Finn" and to look up "What Maisie Knew," which Mencken had described as "a passionless masterpiece."

The strange history of the *Smart Set* has been told in detail and most entertainingly by Mr. Carl R. Dolmetsch in his "The *Smart Set:* A History and Anthology," with a personal memoir by S. N. Behrman, published by the Dial Press in 1966. The magazine was founded by Colonel Mann, the blackmailing owner of *Town Topics*, as "the Magazine of Cleverness," and was then aimed at an appeal to social rather than intellectual snobbery. It became involved in Colonel Mann's scandals, but was later bought by someone more respectable and edited by Mencken and Nathan and Willard Huntington Wright—that somewhat mysterious character who began as a high-powered intellectual but later turned into "S. S. Van Dine," the popular writer of detective stories. It was abandoned by Mencken and Nathan in 1923, when the then owner forbade them to print a disrespectful squib about President Harding's funeral train, and fell into the hands of Hearst, who dropped it at the time of the Depression. This history has now been followed by a volume of Mencken's contributions to the *Smart Set*, "H. L. Mencken's *Smart Set* Criticism," very well selected and edited by William H. Nolte (Cornell University Press). This last cannot, of course, carry with it all the atmosphere of the old *Smart Set*, which was something quite special, created by the unique combination of the editors with the magazine's variegated past. There was the cover, with its young man and woman in evening dress, he bowing, she curtsying with a fan, watched from the background by a masked Devil, who was snaring them with long strings prettily baited with winged hearts. As the magazine became more and more a vehicle for the editors' ideas and for superior stories and poems, this cover became incongruous; it underwent many transformations in order to bring it up to date, but it basically remained the same, and came to seem one of the jokes of Mencken and Nathan, who were informal and recklessly mischievous. They had a department called "Americana," in which they reprinted absurdities from the press, and another called "Répétition Générale," which was devoted to ideas and epigrams that they

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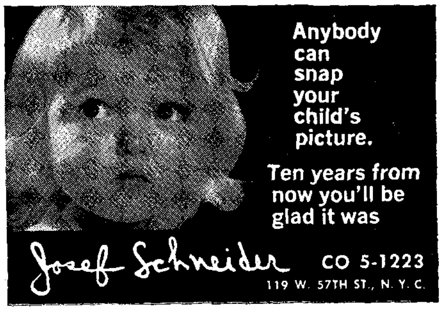
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thought they might use later. There were dialogues, in which each wrote his own lines and in which they were represented as walking along Fifth Avenue or in some other local setting. They invented a character called Owen Hatteras, to whom some of these features were sometimes ascribed; he was supposed to have become a major in the First World War and was afterward given that rank. Owen Hatteras was the purported author of a pamphlet called "Pistols for Two," in which actually each of the editors was writing—sometimes fantastically—about the other. "He dislikes," wrote Mencken of Nathan, "women over twenty-one, actors, cold weather, mayonnaise dressing, people who are always happy, hard chairs, invitations to dinner, invitations to serve on committees in however worthy a cause, railroad trips, public restaurants, rye whisky, chicken, daylight, men who do not wear waistcoats, the sight of a woman eating, the sound of a woman singing, small napkins, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Tagore, Dickens, Bataille, fried oysters, German soubrettes, French John Masons, American John Masons [John Mason was then a well-known American actor], tradesmen, poets, married women who think of leaving their husbands, professional anarchists of all kinds, ventilation, professional music lovers, men who tell how much money they have made, men who affect sudden friendships and call him Georgie, women who affect sudden friendships and then call him Mr. Nathan, writing letters, receiving letters, talking over the telephone, and wearing a hat." "His table manners," wrote Nathan of Mencken, "are based upon provincial French principles, with modifications suggested by the Cossacks of the Don." Mencken had been trained as a journalist on the Baltimore *Sunpapers*, and so was never oppressed by the American academic standards, which he continually ridiculed and denounced. And even as a journalist he was very much at his ease. On one occasion, limited for space, he cut off an article in the middle of a sentence.

One finds in Mr. Nolte's selection the original reviews, then so unconventional, of Conrad, Huneker, and Dreiser which were afterward used as material for the solider essays of "A Book of Prefaces," of 1917. I am glad to find old pieces I remember and that Mencken never collected—especially the summaries of periods in his life, such as the "Taking Stock," of March, 1917, written to celebrate the occasion of his "one hundredth mensual discourse in this place," in which he tells us that in the course of the eight and a third years he had "grown two beards and shaved them off; I have eaten 3,086 meals; I have made more than $100,000 in wages, fees, refreshers, tips, and bribes . . . I have been called a fraud 700 times, and blushed at the proofs . . . I have had seventeen proposals of marriage from lady poets . . . I have been abroad three and a half times, and learned and forgotten six foreign languages . . . I have fallen downstairs twice . . . I have read the *Police Gazette* in the barbershop every week; I have shaken hands with Dr. Wilson; I have upheld the banner of the ideal; I have kept the faith, in so far as I could make out what it was," etc., etc. This frankness had the effect of making the *Smart Set* pleasantly informal: you might almost have been drinking with him at Lüchow's. It is at once funny and rather irritating to find this old German Nietzschean in one of his favorite Nietzschean phrases, describing Anatole France as "still fit for dancing with arms and legs." How else is it possible to dance? But can one imagine either Nietzsche or Mencken or Anatole France performing any such antics as this suggests? Mencken, however, got tired of the *Smart Set*—as he said, of its gray paper, its cheap format. The *American Mercury* followed, published by Alfred A. Knopf, a much more attractive-looking production. It was this that most people, I think, read when Mencken's reputation was at its height. But it was otherwise not as attractive as the *Smart Set*. The break with Nathan left it deficient both in humor and in what Mencken called "beautiful letters," and the writers on current affairs tended all to give the impression of having been so processed by the editor himself that their work seemed practically to have been written by him—an impression which he later tried to explain away as having been created by the necessity he found himself under of remedying the bad writing of many of them. And it is therefore very much worth while to have Mr. Nolte's collection of Mencken's earlier, more spontaneous work.

THERE is in English no satisfactory biography of Mencken, no sound, comprehensive book. Van Wyck

Brooks's chapter about him in "The Confident Years" is, from the literary point of view, the best thing I know. I was interested to hear Brooks say that he thought it was one of the best things he had ever written. His and Mencken's temperaments were so much unlike that this makes it a great tribute to Mencken's influence. "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler, and "Disturber of the Peace," by William Manchester, are both undistinguished journalistic jobs (the second much fuller and more valuable than the first). "H. L. Mencken: A Portrait from Memory," by Charles Angoff, who worked with him on the *American Mercury*, has its interest as a personal memoir but gives a disagreeable impression. It seems obvious that Mr. Angoff was a rather humorless young man and that Mencken was constantly kidding him—he called Angoff "Professor"—and that Angoff is having his revenge in very much the same way that Anatole France's secretary Jean-Jacques Brousson did in his books on his late master. This Mencken is made to sound like a wisecracking, insensitive bully talking nonsense at drunken parties or, in his office, propounding outrageous opinions that one feels, when one has gauged Mr. Angoff's intelligence, must have been specially intended to shock him. The daughter of a Baltimore friend of Mencken to whom I lent Angoff's book said that she was quite unable to recognize the man who used to come to their house. I find difficulty in believing, as Mr. Angoff asserts, that "it was no secret that during a great part of their relationship they [Mencken and Nathan] were little better than friendly enemies." It is true that the partners broke up over the policy of the *Mercury*—Mencken's ambitions as a serious thinker were, I believe, getting a little beyond him—but it was only at the time of the *Mercury* that Angoff knew the editors, and their friendly relations were later restored. My impression on the few occasions when I visited the *Smart Set* office was that they worked together in their comedy act, in person as well as in their writings, on a not at all inimical basis. Mencken was likely to be carried away into developing one of his paradoxes, irrelevant to the business in hand, in a way not much different from that of his written monologues, and Nathan would cut short his digression by interjecting some brisk little question of a more or less illogical kind which would stop his partner in his tracks. It would take Mencken a moment to grasp it,

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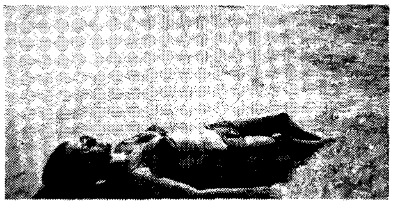

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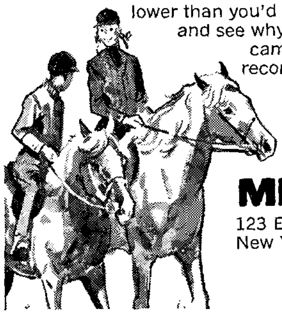

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and there was no way to make a sensible reply.

But there does now exist in French a large-scale study of Mencken that is superior, as far as I know, to anything else that has been written: "H. L. Mencken—L'Homme, l'Œuvre, l'Influence" (Minard Lettres Modernes, 1967), by Guy Jean Forgue, a professor at the Sorbonne, who formerly worked at Yale and has edited a volume of Mencken's letters. Though written in French for the French, this study attacks the subject in a more serious and scholarly way than any of the books by Americans. M. Forgue goes into Mencken's origins, German as well as American, and analyzes, in relation to them, his ideas and his attitudes, which present so many contradictions, with the systematic thoroughness so characteristic of French criticism and a sense of the American background that is astonishing in a foreigner. He explains the importance to Mencken of his immigrant Prussian grandfather, who was proud of his relationship to the Bismarcks and looked down on other Baltimore Germans; the grandson was an enthusiastic Nietzschean, adored German music to the exclusion of other kinds, wrote an admiring article about Ludendorff at the time of the First World War, loved to talk about the *Polizei* and the *Gelehrten*, and idealized the German nobility. His opposition in both the wars to the championship of England by the United States and his interest in the "American language" in contradistinction to the English were evidently the results of his loyalty to Germany. Mencken was a curious example of the second-generation American who, in the freer life of the United States, retains the strong social prejudices of the people that he still belongs to, though his family have left them behind, and the situation in his case is complicated by the Menckens' having come to the South, so that Henry liked to defend the Confederate cause in its quarrel with the Washington government. His strong colloquial flavor and knock-about verbiage cannot be conveyed in French, but it is remarkable that a Frenchman who has lived in this country for a relatively short time should appreciate these so well and translate them as accurately as he does.

And we have also now a memoir of Mencken which brings us closer to his personality than any other has yet done and which should be read as an antidote to Angoff: "The Constant Circle: H. L. Mencken and His Friends," by Sara Mayfield (Delacorte Press). After the death of Mencken's mother, with whom he had lived all his life and on whom he was much dependent, he married, at the age of fifty, Sara Haardt, also of German origin, and set up a new establishment. Sara Haardt was already gravely ill, and she died, five years later, of tubercular meningitis. She grew up in Montgomery, Alabama, and Miss Mayfield was a close friend of hers from her girlhood. Miss Mayfield's book deals primarily with this episode in Mencken's life, and her story is interesting in several ways. Besides presenting a unique intimate record of the private personality of Mencken, which M. Forgue so carefully distinguishes from the legend of himself he created, Miss Mayfield gives a lively account of the Montgomery in which she and Sara Haardt and Zelda Sayre (later Fitzgerald) and Tallulah Bankhead grew up. Montgomery had been the first capital of the Confederacy; Jefferson Davis had taken the oath of office in the Capitol. The girlhoods of Zelda and Tallulah are described as having been just what one had always imagined. They were both the daughters of important local citizens: Zelda's father and Miss Mayfield's father were associate justices of the Supreme Court of Alabama; Tallulah's was a Congressman, and an uncle a Senator. In New York, they gave the impression of young barbarian princesses from a country where they were free to do anything—though Miss Mayfield tells us that Tallulah was eventually sent away to an Academy of the Sacred Heart to keep her out of trouble. I recognized the type in bud when I once came up from the South on the train, sitting across from a pretty blond belle in rolled stockings with her feet on the opposite seat, who played jazz on a phonograph all the way. She might have been Tallulah or Zelda in the phase described by Sara Mayfield. Zelda, says Miss Mayfield, "two years younger than Sara, was still tomboy enough to stride the guns [of the Capitol], slide down the banisters of the famous circular staircase in the rotunda, and climb over the minié balls, piled up in pyramids like oranges in the fruitstands." "Her only rival" was Tallulah Bankhead, who "could bend backward far enough to pick up a handkerchief from the floor with her teeth, stand on her head, and turn a

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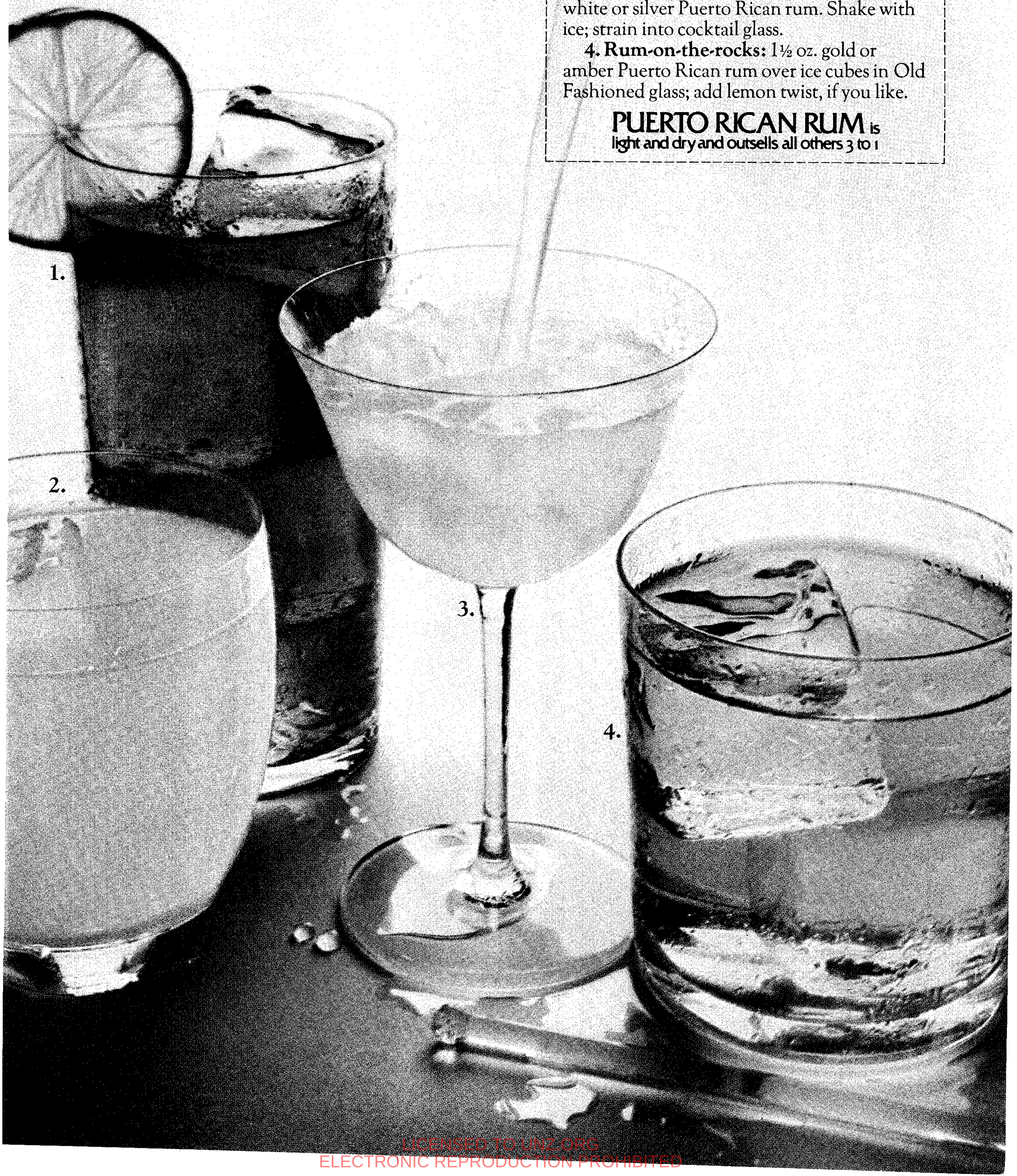

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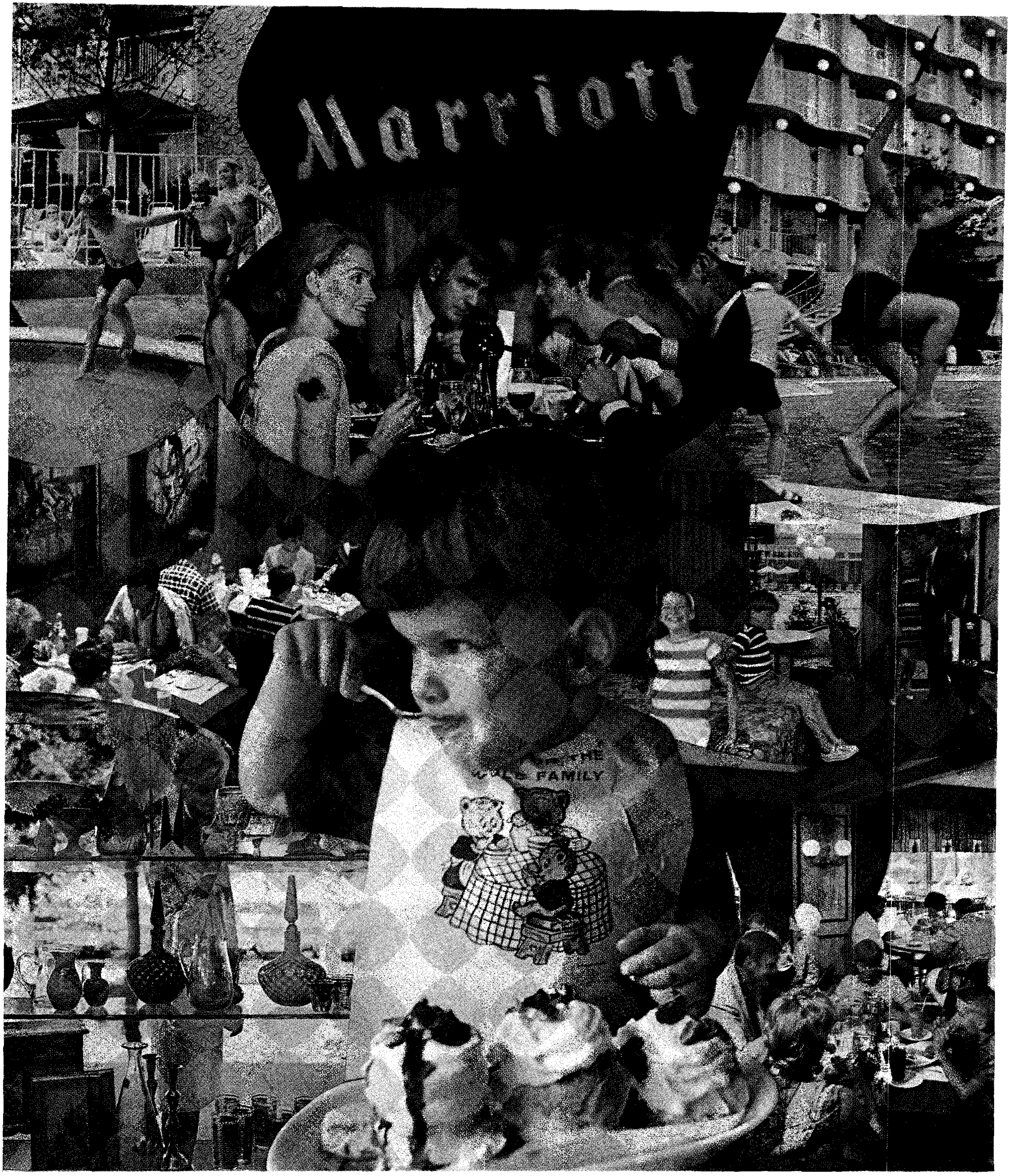

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fancy cartwheel," as well as imitate one of their teachers—who wore high net collars and long black dresses and attempted "by prim bearing and quaint methods . . . to instill the aristocratic manners of the old school into us"—"in a way that made us rock with laughter." Tallulah was genuinely witty and Zelda had some literary ability. Sara Haardt, "fragile, lovely, and flame-like," was less obstreperous and was more serious-minded. Like Miss Mayfield, she went to Goucher, where they both wrote short stories. Through these short stories, a prize for one of which Sara Mayfield won in a contest in her freshman year, these girls got to know Mencken when he came to make the award and spoke to them on "How to Catch a Husband." Apart from her Saxon ancestry, her having grown up, like him, in the South, and her interest in literature, Mencken must have been attracted to Miss Haardt by something of the same kind of charm—which Miss Mayfield says was irresistible—that made Zelda and Tallulah popular. She became a regular solace and companion of Mencken after his mother died (the talkative bachelor's indispensable woman friend), and though he fought marriage off for a time, having avoided and disparaged it all his life, it was inevitable that he should marry her. Miss Mayfield, in telling about this, brings out Mencken's considerate and sensitive side in a relationship which seems to have been unique for him. He was certainly much shaken by Sara's death. One had the impression after this that he was left more disagreeable and bitter, becoming rather nasty in his arguments with such opponents as Upton Sinclair, in a way that had not been characteristic of his hard-hitting but good-humored ridicule. Sara died in 1935, and the situation was made for him much worse when his ideal of Germany was contradicted by the behavior of Hitler and the Nazis, of whom Mencken had never approved but of whom he had always predicted that the Germans would soon get rid.

This memoir by Sara Mayfield is well done and a valuable document. It is a good thing that someone has survived to write it. (I must protest at a small point, however. A story has persisted from volume to volume—I find it also in Manchester and elsewhere—that "with the diary [Zelda's] in hand, Scott [Fitzgerald], Edmund Wilson, and John Peale Bishop besieged Nathan in his apartment in the Royalton until he finally invited them in to have a drink." As for my own

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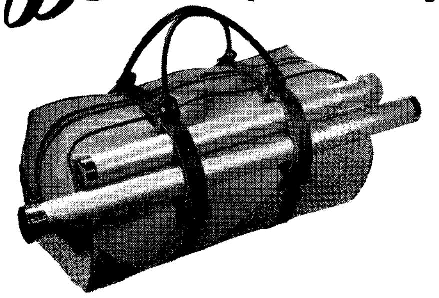

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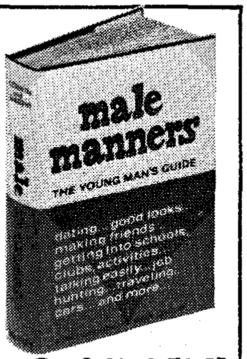

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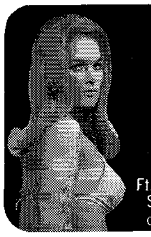

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part in this alleged exploit, I never saw Zelda's diary, I barely knew George Nathan—at that time I had not even met him—except in connection with some articles that he wrote for *Vanity Fair*, and I was never in his apartment in the Royalton. I do not think it at all likely that he would allow himself to be "besieged"—he was a pernickety and snubbing little man—or to behave in the expansive way that, in another version of this story, he is made to. Now that I am old enough to see biographies of people I remember and descriptions of occurrences that I knew at first hand, I have come more and more to distrust the statements found in writings on literary figures on which the authors have been unable to check. I have even been inaccurate myself—as I have found on consulting my journals—in my memoirs of old friends. Did Trelawny tell the truth about Byron and Shelley? Was Edmund Gosse reliable about Swinburne? Later investigators say definitely not.)

WHEN Mencken died, in 1956, after his years of disablement and silence, he was cheerfully looking forward to the publication of a book which he had got together before his stroke and later, after his stroke, forgotten till it was found by his secretary. This was "Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks," published by Knopf in the year of his death. It is a scattering of reflections on all sorts of subjects tossed off in the course of years. "It will be nice to be denounced again," Miss Mayfield reports him as saying. In spite of my great admiration for Mencken, which is usually revived when I reread him, this book, when first I read it, rather repelled me. Here you have to take account inescapably of his habitual confusion in thinking and his dogmatic German brutality. In a note, at the end of the volume, on the development of his own style, he declares that "the chief character of my style . . . is that I write with almost scientific precision—that my meaning is never obscure." It is true that the "Minority Report" is written in plain enough English, with little Menckenian embroidery, but the statements in the methodically numbered paragraphs do not always hang together, and since they are rendered clearer than usual by the simplicity with which they are put, we are relatively little distracted by the writer's tremendous entertainment value. On one page, he is recommending that, although the Pure Food and Drug Act is "falling into the hands of uplifter-bureaucrats" and "bound to become arbitrary and oppressive," it is "sound in principle" and should require "that everything for human ingestion that is offered for sale should show a label indicating its ingredients." On another, he lays it down that "No one ever heard of the truth being enforced by law. Whenever the secular arm is called in to sustain an idea, whether new or old, it is always a bad idea, and not infrequently it is downright idiotic." He is always demanding freedom, but he regards as "one of the most irrational of all the conventions of modern society . . . the one to the effect that religious opinions should be respected." This convention protects the theologians, with whom one would first have to deal (what does this mean? Aren't all religious opinions theological?), "so they proceed with their blather unwhipped and almost unmolested, to the great damage of common sense and common decency. That they should have this immunity is an outrage." Should religious opinions not acceptable to Mencken therefore be whipped and molested—that is, should they be suppressed? What else can you do about them? After all, one is not forced to accept them. "If all the farmers in the Dust Bowl were shot tomorrow, and all the share-croppers in the South burned at the stake, every decent American would be better off, and not a soul would miss a meal." Note the use of "decency" and "decent" in the last two of these quotations. One may admit that it is uncomfortable to hear about the poor and that any great solicitude about human life, except where oneself is concerned, has lately gone by the board, if it ever widely existed. But will decent people really be gratified and "better off" at hearing about other people being burned at the stake?

Mencken's attempt to stave off such criticisms as this is to be found in item 429, where he argues against his critics: "If you were against the New Deal and its wholesale buying of pauper votes, then you were against Christian charity [which Mencken often told us he was]. If you were against the gross injustices and dishonesties of the Wagner Labor Act, then you were against labor [which Mencken very often was]. If you were against packing the Supreme Court, then you were in favor of letting Wall Street do it. If you are against Dr. Quack's cancer salve, then you are in favor of letting Uncle Julius die [Uncle Julius is evidently a German]. If you are against Holy Church, or Christian Science, then you are against God [the whole idea of a Divinity has been discredited on another page]."

These paragraphs, then, after all, are not so very much different from the jottings in the "Répétition Générale" in the pages of the old *Smart Set*. But these contradictions are so obvious that they have never really mattered. We never expected coherence of Mencken. He was a poet in prose and a humorist, and in his time, in certain departments, one of the bringers of light to "the Republic."

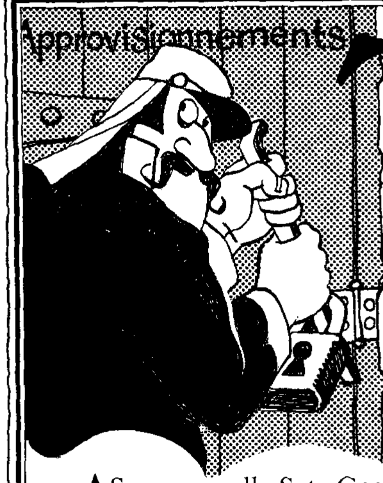
—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HERE BEFORE KILROY, by Su Walton (Morrow). Miss Walton, a brilliant entertainer who is also a polished stylist, writes about a group of young English people who are all so damned by the glory of the precocity they share that one can only imagine their separate births to have been attended not by guardian angels, not by devils—not, God forbid, by those poor old shiny-faced squares the Muses—but by a very cool young Fury. Miss Walton writes as a changeling might write. She possesses stolen knowledge—faerie knowledge—not merely of what people do but of what they think about what they do. Her plot is spun not by passion or desire or memory or obstinate hope but by accident, coincidence, and luck. In Miss Walton's extraordinary and glamorous world, human helplessness counts not at all except with one character, Adam, a composer, the only one in the cast who has a perceptible heartbeat. Adam's heartbeat is, in fact, very strong—too strong for Miss Walton, perhaps, because when the moment arrives when she must come to grips with him she backs away from him, failing him. Indeed, she betrays him. Her work is dazzling, but when one considers her treatment of Adam one feels driven to say, with feeling, "What kind of way is that to treat a genius?" The scene is England, for the most part.

THE FIRE-DWELLERS, by Margaret Laurence (Knopf). A suburban lady of thirty-nine, rather too fat and never beautiful, longs to stretch her



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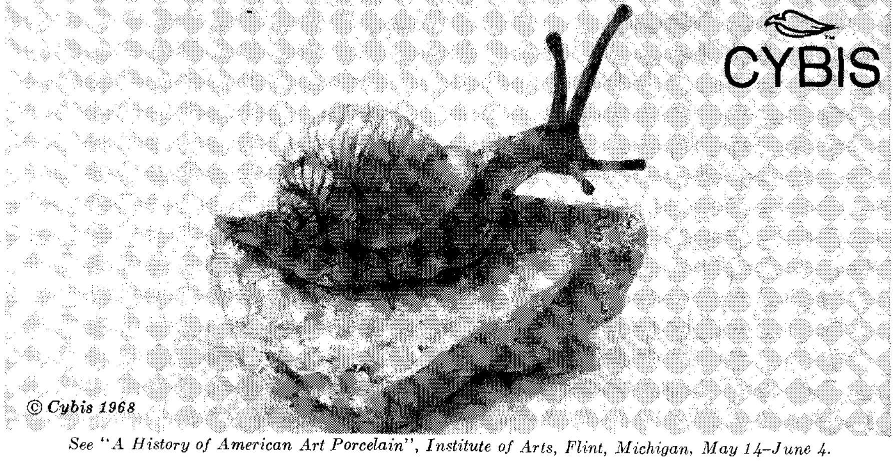

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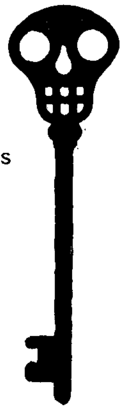

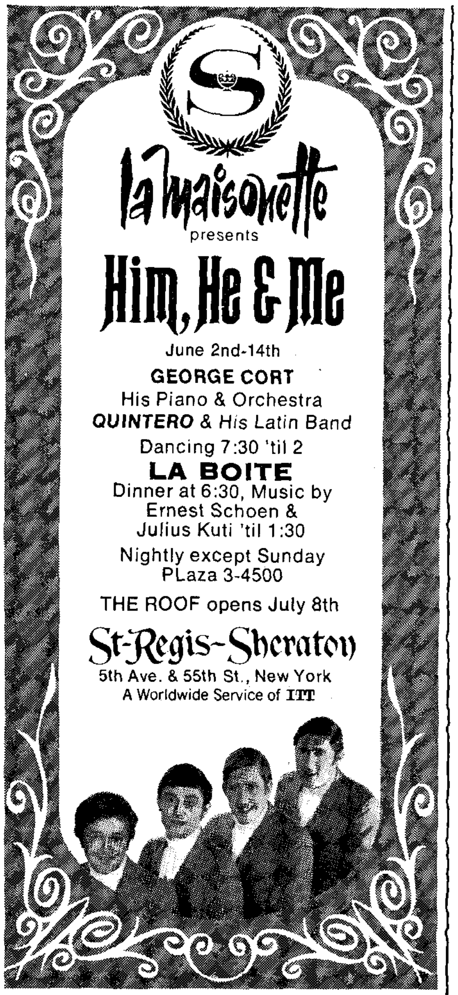

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wings and escape the breakfast-cereal drudgery and the bickering crises of her home. Her salesman husband, no longer the open youth she married, is too much absorbed in his own worries to notice hers, and their four children drain and depend yet seem to conspire to make her feel inadequate. In despair, she turns to memories, daydreams, and the gin bottle. Then, with a brave determination, she bounces back and concedes that her youthful figure and her dancing days, together with the wilder flights of passion, are forever lost. Her family belongs with her and she with them, and she accepts the fact that needing, if not exactly the same as loving, is almost as good. It is an honest and convincing portrait.

GENERAL

A Bedouin Boyhood, by Isaak Diqs (Praeger). Mr. Diqs was born in 1938 in the Wadi Al-Hisi, just east of Gaza, in what is now Israel. This book is for the most part a recollection of the semi-pastoral life of his tribe (Al-Jubarat) in the ten years before their eviction from their native land. It has a timeless quality: the tending of the herds and flocks, a Ramadan feast and celebration, the death of a young sister, the trial of a murderer by tribal elders, traditional stories overheard at night in the *shik* (the council tent), the hunting of blue pigeons. English is, of course, an acquired language for Mr. Diqs, but he uses it with force and flavor. A truly charming book.

The Notorious Lady Essex, by Edward Le Comte (Dial). A biography—the first ever published, the author tells us—of the willful beauty Frances Howard (1593-1632), whose "life was set and over before she came of age." She entered the public eye at thirteen, when she was married (by her parents, the Earl and Countess of Suffolk) to Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex. She became a public scandal when she forced an unprecedented annulment of that loveless marriage in order to marry the then favorite of James I, Robert Carr, the Earl of Somerset. She became a public disgrace when she confessed to instigating the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, who had tried to deny her annulment, and was pardoned, with her possibly innocent husband, to spend the rest of her life with him in rancorous house arrest. Mr. Le Comte, a professor of English at the State University of New York at Albany, writes extremely well and often very amusingly (as when he says of a poem attributed to Sir Francis Bacon that was read at Fanny's second marriage, "If Bacon wrote these lines, they are sufficient evidence that he did not write Shakespeare"), and he makes the most of his subject's brief but bristling life. Illustrated with contemporary portraits.

The Crisis of Confidence: Ideas, Power, and Violence in America, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin). A fistful of lively, intelligent essays on contemporary political problems. Among the book's attractions is the fact that Mr. Schlesinger conducts his series of examinations open-mindedly. He searches for causes and cures, and his opinions take note of virtues and values in ideas he does not share. His sense of the American past and how it relates to the present is exact. Moreover, in most of these pieces he writes as well as his father, who commanded one of the best styles among American historians.

Critical Essays on Jane Austen, edited by B. C. Southam (Barnes & Noble). Ten commissioned essays, all but two previously unpublished, by a well-selected group of contributors, consisting neither of professional Janeites nor of scoffers. The result is a fine collection of pieces, including outstanding essays by Denis Donoghue on "Mansfield Park" and by Gilbert Ryle on Miss Austen's relationship to the eighteenth-century philosophers, as well as a witty and entertaining study by J. I. M. Stewart on the fate of Miss Austen's reputation in the nineteenth century.

•

Concerning the Pendennis—the membership of which constitutes a veritable "Who's Who" of Louisville's civic and business leaders—a spokesman said the club discriminates against no one because of religion or race.

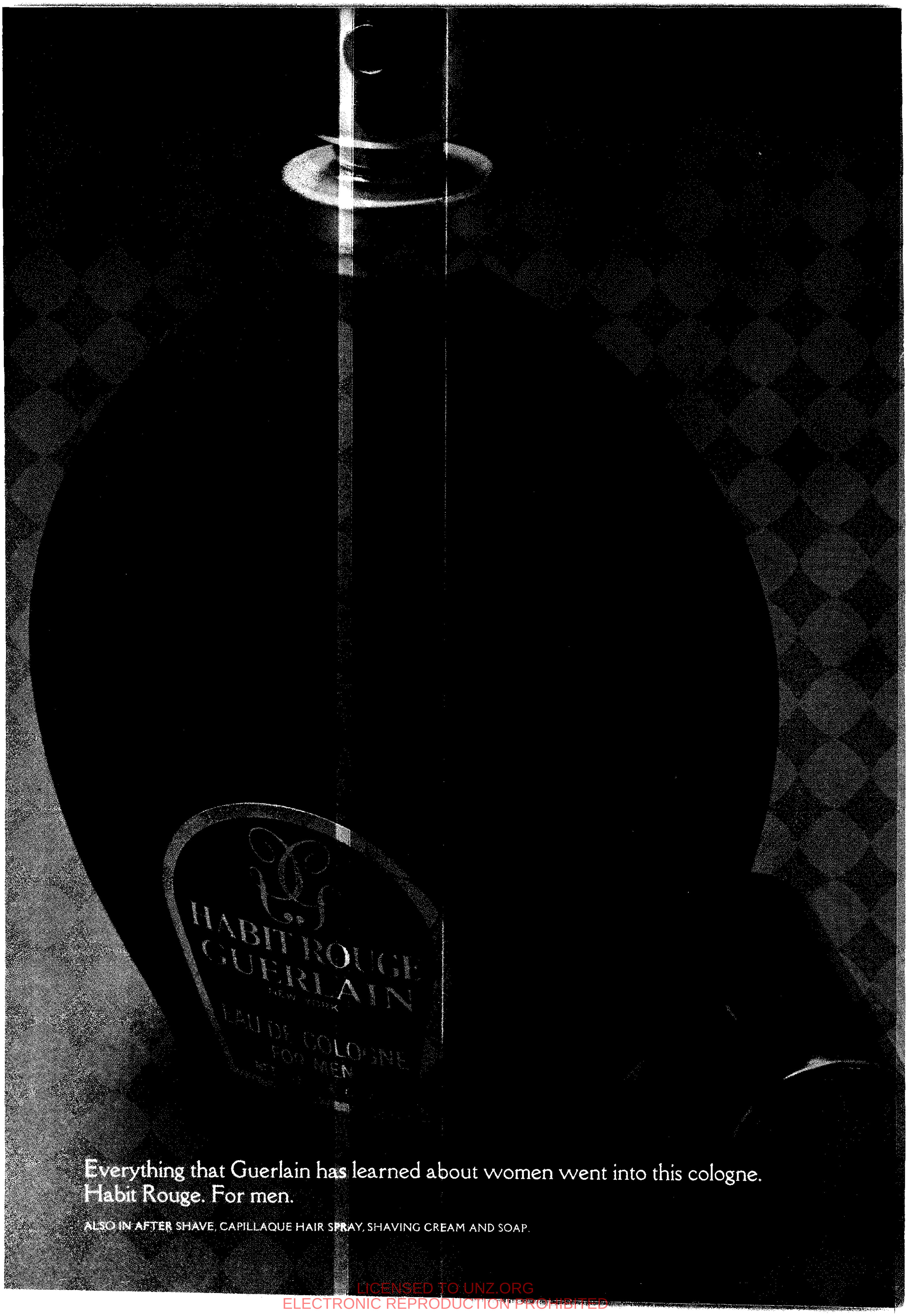
"We have colored entertainers at the club all the time," said Pendennis Club president Robert Stein.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

So there!

•

Anita Ekberg and Rick Van Nutter just ran up (a record) five years of marriage. They celebrated on their boat—an exact replica of a Chinese junk, which they had built in Hong Kong, off the coast of Cannes.—*Scranton (Pa.) Tribune.*

Well off, to be exact.



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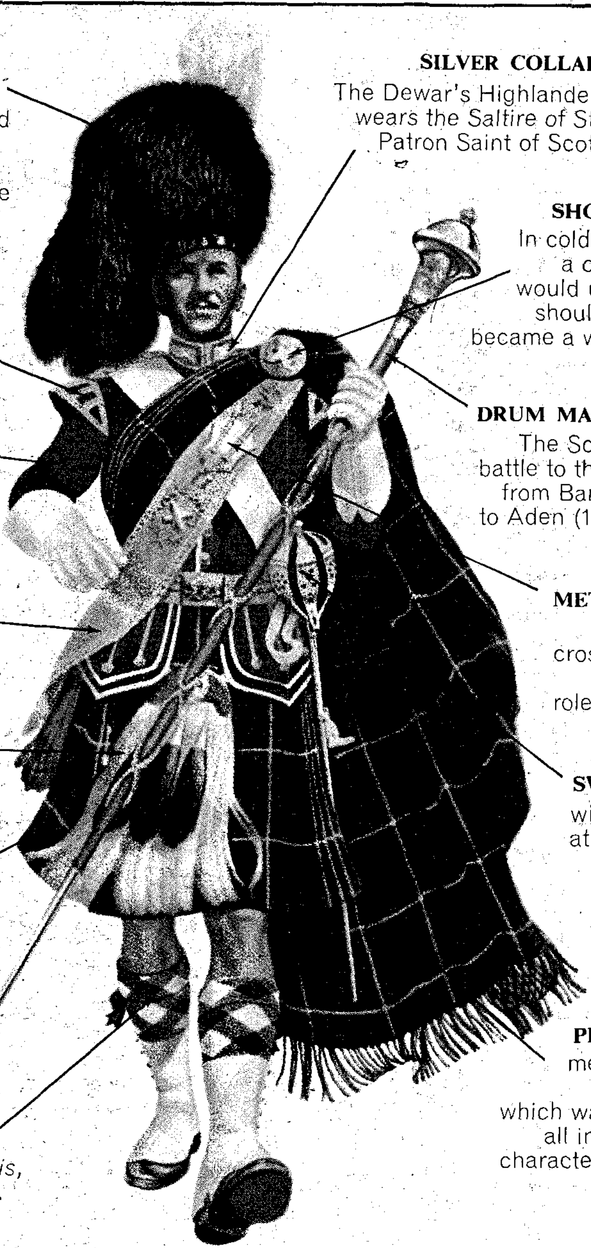

FEATHER BONNET
With white hackle (feather). Coloured hackles are used in the British Army to differentiate between regiments.

"WING" EPAULETS
To protect the shoulders from sword cuts.

SCARLET DOUBLET
Known the world over as the Scottish and British soldier's colour.

GOLD SASH
Always worn over the left shoulder

SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt.

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt.

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name, *caddis*, meaning striped.

SILVER COLLAR BADGES
The Dewar's Highlander wears the Saltire of St. Andrew, Patron Saint of Scotland.

SHOULDER PIN
In cold weather, or at night, a clansman in the field would unfasten the shoulder pin so that his plaid became a warm cloak or a blanket.

DRUM MAJOR'S BATON
The Scots have marched into battle to the skirl of the pipes, from Bannockburn (1314) to Aden (1967).

METAL "BREASTPLATE"
Worn where belt and sash cross, and carrying the drumsticks symbolic of the role of the Drum Major.

SWORD
with basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword.

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes.

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